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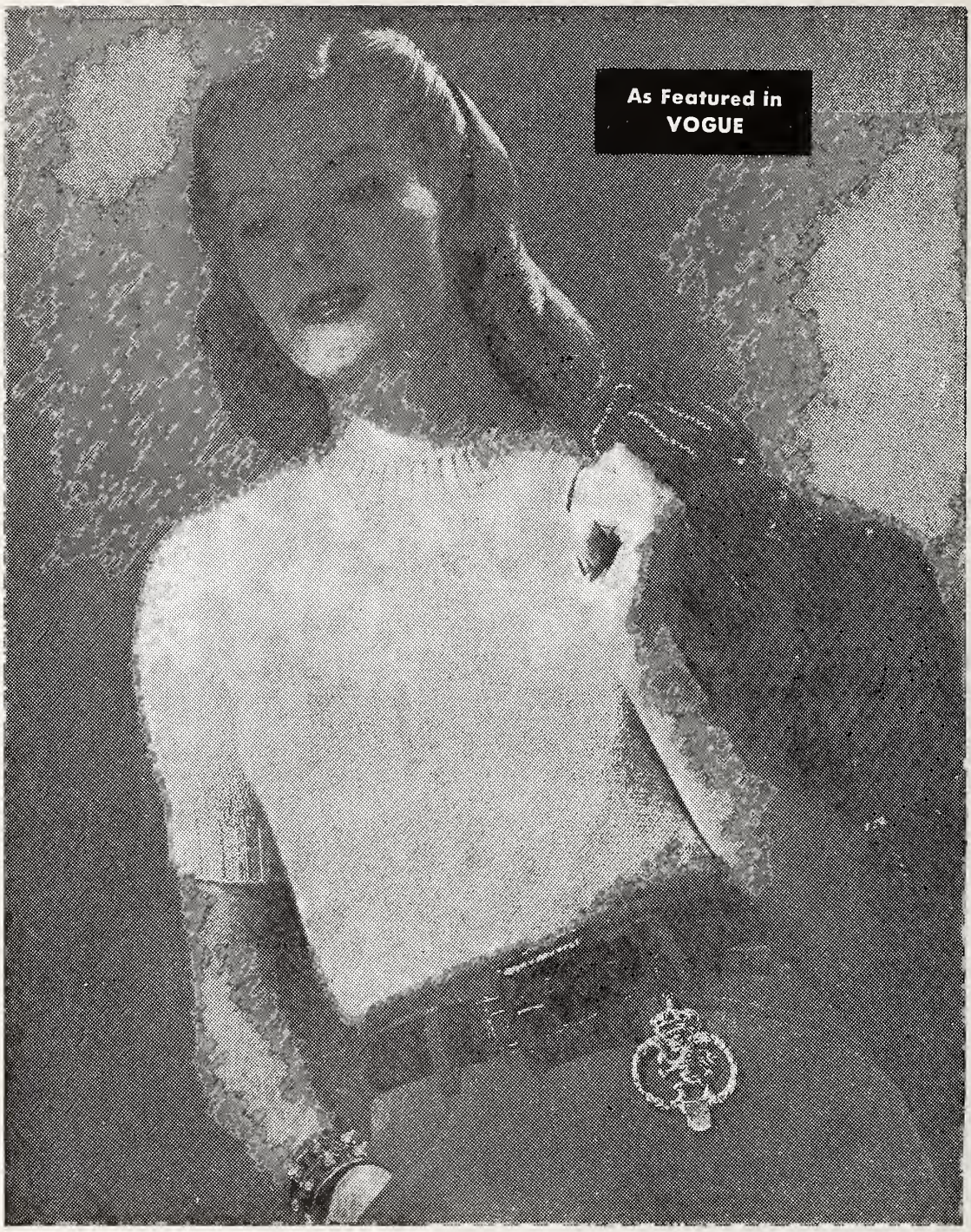
CAROLINA MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1944



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the carolina magazine

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MARKY PARSONS ..... *Humor*

JOE DENKER, JIM HERSHEY ..... *Photography*

AL KAUFMAN, CONNIE HENDREN, NANCY JENKINS ..... *Art*

OCTOBER, 1944

Among Those Present...

On the fiction side of the slate, the first Mag of the '44 season highlights stories by campus figures who this month add something new to their list of academic and extra-curricular accomplishments.

Tar Heel columnist, circulation man and jack-of-all-trades, Jimmy Wallace walked into the Mag office a couple of weeks ago with what he said was the first piece of fiction he's ever written. We think it has as strong an argument now as it had in another age . . .Jimmy tells "The Story of Francois de Valerie" on page 9.

Jerry Davidoff explains the purpose of the much talked about CRIL in an article on the personalities, and the aims of this unique campus organization in his feature "Common Ground."

If you've ever wandered around in Woollen gym in too-big gym clothes, you'll know what Stan Colbert means when he says, "It Could Happen to You" . . .This is Stan's first article for the Mag.

Also joining the ranks of newcomers is Tri-Delt Connie Hendren, who not only wrote a story about a green dress, but illustrated it as well . . .Using her sorority sisters as models, Connie also drew up the art page "Sorry I'm Late," in spite of laringitis complications, which kept her away from the drawing board.

Nan Shackleford let her mother know what she thought of Chapel Hill upon her arrival . . .we thought Carolina would like to know . . .Her letter, "Dear Mom" tells all.

He almost wouldn't talk about what he'd done during his Asiatic-Pacific duty with the U. S. Marines, but when he did, he gave Vita Richter more than enough for her story, "Presenting James Brittingham, USMC," found on page 5.

Fred Flagler has plenty to say on the Carolina football situation, and he says it all in an article on page 6. "Gridiron Gripe" . . .This will probably be Fred's last article for quite some time . . .he reports for his physical checkup the last of this month. Good luck in the new job, Fred.

Everybody's talkin' politics, of one kind or another, and Bill Crisp lets us in on the national show and how other college campuses feel about a fourth for FDR or a first for Tom Dewey . . .Illustrated by cartoonist Allan Kaufman, Bill's feature is on pages 12 and 13. Between checking and re-checking on data for his feature, Bill had time to prove via one "Blind Date" that there's not much difference between a civilian and service man.

Jive fans will find something to keep them busy for a few minutes in Art Soybel's swing column on page 20.

Hiking out into the country, picking burrs out of our clothes and a corn field have plenty to do with the picture of our pin-up girl, photographed by Joe Denker . . .Finally Joe suggested she stand on a rail fence . . .the result is on page 15.

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ELBOW ROOM

We're excited. We're in the highlands and we're in love. But before we're really misunderstood we want to explain. In the November issue of *Click Magazine* we saw an item that will give students heart again. At the New York Metropolitan Opera House S. Hurok staged a colorful sailor ballet that had all the jukebox "jump" found on the American dance floor. FANCY FREE is the story of three sailors on leave. The gobs bounce out, meet a couple of chicks and become involved when one gob is short of a gal. It's art with heart in it and in fifteen minutes the so-called highbrows has given what theatre on Broadway seldom gets: youth, freshness and American rhythms without losing the ballet touch. Stomp all you like, studes—you're immortalized!

•

It happened over at Steel Dorm (First Section). In the soft dark of morning alarm clocks went off in three rooms. Several students sleepily arose and proceeded to dress. One fellow, half-consciously shook the shoulder of a tow-headed lad and murmured with a yawn that he had better get ready for class. The whirr of an electric razor could be heard in the bathroom at the end of the short hallway.

"Come on, Wilbur," said the half-conscious one to Tow-Head, "git out of bed. It's pretty near eight o'clock."

Wilbur galvanized into action. He looked at the wristwatch on the table. He ran toward his clothes. By now the First Section had been lit up with lights in all the rooms. Wilbur made for the bathroom; it was occupied. He couldn't wait to wash up. There was that first class in Hygiene to get to. A fellow housemate across the way was leaving. Wilbur fell in step with him.

As they were walking the housemate remembered that he had need of a pencil. He left Wilbur on a bench under the trees. He never returned. Jimmy Wallace found Wilbur dozing. Wilbur looked up with a dazed look. The following conversation began:

"What're you doing, Wilbur, out here?"

"Going to class in a minute as soon as . . . "

"Class?"

"Uh-huh, as soon as . . ."

"You know what time it is?"

"About five minutes to eight."

"Well, let's see. My watch says it's one-fifteen."

(A subtle change came into Wilbur's eyes)

"You mean . . . ?"

"Looks like it."

"Looks like I been taken in." added Wilbur shyly.

"Looks like you been taken out," amended Jimmy dryly.

First Section in Steele Dormitory was dark when Wilbur crawled wearily into bed. As soon as his door closed . . .lights went up in the other rooms as soft howls of laughter echoed. An old trick had worked again.

(P. S. Wilbur slept through his first class.)

It happened over in one of the local eateries. A stray fly had settled into a cup of coffee as the waiter was carrying it to a table. When the proprietor was told about it good-naturedly the eatery man remarked non-committally:

"You're quite welcome. No points on flies." and went back to making sandwiches.

*

Overheard:

"Ah, she was warm and soft and sweet . . . "

"They're all warm and soft and sweet."

"But she was different . . .she was unique . . . "

"They're all different and unique . ."

"Yeah, but she wore that violet sweater that . . . "

"Really? What's her name?"

(Takes all kinds of people to make a sweater).

•

Someone made a remark last year concerning Vice-President Candidate Bricker when he spoke at the Hill. After the speech a student asked a professor what he thought of it. The professor pursed his lips and ran a hand over his chin.

"Well . . .all things considered . . . I'd say the man was against sin."

And on the other side of the campaign ledger we heard this classic quip: It was in reference to the President's dog Falla:

"A President's best friend is his dog . . .and the under-dog."

•

There was confusion in the Mag office for about a week and a half. Running through the hall second floor at the Graham Memorial was the chipmunk figure of Stanley Colbert (See *It Could Happen to You*) in a gray gym suit waiting around for a missing photographer. Something always went wrong. If people stared at the chunky figure in gray Colbert would smile broadly to cover his uneasiness. Having read his article and having seen Colbert in gray we agree that he's a miniature apostle of the stark truth.

•

We asked several of the grass artists who lounge about on the campus green how they enjoyed their work. One pert gal remarked it was "fun and ever' thing."

Another said without a smile that one *never* paints what one sees.

And proceeded to draw the Davie Poplar in front of her. We solemnly add that a tree can be aqua-marine streaked with blue if you *want* to see it that way.

•

What student hasn't heard of the late Thorne Smith? His series *Topper, Night Life of the Gods, Rain in the Doorway,* etc., has made a legend of well-written ribaldry. A fellow over at the Institute of Government has collected stories about this popular writer. One story concerning his end goes like this:

The seven year old daughter of Smith ran next door to Graham McNamee, sports commentator and with child-like simplicity said:

"Will you please remove Daddy from the living room? He's dead." And quietly waited for an answer.

•

The company cook brought in a plateful of extremely thin slices of bread and butter, which rather dismayed his hungry outfit.

"Did you cut these, Sergeant?" asked one.

"Yes, I cut 'em," came the stern answer.

"Oh," replied the soldier. "All right . . . I'll shuffle and deal."

•

Gal: "That boy friend of mine is trying at times."

Other Gal: "That's nothing; mine is trying all the time."

Photo by Jim Hershey

"I don't exactly know WHAT my home town is . . .my father's in the Navy". . . . said Tommy Thomas, this month's cover girl when asked where she lived . . .Most of her nineteen years, Tommy has spent in California where her father was stationed . . . Five feet four, with blue eyes and blonde hair, Tommy arrived at Carolina last winter quarter. . . . She's a Chi Omega and lives in Carr Dormitory.

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•

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After the Dance

•

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NILO MENENDEZ and his RHUMBA BAND

Produced and Directed by JOHN H. AUER

Screen Play by Lawrence Kimble

RKO RADIO PICTURES

SPECIAL CREDIT . . .

Largest of the bouquets for help on this month's Carolina Mag goes to Lois Ribelin Cranford. Lois left school early last year when she married a former Mag editor, H. C. Cranford. Always a hard worker, Lois says she wants to begin work on Carolina publications, and if so, she'll be as heartily welcomed as she was in the Mag office where she was so generous with her help on layouts. Lois is also responsible for the write-up on this month's pine-up, Patty Harry, who transferred this year from Brenau College. . . .

Another card of thanks goes to Marion Kerr, Business Manager, who with her staff worked overtime on the advertising for this issue. Their work meant trips to Durham, as well as repeated stops at local advertisers in Chapel Hill.

This Mag sees Fred Flagler, who wrote the football feature, "Gridiron Gripe," off to a possible career in the United States army. Fred leaves at the end of this month for his physical check-up. Until he is called, Fred is acting Tar Heel editor. . . .

Connie Hendron, new to Mag readers, proves her versatility by writing a story, "The Green Dress," illustrating it, and by drawing the cartoons, one of which, the two-headed boy, is in a complete series which she has done the past few months for her own amusement. . . .

CAROLINA STUDENTS!

•

You're Always Welcome

at

WALGREEN'S Drug Store

DURHAM

A college professor was calling the roll in one of his classes.

"Robinson."

"Here."

'Rosenthal."

"Here."

"Mary Smith."

"Present."

"Wannamaker."

Chorus: "Yes."

•

Two little rabbits were being chased by a pack of wolves. One little rabbit turned to the other and said, "How 'Bout you and me stopping a minute and outnumbering 'em?"

•

Him: "What made you think she's a photographer's daughter?"

He: "Because her system is to sit in a dark room and await developments."

•

Mother (entering room unexpectedly): "Why—I never . . ."

Daughter: "Oh mother, you must have."

•

The preacher finished his sermon with "All liquor should be thrown in the river."

And the choir ended by singing "Shall We Gather at the River?"

•

Susie says she's no longer a struggling stenographer. As soon as she stopped struggling, she didn't have to be a stenographer.

•

She: Would you like to see where I was operated on for appendicitis?

He: No, I hate hospitals.

•

He: "You see, dear, if we enter into a companionship marriage contract we can live together a while and then, if we decide we've made a mistake, just separate and let it go at that."

She: "Yes, but. . . what would we do with the mistake?"

•

"What is the difference between a bathroom and a cemetery?"

"There is no difference. When you gotta go . . .you gotta go."

•

Then there was the high-salaried Hollywood director who was always trying to make a little extra.

•

"Are you the woman who saved my little boy from drowning?"

"Yes."

"Well, where the hell's his cap?"

•

"I'd better warn you—my husband will be home in an hour."

"But I've done nothing I shouldn't do."

"Well, I just wanted to warn you that if you're going to, you'd better hurry."

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•

Invites Carolina Students to Make Our Store Your Headquarters When In Durham

Presenting - - - Brittingham, USMC

By Vita Richter

"I wanted to fight and it's the best outfit." Here is the yarn of one Marine who proved both statements.

JAMES Brittingham, USMC, former gunner on a United States cruiser, said he didn't have time to be scared when Japanese torpedo planes started coming, he just began to cuss, gripped the handles of his 20 mm. anti-aircraft gun, and fired as hard as he could. This V-12 student at the University of North Carolina vividly recalls the night he was near Truk in 1944 and 30 enemy torpedo nuisance planes came over to attack. General quarters was sounded and every man raced to his battle station.

As the planes flew near the sky filled with ack-ack bullets, and tracers lit their path. Every gunner on the ship fired directly at the Japs but failed to keep them from coming closer and closer. Keyed to action, the gunners continued relentlessly pouring the hot lead into the planes oblivious to their own danger.

Brittingham said he saw one plane about a mile from his ship nose toward the ocean and when it was 20 feet above the water, burst into flames, disintegrate and sink out of sight in a matter of seconds. The Navy fighters accounted for 26 planes. Another plane managed to fly inside the task force and release its torpedo which missed—and then followed its companion plane into the briny deep. Red-hot lead continued to pour forth, and when the smoke cleared the score was two Jap planes for Brittingham's cruiser so he knew that at least one of his shells had hit its mark.

Part of a detachment of 40 marines stationed aboard a cruiser whose name will have to be withheld because it is still very much in action, Brittingham's crew was then sent to bombard the Satawan Islands 165 miles from Panape. There at night in the heat of battle it looked like the Fourth of July except that no gleeful shouting pierced the air —only low murmurs among the men aboard the ship. Seated in gun turrets or tautly strapped in a harness at their guns, they were only able to swing forward-aft or aft-forward as they patrolled a specified radius.

When Brittingham's ship left San Francisco December 5, 1943, it headed toward Pearl Harbor and the men saw the salvaging crews raising the S. S. Oklahoma. They pumped water and dredged endlessly and it was a pitiful spectacle to see the massive, once powerful ship lying helplessly on her side up to the keel.

En route to the Marshall Islands in 1940 his cruiser was ordered to protect carriers which were cruising around these Jap-infested waters to prevent interruption of American planes leaving on bombing missions.

Later his ship was sent to the Carolines—Palau, Yap and Woleai—where it was subjected to ceaseless attacks nightly. The Japs always waited until sunset and then zoomed in hoping to catch our defenders unaware. There were rarely more than three or four Japanese planes in a group in these encounters for the main purpose was merely nuisance raids intended to lower the American fighters morale and resistance, and make them susceptible to tropical diseases. Even more important it was calculated to weaken them so that they could not fire accurately, yet night after night not even one Jap plane would be able to limp back to its home for the gunners cleansed the sky of the marauders every time, a particularly difficult feat because it was almost impossible to see even a foot ahead.

At New Guinea Brittingham's ship covered the carrier planes which protected the landing forces on the beach. Again they were attacked and since visibility was low the Marine and Navy contingent aboard his vessel worried. The anti-aircraft guns remained silent to protect their position and the men were forced to quietly sit and wait. When the firing order was finally given the guns blared forth a steady stream of lead, reducing Japs, their equipment and planes to cinders.

Brittingham seems too young to be a war veteran and denies that he has done anything unusual. But his Asiatic-Pacific ribbon which he rarely wears has five stars encrusted for the Marshall, Palau, Yap, Woleai, New Guinea, Truk and Satawan campaigns and bombardments, for this 20-year-old youth has touched all four corners of the globe and has been in some places that are mere travelogue names to most. In many of these he has come to grips with death and emerged victorious.

His candid blue eyes seem never to have viewed anything more exciting than the sports he is so interested in, and his most intriguing characteristic is his overwhelming modesty. Brittingham says he joined the Marine corps because "I wanted to fight, and it's the best outfit." He trained at Parris Island, Portsmouth, Va., and Boston, and his first shakedown cruise was to Trinidad before shoving off for the Panama Canal and the Pacific islands.

Recently when he returned to the United States and civilization again in California, he enjoyed a visit to the Hollywood Canteen, and though he cannot remember the names of the movie stars he danced with, he recalls that there were plenty of free cokes and milk. This World War II veteran indulges in dancing but hastens to admit that he cannot 'jitterbug' . . . old-fashioned fox-trots for him! Good old fried chicken and Maryland biscuits (his home is in Salisbury) are his favorite foods, and he likes blondes . . . sometimes! He is impressed with the fine spirit at the University and is pledging Beta Theta Pi, meanwhile concentrating on his studies so as to become a fine officer in time to return to the "big fight" before it is over.

Gridiron Gripe

By Fred Flagler

What about Carolina Football? What's your gripe? The Mag's sport feature by Flagler gives an honest opinion from his seat in the grandstand.

PRIOR to Carolina's opening tussle with Wake Forest in Kenan Stadium this year one of the country's top notch sportcasters, Bill Stern, telephoned Jake Wade, popular sports editor of the Charlotte Observer. Stern asked Wade if Wake Forest had any chance at all against Carolina. Wade frankly replied that Carolina was definitely the underdog and that only the out-of-state sports writers were picking the Tar Heels over the Demon Deacons. Stern was somewhat astonished as were several of the big name sports men. Stern went on to say that his broadcasting concern had planned to cover the Carolina-Army tilt, but that the broadcast wasn't likely if Carolina journeyed to West Point defeated by Wake Forest. Carolina did travel to West Point with a loss to Wake Forest behind them and the game was broadcast, which nears us to the point of our story, Gridiron Gripe.

The Tar Heel youngsters who were representing Carolina at West Point were thrashed by the powerful cadet onslaught 46 to 0, the kind of lopsided ball game that never offers the spectators the football thrills that they pay to see. And as for radio broadcasting, the affair was of little value because to make the grade wth radio listeners a football game must be colorful in the first place and then, too, it must be reported in the best manner possible by the announcer. Stern is one of the best, but the game has got to be a little more exciting before any announcer can put it across to listeners all over the nation, some ardent Tar Heel admirers, others, simply football fans. In other words, when Carolina wants to be classed with the big time footballers . . . that is, good enough to have their tussles reported on a national hookup . . . the Carolina football machine will have to comply with the opponent's football strategy.

Even in peacetime when Carolina had larger and more experienced football material, the list of opponents was not secured from the top ten in the national football ratings. Peacetime football schedules included one or two potent clubs as well as the big five from North Carolina—State, Wake Forest, Duke and Davidson, Carolina making the fifth component.

It is true that scheduling of football games is a tough job now. Wake Forest dropped off Carolina's schedule last year as did State this year. Davidson has been off for some time. But is it fair to the coaches and the players to match this year's club with the best football brains and talent in the country as an alternative?

No reflection is attempted on the coaches of Carolina's footballers this year nor the players for their showing. To be sure, they want to win games; any ball club does. But when you match a 120 pound scrappy youngster against a 195 pound veteran of the ring, you have a good idea where to place your bets. A card of that description would not draw a full house. The same condition exists in football. Fans attend grid battles to see action, two closely matched squads in a thrill-packed affair. If one team has it about ten to one over another club, the spirit of battle is lost.

When radio listeners hear the score broadcast at the end of the first quarter when one team is out front 20 points, unless he is an alumnus of one of the schools, chances are 100 to one that he will switch his dial to another tilt, one more exciting. When a radio listener or an actual attendant of a football scrap has a notion that a particular club hasn't a chance, his interest subsides. This is natural.

Nothing can be done about this fall's Carolina football schedule, but something can be done about future Carolina football schedules.

If Carolina wants to play such teams as Army, Georgia Tech, Yale, Duke and even Wake Forest, she will have to field teams that compare in more ways than one with these outfits. In the first place these six teams have as their coaches men who have served lengthy terms and men who get paid more than the average coaching salary around Carolina. Secondly more money is appropriated in the form of scholarships for players.

University trustees passed a $12,000 coaching salary appropriation recently. Evidently some of the key financial figures in the trustee group became a mite sick at the way Carolina footballers looked this year. The decision of the trustees is against President Frank Graham's plan of operating a football team. This fact is not too important to this story, but the question of fairness to the team members and the coaches is. The trustees should be commended for a sudden realization that if Carolina is going to meet big time competition she will have to pay for coaches and material, the way the high bracket clubs do. But they should be condemned for announcing such action before the season was only two games gone. The psychological effect on the coaches and football aspirants is not at all healthy. Both Gene McEver and MacCauley McEver are doing the best under the circumstances. The players are doing well in face of the fact that are pitted against a slate of opponents which would be enough to scare the best of Carolina veterans much less the eager youngsters who have been futilely playing their hearts out.

Yes, it is heart-breaking to see the boys who love to play football and to win games, by the way, matched with clubs that compare just about as much as a mountain and a mole hill.

Carolina officials became aware of the fact only too late and they made their decision at a most inopportune time. Maybe they will write it down in their little red-book as a mistake and realize by experience that they made a nice mess of football this year. It is not too late to make repairs in the sinking ship, but something had better be done about ensuing schedules. It can be done. But there is no halfway outlet. If Carolina secures a $12,000 coach, she will have to pay for the players to meet the standards of the coach. Best coach in the nation plus mediocre material equals hit and miss football team. It takes the two ingredients to make the best football soup. It can be done.

The Green Dress

By Connie Hendren

THINKING about the green dress as she typed was enough to make Kay's sure fingers fumble at the keys. For three days, now it had hung in her closet, the other clothes on their hangars pushed away on either side so that its soft folds might hang free; and, more important, so that Kay might look into the closet and find it at a glance. It was the prettiest dress she had ever owned, and the most expensive. "And the most exciting," she whispered.

It WAS an exciting dress, it was a perfect dream of a dress, and Kay was lucky to have found it. Surely there could be no lovelier dress in the world. Now as she dreamed over her work, Kay could remember her breathless anticipation as she pictured herself in the dress—in the prettiest green dress in the world. Even the salesgirl had said that. She it was who had taken it off the rack, and held the smooth skirt over her arm.

"It's a lovely dress, Miss, and it will look lovely on." It really was too expensive. Kay had blinked when she found the tag and read the price. She knew that if she bought the dress it would mean walking to work, eating smaller lunches, and giving up a few of the small luxuries that she allowed herself, but these things would seem unimportant, small sacrifices, if she could know that the dress were hers, and she could wear at next year, too. (She made excuses to herself.) It really was important to have a pretty dress to wear to Rob's party.

Kay remembered how she had followed the girl into a fitting room, and allowed her to slip the narrow green sheath over her head and smooth the skirt over her hips. When she turned to face the long mirror, she knew for sure that she must have the dress. The bright yellow green did things for her honey colored hair, and made her green eyes shine like sequins. She knew that she looked beautiful and it was an intoxicating feeling. For a moment she imagined herself entering Rob's apartment. She had only been there once before but she remembered every detail of the wonderful modern decor. Large white leather chairs, deep white rugs and mirrors everywhere. In her mind's eye she could see the dress against the red door, and reflected from every side of the mirrored hallway. She snapped back to reality as the salesgirl reentered the booth. Her mind made up, she had written a check for the amount, which seemed smaller as she watched the girl tuck frothy white tissue paper around the bright green wool. Afterwards, she almost ran from the shop and hurried back to the small apartment she shared with Lucy Manning. Lucy had beautiful clothes, she had several dresses that had cost much more than the new one, but not one as pretty, in Kay's opinion.

. . . When she turned to look in the long mirror, she knew for sure she must have it.
Kay wears a McMullen classic from The Little Shop, Chapel Hill.

She remembered now what Lucy had said when she saw the dress.

"It's a knockout, Kay, that color is grand with your hair. Yes, it's your dress all right. At least," she paused and blew a long plume of smoke toward the ceiling, "I hope it's your dress and no one else will turn up in one just like it. Seems too good to be true to suppose that you won't see another at that price."

"At that price!!" Kay had suddenly realized just what Lucy meant. Lucy thought the dress was quite reasonable. Just an inexpensive little dress to wear once or twice and then put away. Lucy had plenty of money, she wouldn't, couldn't realize what sacrifices Kay

See THE GREEN DRESS, page 23

Common Ground

By Jerry Davidoff

THE TINKLE of a knife against a half-filled water glass splattered through the chattering group in the pine-paneled room. Tall, alert Charley Jones, Chapel Hill's Presbyterian minister, threw one last pun across the table to smiling, classic-quoting Rabbi Maurice Schatz of the Hillel Foundation, and then both men turned toward the ROTC who was attempting to gain a semblance of order among the diners. "Could we get down to business now?" he asked.

The scene is typical of the weekly supper meetings of the Council for Religion in Life (nicknaming Tar Heels refer to it as the CRIL) to which come representatives of the various student church groups in Chapel Hill, as well as representatives of society conscious extra-curricular groups on the Carolina campus.

About a year ago several students of various denominations started to dine together on Saturday nights and to hold at their dinners informal discussions of religious problems. As the group grew in size and scope it arranged to have one of the private dining rooms in the Inn cafeteria held for them each week. The original purpose was to bring together members of different faiths for communal discussions and to hear, and thereby understand, the views of the different groups concerning their beliefs.

After meeting regularly for several months the group began to agree that its purpose was to give better understanding between the faiths and to get college students, generally regarded by religionists as temporarily "lost souls," to understand that religion was a vital and attractive force, and that it was not necessarily associated with long faces and Sundays.

The group resolved itself into the Interfaith Council. With new understandings of its purpose, the group dug right in and acted on its principles. First project was an Interfaith picnic to which came members of almost every church group in the town. Another project was the interesting of extra-curricular groups on campus in the aims of the Council. To this end representatives were secured from the Dialectic Senate, the Interfraternity Council, the Grail and many other groups.

The enlarged group met at full strength just before the end of the spring session of 1944. Its first major project came at the end of July when it presented a statement signed by many student body leaders condemning the fuss made over attempts to improve race relations in Chapel Hill. The statement stated that:

> We cannot in conscience allow any church, or any other group of individuals, to stand alone where the principles of our common religion are threatened. We should, indeed, deny these principles if we should reject that truth by any word or deed or failure to act or speak.
>
> We stand on common ground.
>
> We, therefore, recognize the falseness of discriminating between men on grounds of race.
>
> We assert our responsibility, more especially apparent and more vividly necessary in this day of heightened racial tension in this community and in the world, actively to improve relations between races in Chapel Hill.
>
> We pledge ourselves unswervingly to maintain this course, believing in a common God for all men and accepting him not alone for the future, but for this moment.

The arrival of William H. Poteat, Assistant Secretary of the YMCA, on campus brought a new life to the group. Bill's zeal and spirit were contagious, and before long he was accepted by the group as their main faculty adviser.

A series of campus wide lectures on Religion in the world was planned. Invitations were sent to two men from each of the Catholic, Jewish and Protestant faiths, one a layman and the other to a member of the clergy. Invitations were sent to Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Father Robert I. Gannon, Supreme Court Justice Frank Murphy, Dr. Henry Pitt van Dusen and many others. Those who accept the invitations will address the campus once in a bi-monthly series which will probably start in November.

Another project was the setting up of a committee to investigate the possibilities of an Interdepartmental Council on Religion to integrate and emphasize religious influences in academic course. It is hoped that a minor in religion, cutting departmental lines, will be available to students desiring it, and possibly a major in that field.

Something new and vital on campus. What is the CRIL? What is its purpose? Religion takes its place in student affairs.

DAVE ANDREWS
CRIL President

This fall the advances of the group have been great. Much interest has been shown at the Saturday night meetings in the prospect of Social Action Committee, to help integrate Social Action on the campus. This proposed committee would stimulate drives, letter writing campaigns and other activities through the member organizations such as the CPU, IRC, Debate Council, Di Senate, Interfraternity Council, Student Legislature, Grail, Valkyries and other groups.

In the early part of October the plan was presented to the representatives of almost every extra-curricular group and publication on the campus, and was heartily approved. A planning committee under the chairmanship of Floyd Gillis was set up to arrange for the functioning of this group. Fuller official representation was one aim, and the greater activity the other.

Late in the summer the name of the Council was changed to the Council for Religion in Life because the members felt that that name better signified their aims and principles. They felt that under the new name their activities would reach out farther, and more effectively than under the former, general, name of Interfaith Council.

The CRIL's letterhead states that: "We seek to improve the consciousness and understanding of religious ideals on campus; to provide avenues for their effective expression and to promote understanding and cooperation in relations between religious groups."

See COMMON GROUND, page 24

The Story of Francois de Valerie

By Jimmy Wallace

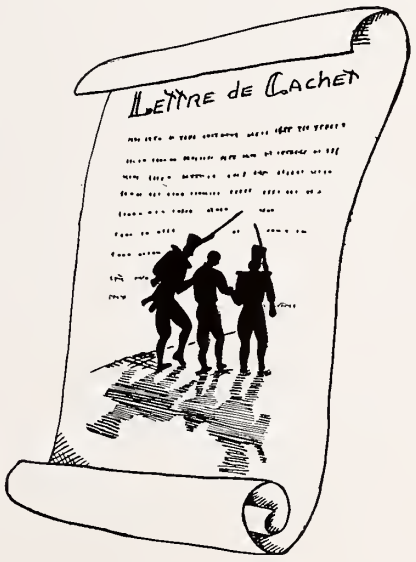
FRANCOIS Jacques De Valerie strode down the Rue de l'Esprit, singing a song as he went. And why shouldn't he? Had he not made 75 francs in one week, and was not his young wife Nanette soon to have a baby? Ah, a little Francois. He could hardly believe it. In a few months he would be a father. He wondered what the baby would look like. Yes, probably it would have Nanette's eyes, but surely it would have his square and determined jaw, and maybe a dark, heavy beard too. No, hat couldn't be. That would have to come later. And brown hair, the baby would have that too. And he would be tall; maybe grow up to be over six feet tall like Francois. He, Francois Jacques De Valerie, a loyal Frenchman under the reign of his Majesty Louis XVI!

Francois jingled the 75 francs in his pocket. They would come in handy when winter came. Then he could sit in his house and laugh at the other less fortunate workers of the village. He, Francois, a man of 26, could laugh at the older peasants who would be starving. No, he would not laugh. He would pity them. Francois shook his head ruefully and slowed his pace. He would pity them. His friends had so many children already, while he was without any extra mouths to feed. Maybe if the king. . . . No, the king would never take less of the food during the winter. The king did not know that poor people ate food during the winter. He wondered how the king could eat so much food. Surely all the food taken from the peasants by the army of the Versailles court was not eaten by it.

Something should be done about the king and his court too. France was losing her prosperity. Only Fontainebleau and Versailles were prosperous now. And surely the monarchy was jesting when it shouted "eat cake." Francois then remembered his conversation with the caretaker of *Le Duc's* estate. *Le Duc* was Francois' employer. *Le Duc* was a good man. Had not *Le Duc* given him a job on his estate? Was he not a friend of Francois?

The conversation with the caretaker still irritated him. All that he had said was "maybe *Le Duc* should not make the peasants do so much work." Francois had been speaking of the peasants who were a part of *Le Duc's* estate. He, he, Francois was a free man, attached to no one. He, Francois, owned six acres of land, what remained of the land of his father before him. On that land was his house, a small two-room house of the French lower class. But, although the land was little and the house small, it made a great difference between Francois and the peasants who owned nothing. They were owned by the nobility. He was not.

That caretaker. Francois could not forget the quizzical look and the narrowed eyes with which the caretaker had surveyed him when he had said, "maybe *Le Duc* should not make the peasants do so much work." Francois



had been thinking of Jean Le Devereaux when he had said that. Francois could still see the face of Jean as he lay on his hard bed; the white and peaceful face as it lay in death. Jean had collapsed while working in the fields of *Le Duc*. He had been whipped for his "laziness." His cough had been forgotten. And now his family was penniless and would have to exist on the meager support of Jean's peasant friends; that is, until Jacques, the eldest son, grew old enough to take his father's place.

The sun had passed beyond the trees as Francois walked up the cobble-stone walk leading to his door. He heard someone running in the house, and then the door opened. Nanette, the blue-eyed Nanette with her black hair flowing down to her shoulders; the lively and refreshing Nanette with a small white flower pinned to her slightly patched but clean dress, received him with her arms and lips.

* * * *

It had been a wonderful supper; a supper that only Nanette could prepare. Francois marvelled at the results she could get from the poor food of the market-place, and the vegetables which they raised in their struggling garden. Monte, the poodle, the little landlord of the De Valerie household, spraddled comfortably on the hearth and looked on. Nanette started to leave the table to pour some more of the *vin* which she had accepted for washing the clothes of *Madame La Duchesse*. But Francois, full of fatherly solicitude already, preceded her and stopped her rise from the chair with a hurried "Non, non."

* * * *

Francois fell asleep almost as soon as he felt the softness of the bed. The work of the day had been hard, and tomorrow, it would be the same thing all over again. A pale moon had reached its zenith when he was awakened by Nanette. He started upwards, and then hesitated. There were heavy footsteps on the cobblestones outside. Then a series of thuds sounded on the oaken door. "Open the door, in the name of the king." Francois hastily pulled on his trousers and headed for the door. "Who is there?" No answer. Then the knocks came again; this time they were louder. Francois opened the door. Two men entered, dressed in the uniform of *Le Duc's* guards. The spokesman removed a scroll of white paper from his pocket, motioned to Francois to advance, and said, "You are to come with us."

A thin layer of sweat began to cover the face of Francois. He had heard of these nocturnal visits to the homes of others, He mustered courage and spoke: "What is it that you want of me?" The guard replied, "You are not to ask questions. Get ready to leave at once." Nanette clung to Francois' right arm, her cold fingers biting into it, her face upturned to that of the guard. Francois turned to her and tried to quiet her. "Let me go, Nanette. I am sure that this is all a mistake. I will be back in a little while." Francois kissed his wife and preceded the guards out of the door.

The men walked down the road towards the chateau of *Le Duc*. Francois

See FRANCOIS DE VALERIE, page 23

A Doris Dodson dress from Andrews-Henninger.

BLIND DATE

By Bill Crisp

Reading Time: Five minutes and a split second. A short short to smile at.

PHONE NUMBER 8061 was obviously popular. Since 7:30 P.M. it rung continuously. On that first ring, at 7:31, fourteen feminine heads popped simultaneously from fourteen different doors. It was Friday night and fourteen Carolina coeds still were dateless. But now, eleven phone calls later, only three heads greeted the jangling bell. Only three were left.

One of those heads, after producing an accompanying body, strode down the hall and picked up the receiver.

"Hello, Kenan 3rd floor." Could there have been a note of expectation in her voice? "No, I'm sorry, Weegie isn't here. Yes, a Phi Delt party I think. I don't know, but I'll see. Hold the phone a minute."

Connie stepped back from the phone and looked up and down the hall. The other two doors had closed. A moment's more pause and her voice poured into the receiver again.

"You certainly are lucky. There's just one coed left on this hall who hasn't a date and you're the lucky boy. Call for her at nine. And by the way, what's your name? O.K., George, this girl's name is Connie. Yes, that's right—Connie."

Nine o'clock found Connie impatient. Her blond hair framed a face which, now relieved of its original desperation, showed signs of being pretty. Her tight-fitting skirt and sweater enhanced a figure which otherwise would have been mediocre. But her eyes, soft and brown, were still flashing expectantly when the house phone rang.

—•—

George wasn't bad for a blind date, Connie was thinking. He was tall and his clothes fitted him perfectly. Brown coat, soft tweed trousers, a Windsor knot in his tie. On his arm going up Franklin street, Connie was aware of his blond good looks. And his voice was enticing.

"Don't get the idea I'm especially interested in Weegie just because I asked for her when I called. She was the only girl I knew in Kenan."

"Oh, Weegie's swell. That is—if she likes you."

A grey cat crossed the sidewalk. George smiled.

Danziger's was almost empty. It was too early for the after-movie gang. George and Connie found a booth near the piano and ordered frozen chocolates. A V-12 and date giggled in the next booth.

Connie's face gave birth to apathy. "I don't see what some coeds see in these V-12's at Carolina, do you George?"

"It's a mystery to me." There was just a trace of irony in his voice. Connie didn't notice it.

"Well, that's one thing I can boast. I've been here almost two months and haven't dated one yet."

"You sound rather prejudiced towards us civilians," George said. He dropped his head.

"Prejudiced isn't the word. There just isn't any comparison. I wouldn't trust myself on a date with one of those Navy wolves."

"What makes you think they're all wolves?" Amusement played in George's eyes.

"George, that's a silly question. Why you can just talk to one and feel him moving in. I was warned about Navy men before I came to Carolina. My mother saw to that. I'm glad she did too. There are some pretty wonderful guys on this campus, but they all wear civilian clothes so far as I'm concerned."

"I'm being flattered," George said. His eyes positively twinkled now.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that. Being a civilian doesn't make a fellow wonderful, but it doesn't hurt him any." Connie put her hand through George's arm. "George, that's the only thing about this synchronizing that worries me."

"What? What worries you?"

"These Navy men. Just imagine how it's going to be sitting in class with them! A girl won't be safe with these wolves around."

"Do you think you'd be any safer sitting by me?"

Connie squeezed George's hand. "That goes without saying, George."

A bell-bottomed sailor ducked the fan blast over Danziger's entrance and walked toward the dining quarters. A smile of recognition crossed George's face.

"Back here, Tom," he said.

The V-12 sauntered up to the booth. Connie looked at her drink.

"Hello, George. Say! fellow," his voice was surprised, "you'd better get back to B.V.P. and change. It's gonna be tough if the old man catches you in civies."

HUMOR

Life Guard (with girl in arms)—Sir, I have just resucitated your daughter.

Father—Then, by gad, you'll marry her.

•

"How hard do I have to hit it to knock it into the water," asked the nervous wife of the mayor at her first ship launching.

•

The Southern father was introducing his family of boys to a visiting governor.

"Seventeen boys," exclaimed the father, "And all Democrats but John, the little rascal. He got to readin'."

•

Two friends were on a train which was held up. As the hold-up men came through the train taking cash and valuables from the passengers, one of the men became more and more nervous. Finally, with the robbers only a few seats away, he put his hand in his pocket and drew out a bill and held it out to his friend.

"Here, Sam," he said, "here's that ten dollars I owe you."

•

A pal of ours landed a soft job. He's in a bloomer factory now, pulling down about two thousand a year.

The Pointer

•

"Smile that way again."

She blushed and dimpled sweetly.

"Just as I thought—you look like a chipmunk."

Rammer-Jammer

•

Mazie—I didn't see Jack at the party last night but I hear he acted the part of a throughbred.

Dora—What part?

Nautilus

•

It's fun to be a vagrant breeze
And blow about the ladies' knees;
Though many knees without a doubt,
Are nothing much to blow about.

•

The doctor was standing on a crowded street car. Beside him a stout woman vainly endeavored to get her fare out of the pocket of her tightly buttoned coat.

After some minutes the doctor said, "Please allow me to pay your fare."

The woman declined with some asperity and renewed the attacks on the pocket. After some little time the doctor said again:

"You really must let me pay your fare. You have already unbuttoned my suspenders three times."

•

"Well," said the hula dancer as she started for the stage, "I think I'll put the motion before the house."

DEWEY vs.

By Bill Crisp

IT IS conceivable that some political scientists might, before the November elections, expound the thesis that the average college student is more politically astute today than ever before. However many reasons one might summons to uphold this thesis, either pro or con, one thing remains evident: such a thesis could not be founded on the uniformity with which college students all over this country are tending toward either of the political candidates running for the presidency.

Carolina's tendency toward the Roosevelt side-of-the-fence cannot be interpreted as a periscope of university campuses in general. On closely observing the general makeup of Carolina's student body, however, one is prone to assume just the contrary.

There is this line of thought: the University of North Carolina has, from a general perspective, the most diversified assimilation of students in the United States. Consequently, any poll which shows the political tendencies thereof might readily be accepted as the overall picture of student opinion everywhere.

This reasoning goes further. There are students, both civilian and military, who have descended upon this campus from every state in the Union, from every large metropolis, and from every notable rural area. Therefore, a digest of Carolina student preferences for the White House may be regarded as a fairly accurate digest of colleges and universities all over the nation.

Such an assumption, whether made from a carefully calculated consideration of the facts and figures, or from a concept which is admittedly politically prejudiced, is wholly incorrect.

An analysis of various polls on other campuses and a comparison of their results with the trends at Carolina present a different picture. For instance, Purdue University has conducted several polls, appropriately spaced and psychologically timed, which offer a considerable leaning toward the man from Albany.

From three consecutive polls held during the last six weeks, the Thomas E. has not only been shown consistent favoritism; his constituents have actually increased. The first poll taken showed forty-eight percent of the students in favor of the New Yorker for the following reasons: 22% felt that the country "needed a change in office." The fact that Dewey is, in comparison to Roosevelt, much younger netted another 6%. Six percent also felt that Dewey would reduce the national debt. Only 4% voted as "strict Republicans." Miscellaneous reasons brought the remaining 10%.

The 42% who favored Roosevelt had, just as the Deweyites, certain definite reasons for their choice. Sixteen percent felt that his experience during wartime demanded his reelection. His value for the purpose of formulating and securing the post-war peace prompted another 10% to choose him. His past record in the White House, however, inspired his being selected by only 6%. Four percent favored his foreign policy and 4% registered their votes strictly as Democrats. Various reasons netted the remaining 2%.

In the two subsequent polls held at Purdue, there was only a slight change in the results. On the last poll, Dewey received 48% and Roosevelt only 40%, which indicates a slight but undeniable change in Dewey's favor.

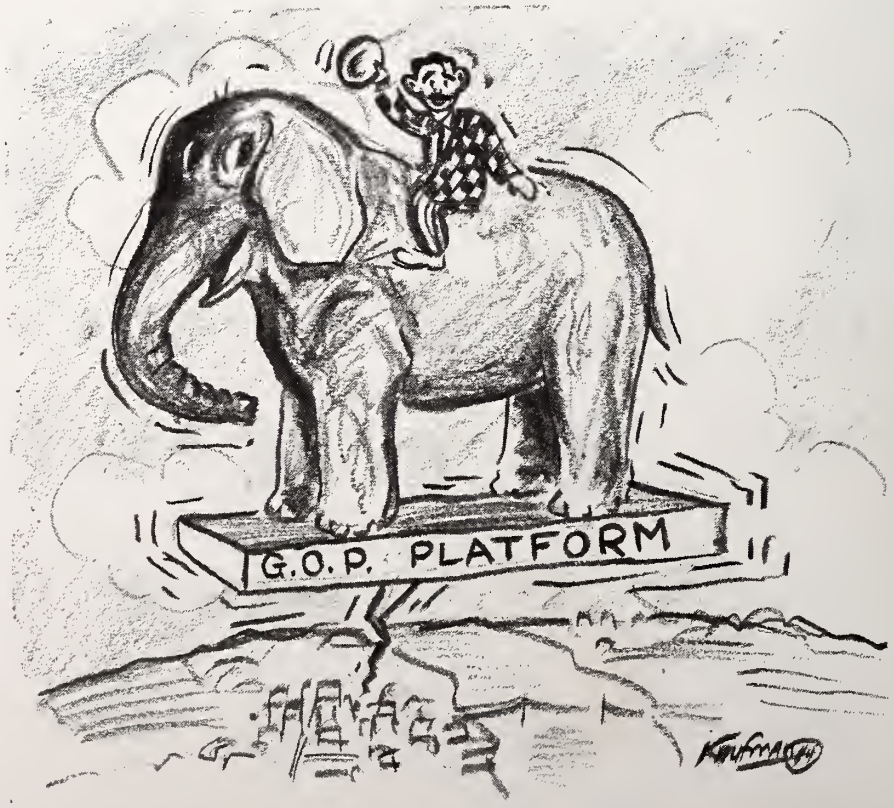
Now do these figures mirror the results of the two polls conducted recently at Carolina? An examination of the figures answers "no."

On Tuesday, August 22 of this year, the International Relations Club polled over eleven hundred students on this campus. At that time there were only 57% of the students who favored Roosevelt. *But*, the remaining 43% was not distributed to Dewey fans alone. Only 18% were for Dewey and, as a point of information, there were 17% who voted for the late Wendell Willkie.

During the weekend of October 8th, another poll, similar to the first IRC poll but representing considerably fewer students, was conducted in various organizations on campus. Of the total number of students thus polled, 84% were definitely for Roosevelt and only 12% were for Dewey.

Now, as many a political sage might well imagine, the differences in the polls thus reported might well be attributed to the difference in locality of the schools where the students were polled. The so-called Solid South, according to the experts, would inevitably lean to the Democratic party anyway.

About any other presidential race since the Civil War (excluding, of course, the Hoover-Al Smith campaign) this might be true. But after remembering the noticeable irregularity of certain Southern delegates to the Democratic Convention this past summer, and upon considering the Supreme Court's decision (the Supreme Court is largely composed of Democrats) in regard to franchise rights in the primaries, it follows that the Solid South, while still retaining a "solidity" sufficient to produce a Democratic electorate, might not be so solid after all. Indeed, one would have to look at an unprecedented political situation with an out-dated traditional viewpoint in order to apply such a prophecy to the '44 presidential derby.



ROOSEVELT

Certain characteristics of this campaign are not only different from any which have gone before, but are likely to prove unique when compared with many elections yet to come. If Mr. Roosevelt's third term broke a precedent, his fourth will break a record. It is not likely that this one issue alone will be the determining factor in his defeat or re-election. But a review of editorials from newspapers and magazines of nation-wide scope does not discredit the fourth term as being unimportant.

On the contrary, many editors and publishers, such as Henry R. Luce (who is admittedly Republican in this election), contend that the fourth bid for election is, within itself, sufficient grounds on which to turn Mr. Roosevelt out of office.

The fourth term, some people suggest, is overshadowed by another peculiar circumstance. Now, just as in the second elections of Abraham Lincoln in 1864 and Woodrow Wilson in 1916, this nation is involved in a major war. This circumstance alone makes the choice difficult.

Thus far, Roosevelt's weakness has been registered mostly in those persons who believe that his domestic policy, better known as the New Deal, has not been successful. The approaching dangers of post-war unemployment and the prospect of an economic chaos similar to that which swept Roosevelt into office in 1933 are problems which many people feel are too abstruse for Mr. Roosevelt to reckon with.

But Roosevelt's greatest bid for re-election lies in his record as a wartime leader. Despite numerous material shortages, strikes, rationing, and frictions between the heads of various executive alphabetical bureaus, no one can deny that production (and our battle was, in its primary stage, a battle of production) of essential war goods has been better than merely successful.

Roosevelt's capacity as Commander-in-chief of all American armed forces stands, according to many, unchallenged by any leader of the United Nations. The military projects over which his decisions have had unquestioned authority have proven highly successful.

But, just as wars demand exceptional ability in regard to domestic economy and military strategy, so do they demand an ability of a versatile political nature. Our economy, during wartime, supplies our military machines; our military machines work toward the defeat of our enemies. Both of these, from any long range perspective, are the temporary and momentous phases of war. But politically, war never ends. The causes of and the eventual adjustments to any war are influenced profoundly by our official foreign policy. The discretion and judgment with which our international relations are maintained determine not only to what degree our military machines may succeed, but, and more significantly, how continuous will be the gains made thereby and how much more or less this nation will be susceptible to war in the ever-approaching aftermath.

Roosevelt's record on foreign policy is hardly one which can be authentically criticized. This is not because it has been either good or bad. It is simply because, due to the necessitated secrecy and behind-the-scenes action which always characterize wartime diplomacy, little of our concrete foreign policy has been publicly exposed.

Nor is it likely that it will be exposed until after the defeat of Japan. Not the least of the many reasons justifying the foreign policy shroud is the fact that much of our foreign policy has not yet been decided. And to publish anticipated policy can and often does precipitate, not only its final weakness, but a lessening of the chances for it to be fully realized.

But what of the man from Albany? Mr. Dewey's contract for the presidency offers several enticements to the franchised bidders. In the eyes of many voters, his record as District Attorney and Governor of New York serves a brilliant background for this Republican. His legal experience shows him to be well-versed in both law-making and law-enforcement.

Mr. Dewey's expert conviction of some of the greatest and most alert criminal racketeers in New York's long history of racketeers is something for the annals of the courts. His advent to the governorship in Albany and the products of his state administration there have evoked favorable response from many elements. He has continually surrounded himself and appointed to official positions men in his own age range (Thomas Dewey is 42 years old) and men, who, judging from their subsequent service, have proved to be very efficient.

This ability to choose men who are comparatively young but politically adept has been emphasized by those who feel that Roosevelt's power of appointment has been too extensively expanded and too detrimentally abused.

After all these factors have been considered, however, it would be impossible to ascertain correctly the coming numerical power of either of these men at the popular election polls.

It is interesting to note, for instance, that in a poll conducted on the campus of the University of California during September, 50% of the students favored Roosevelt and only 38% favored Dewey. Now California is a state with a Republican administration. Indeed, its governor probably could have had the Republican Vice-presidential nomination had he wanted it. But, in a state which is reputedly this Republican, the tendency towards the national election was decidedly Democratic. And, to add a prophetic substance to this fact, 77% of the students felt, regardless of their personal choices, that Roosevelt *would* be reelected.

Such prophecy can be correctly appraised only after November 7th. And until that date, so far as student opinion polls indicate, one fellow's guess is as good as another's.

Dear Mom- - - -

By Nan Shackleford

I JUST CAN'T begin to tell you about Carolina because I'm afraid I would never stop raving. Honestly, this little Florida cracker is overcome after being safely cremated away in a girls' school for two years. The atmosphere alone is enough just to sweep you off your two pedal extremities. You see, it's a peculiar mixture of friendliness, tradition, cooperation, and a jolly good time all stirred together to a yummy smoothness. I say peculiar because to me it's so different from the one that the "slap happy lassies of Tallahassee" generate.

When I got off the bus I was sick at heart to think that I had traveled all the wearisome way only to jump into that station. It's enough to discourage even the boys who have received the purple heart—you can't believe it's really true until you see it. On top of that the sky was obscured by dark clouds that promised to give forth with a heavy dew any moment. Fortunately, we were safely installed within our four walls, one window, and a door before the dampness descended.

When we walked into the dorm I was beginning to think that I had dodged the undertaker, but our housemother hesitantly informed us that our two bedraggled souls and one strange roommate would occupy Room 213 for the next nine months. I kept telling myself that I wasn't a silly superstitious Southern gal, but somehow my vocal cords would always fail before I could convince the gray matter. I'm used to the idea of the unlucky number now and only give a slight shudder when I have to reveal my secret.

After squeezing some of our junk into the inadequate space assigned, we wandered around in the rain for a while. Then we went in the flickers to drip so that we wouldn't become completely drowned—after all, I wanted to die happy. The morale was somewhat better afterwards, despite the fact that your blind daughter had thoughtlessly left her glasses in the other pocketbook. So we trudged home, miles out of our way because we were so brand new, and proceeded to ask some of our neighbors the usual. The chatter ran something like this: "Where are you from, what school did you transfer from, what's your major, and, of course, do you know so-and-so?" Finally we fell with exhaustion and dreamed beautiful fantasies of the time when the war would merely be something else to torture the school children.

Next day we started our interminable waiting line. The infirmary held never a dull moment because everyone kept wondering what could happen next. I'd rather forget the routine of registering and going to meetings even though I know it must be done. Classes started and all I did was look around for a familiar face. I also tried to pay as much attention as possible. All the time you kept meeting new people, and they all had beautiful souls. Somehow, I would insist on calling Betty by the wrong name and everyone else that I tagged looked at me rather strangely, too. I can't for the life of me see how those brains with bodies on the end of them seemed never to forget my name and face at the same time. I used to go into horrible contortions trying to fool people like that, but I was hopeless.

The Carolina spirit really crept into me for all eternity at the first pep rally. I got a large stomp out of seeing and hearing all the students sing the Alma Mater. I had a bad case of "grabbings in the stomach" because I was so very proud to be able to join it. 'Twas then and there that I found out the true meaning of what it means to be a Carolina Co-ed. No one can tell you in so many words—it's just one of those things that must be felt in the little organ that pumps out your life's blood. The sentiment seems to blend with your bloodstream.

The scenery also makes me latch my lashes in many directions. Natchelly I never give men a second thought (who do I think I'm kidding?), but it curls my toes to see so many of them roaring around, after being in the vicinity of 2000 girls for two of the best years of my youth. I feel that maybe I can come out of the pool I've been stagnating in and put on fresh makeup and a swish new outfit. What with the great variety and conglomeration of types and uniforms, I should be able to find a sucker in the outfit. Until I learn to tell the cadets, Marines, and ROTC apart I shall probably make very little headway with my campaign though. Fortunately I have no trouble identifying the civilians and V-12 boys or the "willies" would probably be paying me a long visit.

Dorm life is just one big riot here, only more so than at a girls' school, because there are more chances for life's little moments to happen. I continually get a positive charge out of the reactions to phone calls. You don't have to waste your breath to ask what the conversation was, because expression will give away all. The way the lassie either drags her feet or skips gaily along speaking to everyone and generally spreading good cheer offers a faint clue.

I hear "sack" calling and the toothpicks are punching holes in my eyelids so I'm thinking I better hang my "close" on this line. Please write me so that I will have the pleasure of telling my roommates that I was responsible for the dusting that our mailbox got today.

Love and stuff,

Nan

Pin-up this month is October's gift to loveliness: Pretty Patty Harry who hails from the city of sunshine, Miami.

A phys ed major, Patty declares dancing to be her favorite sport, hobby, or what-have-you. But she likes all forms of sports—riding, swimming, hiking, tennis, and all the rest.

The vital statistics concerning Patty include: height 5′ 7″, weight 130, big blue eyes, warm brown hair that's naturally curly—"Never had a permanent in my life," she declares—and a gorgeous smile. Phone number 3001.

When queried as to her pet aversion, she told us that "smart alecks" and "men who forget to observe the little niceties, like opening car doors, walking on the outside, ladies first, etc." rank neck and neck.

Patty's idea of a good time on a date includes an evening of conversation and laughter and a package of popcorn. She also likes talking over coffee and cakes in a rear booth at Danziger's.

Her ideal man must be tall, with a handsome physique, dark, wavy hair, blue eyes, and a sense of humor. She prefers also a smooth dancer and a good conversationalist.

Patty transferred here in September from Brenau College, Gainesville, Ga., where she was an Alpha Delta Pi. She lives in 301 Carr.

She is enthusiastic about Carolina. "I just love the place," she says. Confidentially, from the reports we've picked up, Carolina is enthusiastic about Patty too. ➳

Photo by Joe Denker

It Could Happen to You

By Stanley Colbert

UNDOUBTEDLY the physical education department is CAPABLE of issuing gym-suits that fit. This is a well-known and little contested fact. Yet when I appear each afternoon except Saturday (thank God for Saturday) the equipment dispensers suddenly go beserk and give me size 40 shorts, size 44 shirts and much, much too small unmentionables, not to speak of size 14 socks.

Now time and again I have seen massive sacks of flesh feverishly groping for enormous sizes of 'what have yewse' and they all receive the same answer—"Be forced to tell you that we ain't got anything that big." And each time these mighty hulks of men weakly reply—"Can't fight it," or words to that effect.

YET—as soon as my gelatineous body wobbles up to their window, a sudden and not unexplainable gleam enters their eyes and from nowhere emerges these pieces of material that might easily substitute for Army pup tents or 12'x12' white flags.

Only a few days ago my gym shoes were taken. Now I KNOW that before I went to look in their depository of assorted gym-shoes there MUST HAVE been some small sizes. But true to form I found shoes that only Greta Garbo could have worn. They might even have substituted as tarpaulin covers for one of Henry Kaiser's victory ships.

The crowning point came when they put girls on the volley-ball court next to ours.

I didn't mind it when they noticed me tripping every five steps over my size 44 shirt. I didn't mind it when they looked at my shoes and murmured, "When did Charlie Chaplin come to Carolina?" But when I attempted to enter the men's locker room and was rudely shoved in the women's room because of my dress-like sack—well that wasn't TOO hard to take now that I think of it!

Have you ever visualized an oyster squeezing into a snail's shell? Have you ever thought about sleeping in a 2 by 4 box? Have you wondered about living in a cheesebox? It isn't necessary you know to try these suggestions. In Woollen gymnasium ground floor at 2:00 P.M. a demonstration will be offered by a person who has accomplished a feat almost as good as the oysters'. Every afternoon at 2:00 P.M. I will demonstrate to all male onlookers the deft art of putting on size 26 bathing trunks.

Now I am not making an excuse for my 36 waistline. Many campus characters have their own opinion as to what reposes inside the loose covering I fondly call my stomach.

Harry's Grill is of the opinion that it is the 57 hamburgers I eat at their emporium in the period of one week. The Water Department thinks it is the two gallons of water I drank immediately after eating Harry's hamburgers. Campus doctors think that perhaps I am carrying . . . things a bit too far when I assume it is the volley-ball I swallowed in physical education while watching the co-eds at their play. These rumors are absolutely unfounded and perhaps will be discussed at a future date.

Have you ever closely examined the men who give you your gym clothes? I purposely came to gym early one day (honest!) and made a complete study of their habits and activities.

The men's gym has a thin haggard old gentleman who looks like he has lived in the basement of Woollen gym all his life. I asked him if he had ever been out of Woollen gym and his baby blue eyes widened with delight, he removed a tarnished meershaum pipe from his mouth, and drawled—"Be forced to tell you that we ain't got anything that big." I thought he had a wide vocabulary, myself.

Perhaps there *is* a solution for the gym-suit problem. SOMEONE ought to have a suggestion. Do you? If so, rip off the top of your dorm and send it in to Post Office Box 1994. I'm staying there until the University can find a ROOM to fit me.

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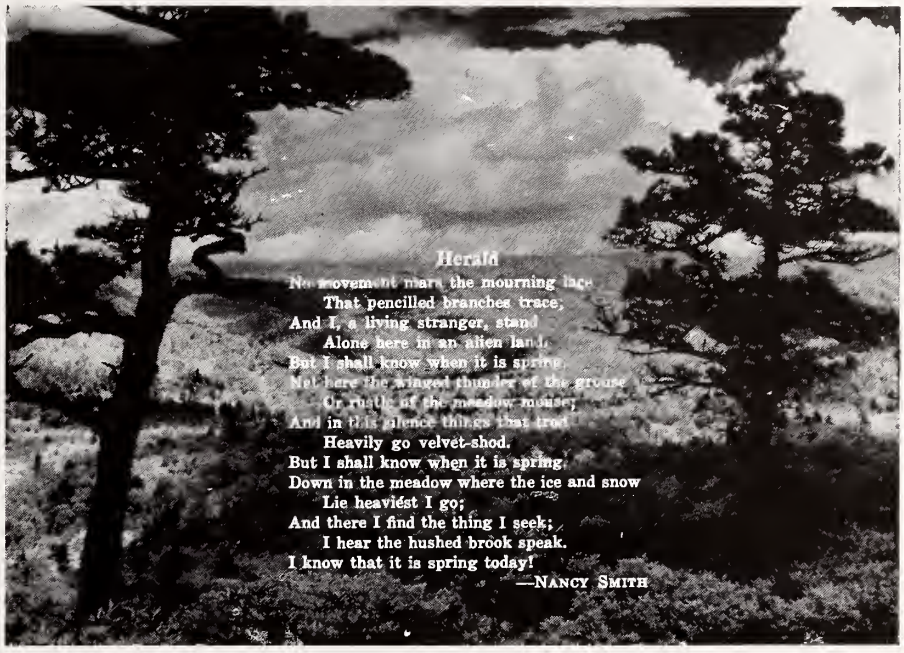
Herald
No movement mars the mourning lace
That pencilled branches trace;
And I, a living stranger, stand
Alone here in an alien land.
But I shall know when it is spring.
Not here the winged thunder of the grouse
Or rustle of the meadow mouse;
And in this silence things that trod
Heavily go velvet-shod.
But I shall know when it is spring.
Down in the meadow where the ice and snow
Lie heaviest I go;
And there I find the thing I seek;
I hear the hushed brook speak.
I know that it is spring today!
—Nancy Smith

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You

Your eyes to me are cat eyes—
The green eyes of a black cat
For when I look in your eyes
I see only gleaming emeralds—
All else is blacked out.
Your eyes are stars turning green in the blackness
of a winter's night.
When I am close and talking to your eyes,
I'm stealing looks down my secret halls of the future.
When I kiss you, though, your eyes go black,
But your whole body burns much brighter to me.

—*J. Wes Gentry*

TWICE TOLD TALES

HORSE CHESTNUT

An inebriated gentleman lurched, grabbed a lamp post and came to a stop face to face with a milk wagon horse.

"Drink too much?" the horse inquired casually.

The drunk stiffened, hardly believing his ears. "Did you just speak?" he inquired.

"Sure, the horse drawled. "Been talking ever since I quit winning races back thirty years ago."

"Hmm," thought the drunk, "I can make a fortune with this talking horse." Whereupon he encouraged the nag to talk about himself. For fifteen minutes the animal gave him a complete picture of his life and the inebriate became more and more amazed.

When the milkman finally appeared, the drunk roared, "I'll buy your horse for $1,000 right now, on the spot."

"Humph," scoffed the milkman, mounting the wagon. "Did you fall for that stuff about him winning the Derby, too?"

•

Pa:"Its two o'clock. About time Sally's boy friend went home."

Ma: "Now, Pa, remember how we used to court."

Pa: "That settles it. Out he goes."

•

ALWAYS DID

Wife: "I see by the paper that women are getting men's wages these days."

Husband: "Humph, they always have, one way or another."—Christian Science Monitor.

•

Hunter — What happened to your father—the old man you used to rent to us to hunt birds? He was better than any dog I ever saw.

Boy—We hated to do it—Pa got to runnin' rabbits and we had to shoot him.

•

"What's the idea of the Smiths taking French lessons?"

"They've adopted a French baby, and they want to understand what it says when it begins to talk."

•

One—I'd like to buy a brassiere.
Other—What bust?
One—Nuthin', it just wore out.

Two old maids, traveling to California, were chatting busily as their train slowed down when passing an orange-packing plant.

"Did you ever," exclaimed Brenda. "Look at that big sign, 'SUNKIST NAVELS'."

"Dear me," replied Cobina, "this must be Hollywood."

•

"Well, I certainly made a good impression on her," said the cane bottomed chair as the artist's model stood up.

•

THE LAST TRICK

Four young men, visiting the Orient before the war, delighted in playing all sorts of pranks on a servant. With no trace of resentment in his attitude, he brought in their coffee, day after day. Finally they decided to play no more tricks on such a good fellow, and told him so.

"No more nail shoes to floor?"

"No."

"No more put sand in bed?"

"No."

"Okay; no more put dishwater in coffee."

•

The only difference between a cutie and an old maid is that the cutie goes out with the Jonnies and an old maid sits home with the willies.

•

Brenda: "Goodness gracious, how did you get all mussed up like that?"

Cobina: "Oh, I went riding with a crude oil salesman."

•

Blonde—I find that men are all alike today.

Brunette—In what respect?

Blonde—Disrespect.

•

The over-cautious visitor with several imaginary deseases, was registering at the resort hoetel.

"But is this a really healthy place?" he asked the desk clerk for the third time.

"Absolutely," smiled the clerk. "This season a man was carried in here on a stretcher. After two weeks he ran away without paying his bill."

I put my trust and faith in you,
I thought I could rely,
But now I'm disillusioned—
I wish that I might die.
I made you my ideal, you see,
And so I copied you,
I should have copied someone else,
'Cause now I'm flunking too.

•

"Well, do you want a meal enough to work for it?"

"Lady, I'm hungry, not desperate."

•

"Why did the foreman fire you?"

"Well, you know the foreman is the man who stands around and watches the others work."

"Yes, anyone knows that. But why did he fire you?"

"He got jealous of me. A lot of the fellows thought I was the foreman."

•

SPECIFIC DIRECTIONS

Fair Visitor: "Is there some place aboard where I can get a drink of water?"

Sailor: "Certainly, miss. At the scuttlebutt, on the starboard side of the gun deck, 'midships, just for'rud of the dynamo hatch."

•

Judge: "I'm sorry, but we can't issue a license to your grandchild, she's only 15 and too young."

Old Negro Granny: "Lawdy, mister jedge, wat we gwinna do? She's ol' 'nuf to do what she's done did."

•

Wife—Listen to me; I'm sick and tired of hearing you talk about 'MY car' and 'MY furniture' and 'MY son'. It's getting on my nerves and you are going to learn to say 'OUR' instead. What are you looking for in that closet?

Husband—OUR pants.

•

The medical student was asked four reasons why mother's milk was better for babies than cow's milk. This is the answer he submitted:

1. It's fresher.
2. It's cleaner.
3. The cats can't get to it.
4. It's easier to take on a picnic.

He also added: It comes in such cute containers.

RUM ASSISTANCE

A gravedigger, absorbed in his thoughts, dug the grave so deep that he couldn't get out.

Came nightfall and in the evening chill his predicament became more and more uncomfortable. He shouted for help and at last attracted the attention of a drunk.

"Get me out of here," he shouted, "I'm cold."

The drunk looked into the grave and finally distinguished the form of the shivering gravedigger.

"No wonder you're cold," he said, getting busy. "You haven't any dirt on you."

•

Willie saw some dynamite,
Couldn't understand it quite.
Curiosity never pays;
It rained Willie seven days.

•

Two American soldiers in Egypt lived for months on dehydrated beef, dehydrated milk, dehydrated butter and vegetables. Visiting a Cairo museum they saw their first mummy.

"This is going too far," said one. "Now they're dehydrating women:"

Army and Navy Journal

•

A man never knows whether he likes bathing beauties until he's bathed one.

•

Mechanic: "Doctor, I need your help bad. I swallowed a quarter about six months ago and I want you to get it."

Doctor: "Why didn't you come to me at once?"

Mechanic: "To tell you the truth, Doc, I didn't need the money at the time."

•

A woman got on the train with nine children, and when the conductor came for her tickets she said: "Now these three are 13 years old and pay full fare, but those three over there are only 6, and these here are 4½."

The conductor looked at her in astonishment. "Do you mean to tell me you get three every time?" he asked.

"Oh, no," she said, "sometimes we don't get any at all."

•

Jack: "There's a lot of favoritism in our family."

Uncle: "Why, Jack, what on earth do you mean?"

Jack: "Well, I get punished if I bite my fingernails and when the baby puts his foot in his mouth they think it's cute."

ARGUMENTS ON BOTH SIDES

She: "I'm entered in two contests—one for the most beautiful back and the other for the most beautiful bust."

He: "My, aren't you excited?"

She: "I hardly know which way to turn."

•

A meek-looking little man put his head inside the door of a hairdressing shop.

"Er—could you spare me a blonde hair for my shoulder?" he stammered. "I want to make my wife jealous."

•

An employer was trying to find out from one of his negro workers why he objected so strenuously to working on Saturday night. Said he: "George, you are willing to work on Saturday afternoons and Sunday afternoons and Sunday nights, when necesssary. Now why don't you want to work on Saturday nights?"

"Well, Boss," came the reply, "if you had ever been a nigger on Saturday night you wouldn't ever want to be a white man again as long as you live."

•

Mine Foreman: "Boss, I've got a man out here that wants a job. What about having him employed for me?"

Superintendent: "What does he look like?"

Mine Foreman: "Well, he has one leg off, looks a little weak and puny, but I believe he will make us a good man."

Superintendent: "O. K. If the body is still warm, bring him in."

•

A celebrated lawyer once said that the three most troublesome clients he ever had were a young lady who wanted to be married, a married woman who wanted a divorce, and an old maid who didn't know what she wanted.

•

CAME IN SECOND

Stephen Leacock, the humorist, tells how proud he was when he first got his Ph. D. and on his first trip to the Orient put himself down on the passenger list of the liner as "Dr. Leacock."

"I was just getting my things straightened out," he says, "when a steward knocked at my cabin door and asked, "Are you Dr. Leacock? The Captain's compliments Doctor, and will you please come and have a look at the second stewardess' leg?"

"I was off like a shot, realizing the obligations of a medical man. But I had no luck. Another fellow got there ahead of me. He was a Doctor of Divinity."

HEADED WRONG

Wife—to absent-minded professor—"Your hat is on the wrong way, dear."

Professor—"How do you know which way I'm going?"

•

Lone chick, taking a look around the electric incubator full of unhatched eggs: 'Well, it looks like I'll be an only child. Mother's blown a fuse."

•

Lady (after tramp finished eating): "It's merely a suggestion. The woodpile is in the back yard."

Tramp: "You don't say. What a splendid place for a woodpile."

•

The mother kangaroo was loping over the Australian bush when she suddenly stopped and scratched her stomach. Then she took a few more hops and scratched again.

After a third and violent scratch she reached into her pouch, pulled out two baby kangaroos and beat them thoroughly.

"There now," she said, "that will teach you not to eat crackers in bed."

•

1st old maid—Why spend so much time looking under the bad tonight, dearie?

2nd old maid—There's a circus in town and I might overlook a midget.

•

The weaker sex is the stronger sex because of the weakness of the stronger sex for the weaker sex.

•

"I hear that Tommy is two-thirds married now."

"Two-thirds?"

"Yes. Tommy is willing and the minister's willing."

•

Way down in Georgia a traveling man found himself stranded for the night and in his rambles around town noticed there were two Baptist churches. He asked a colored man why there should be two churches of the same denomination.

"Well, boss, Ah'll tell you," said the informant. "Dey just can't agree. One of de churches believes that Paraoh's daughtah found Moses in de bullrushes. De odah church claims dat's what she sez."

PLATTER CHATTER

By ART SOYBEL

GOOD news for all jazz and swing fans! The big record companies are finally awakening from their hibernation of the last two years. Both Victor and Columbia are reissuing good pre-war jazz, and Decca, which has signed with the Musicians' Union, is releasing new platters by some of the best bands in the land. Ever since Pearl Harbor, there has been a noticeable decline of good records—partly due to the war and, therefore, the shortage of shellack for the platters, and partly due to the ban on recording by the Musicians' Union. To date, the only one of the large producers of records to sign a new contract with the Union has been Decca, but Columbia and Victor both have made known their intention to sign also.

For those interested in Frank 'Swoon'-atra it should be noted that Victor has recently issued his version of "Night and Day" with the excellent accompaniment of T. Dorsey's band. Frank really outdoes himself on this record, and your columnist thinks it one of his best to date.

Johnny Hodges, member of Duke Ellington's band and virtuoso of the alto sax has just issued a recording on Victor record. The number is called "Passion Flower" and is an original composition. The personnel of the bank is made up entirely from the Duke's band, and the tune is executed with both precision and taste as always with the Duke.

Columbia has reissued some of their best albums. First of all, it has reissued the Louis Armstrong album which has been off the shelves and unobtainable for several years now. This album is packed full of swell jazz music recorded back in the old days, most of the records having been recorded about 1930. Louis has some of the best musicians of that day play with him in this album. One of the most noteworthy is the inimitable Earl Hines with his "trumpet style" piano. I would recommend that those interested get a copy of this album at once since it probably will be the last opportunity to obtain it. No collection is complete without it since some of the classics of jazz are included.

Columbia has also reissued the Duke Ellington album. This album covers the period of transition in Duke's bank. This is the period in which the Duke changed his style from the old to the new. The album is chuck full of wonderful Duke originals played as only the Duke can play them. His band includes such jazz greats as Cootie Williams, Johnny Hodges, the Duke, Barny Bigard, and many others too numerous to include here. There are many beautiful arrangements in this album and also some enlightening commentary by George Avakian.

Be sure to check the following:

1. Louis Armstrong Album.....Columbia
2. Duke Ellington Album.....Columbia
3. All American Jazz Album.....Capitol
4. Duke Ellington Album No. 2 Brunswick-Decca
5. "Night and Day" (Frank Sinatra)..... Victor
6. "Exactly Like You" (Benny Goodman Trio, with Teddy Wilson and Lionel Hampton) ..... Victor

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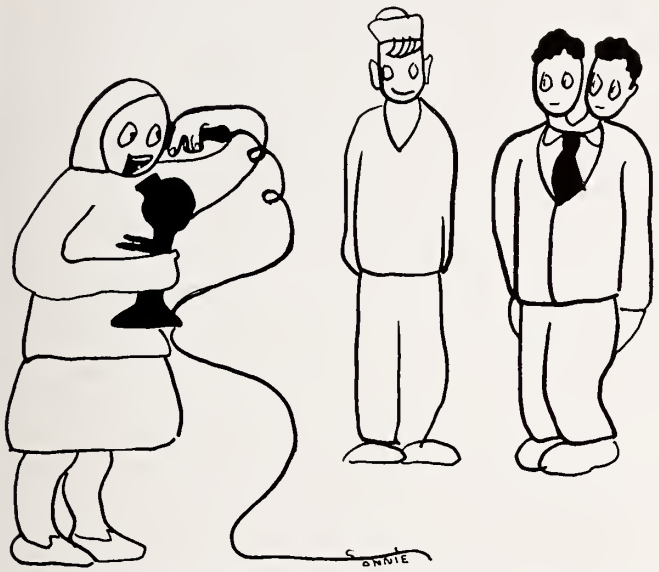


Yes . . . I guess you WOULD call it a double date

It is said that the man who invented the keyhole must have had only one eye.

•

Lorgnette: French name for a dirty look you can hold in your hand.

Confirmed bachelor: One who thinks that the only thoroughly justified marriage was the one that produced him.

Housewarming: The last call for wedding presents.

Sanitarium: A place where people wind up when they are run down.

Balance Sheet

•

Feminine compliment: "My dear, what a perfectly stunning gown! Didn't they have it in your size?"

•

An aggressive woman elbowed her way through the crowd, jabbing first one person and then another. Finally she gave one man an unusually hard thump and asked, "I say, does it make any difference which car I take to Greenwood Cemetery?"

"Not to me, madam," was the reply.

•

"I met the most wonderful man last night. He's short, fat and permanently deferred."

•

He: "May I please kiss you? May I please kiss you? Say, are you deaf?"

She: "No, are you paralized?"

Captain to First Mate: "If this storm continues I shall have to heave to."

•

Irate Passenger—"Madam, what do you mean by letting your cchild snatch off my wig?"

Mother (with sigh of relief)—"Oh, it's a wig, is it? I was afraid for a minute that he'd scalpt ye."

•

Susan: "Yes'm, I'se getting everything ready for my wedding. Is I happy? Why ma'am, could anyone be happier than a bride preparing her torso?"

•

A sailor and his girl were riding out in the country on horseback. As they stopped for a rest the two horses rubbed necks affectionately.

"Ah me," said the sailor, "that's what I'd like to do."

"Well, go ahead," answered the girl, "it's your horse."

•

"Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine," said the fair co-ed. And after she graduated she taught school for years and years and years.

•

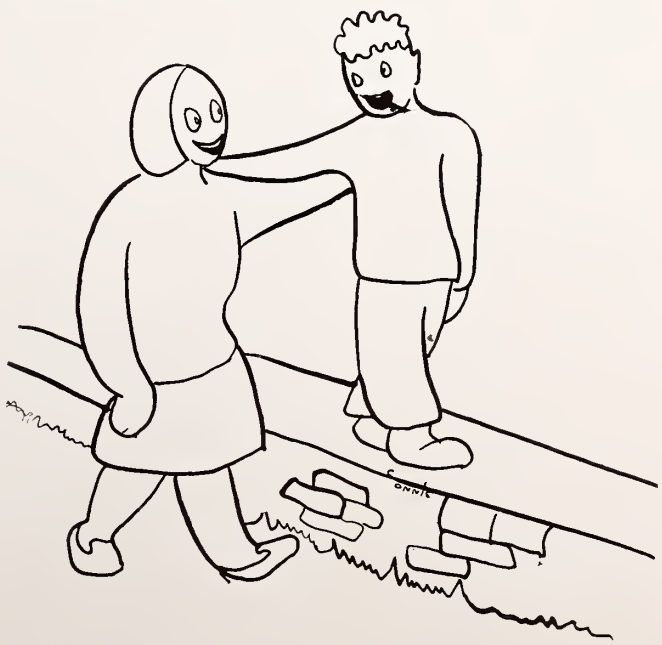
Customer: "I want to try on that suit in the window."

Salesman: "Sorry sir, but you'll have to use the dressing room."

•

"Do you know the difference between a popular girl and an unpopular one?"

"Yes and no."



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The three little pigs were in the Court the other day and the Judge asked them what they had done. The first little pig says, "I wuz makin' bubbles in the mud." The second little pig said, "That's why I'm here, I wuz makin' bubbles in the mud too,"—and the third little pig said meekly, "I'm Bubbles!"

•

Home is where you can scratch any place that itches.

●

Fortunates

Amoebas sure are lucky things.
They never know of cares,
And never have to tolerate
A husband when he swears,
Or crying kids who scream at night,
Or poetry or prose,
Or women and their wacky ways,
Or any foreign foes. . . .
But that which get me most of all,
The thing that makes me laugh
Is when it wants to propagate
It simply splits in half!

Ahbe J. Treu

Don't fret, Co-ed
Don't worry and
bother your pretty head.
We have what it
takes to make you pass
To make you the
belle of every class.

the Fashion
LADIES' OUTFITTERS

FRANCOIS DE VALERIE

Continued from page 9

was frightened. Gone was all the sense of well-being which had filled him in the afternoon. Gone was his sense of freedom, his *joie de vivre*. Now everything about him, everything within him, had been supplanted by a feeling of fear. Fear of what? That, he did not know. That, the men would not tell him. "How," he asked himself, "may a man defend himself when he knows not what to defend against?"

He turned his face to that of the guard leader. The guard smirked, but then realizing the torment which was going on in the mind of his fellow Frenchman, and wishing to frighten him even more, he produced the white scroll again from his pocket. "This," he said, pointing to the scroll, "is a *lettre de cachet*." Francois' face paled. A flashing arrow of despair sped to his heart, an arrow tipped only with words, yet as deadly as a steel rapier. "A *lettre de cachet!*" But what had he done to receive such a devilish thing as that? Why should they want him, Francois Jacques De Valerie? And even if he had committed some bad deed, why could not the guards tell him of what he was accused? Who was the accuser? Where was the accuser? The thoughts were maddening. Little Nanette was at home with no one to care for her. What would happen to her? Then came the thought, "It must be a mistake. Surely *Le Duc* would not do a thing like this. *Le Duc* is my friend. I work faithfully for *Le Duc*. What have I done to deserve this?"

Francois became frightened again. He must get away. That was it! He would escape. Before he knew it, he was running. He did not know where. He must escape. That was his only thought. He must escape! He heard the racing footsteps of his pursuers. They were gaining. "When will men be treated as men," an inner voice cried. "When will the accused be told of what they are accused? Surely the King. . . . No, not the King. . . . Sure, *Le Duc* will not allow this when he hears of it. What have I done to receive a *lettre de cachet* in the night, to be forced to go to a certain place under penalty, to sustain that penalty if I try to escape, to face some form of imprisonment if I don't escape? But I must escape. I MUST. I MUST!

The steps came closer. His lungs were crying for air. His senses reeled. Suddenly he felt something hit the back of his head. A blinding flash filled his brain. He was falling . . . falling . . . falling. And then his mind was clear for a moment. He saw a quiet pool of water, and in it was mirrored the face of the caretaker, the quizzical face with the narrowed eyes. And then he heard himself say "maybe *Le Duc* should not make the peasants do so much work." The face in the pool laughed, and another face, the face of the mustached *Duc*, dissolved the first and took its place. *Le Duc! Le Duc!* That was it. *Le Duc* was to blame. *Le Duc* who had killed Jean. *Le Duc* who used the caretaker as his spy. The face in the pool laughed and sneered at him. He was falling . . . falling. His body hit the surface of the pool and the face was smashed into a thousand ripples. A silvery voice pierced his dulling senses. It was the voice of Nanette.

And then, all was black. Francois Jacques De Valerie knew no more.

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. . . the gay world of Old Vienna with the music of Strauss waltzes, quaintly decorated booths and hot Viennese coffee

And remember for every occasion the folks back home will enjoy a box of DANZIGER'S delicious homemade candies and cookies.

THE GREEN DRESS

Continued from page 7

would have to make to pay for a dress, "At that price."

There was a difference, though, Kay knew, for this was no dress to be worn just a few times, or until she tired of it. She had spent half a month's salary for it, and she would have to wear it a long time. Even if she should see ten thousand dresses exactly like it. Kay had turned back to the mirror, and seeing her image there she realized that Lucy was right. It WAS a dress to stand out in a crowd. What if there should be another at Rob's party. Kay was convinced that she would die of shame if she did see another.

Now, at the office, the fear came back to her, twisting larger in her mind. Had she spent two weeks' salary on a dress she might meet anywhere? She pushed all thoughts of the dress out of her mind as the desk phone rang.

Later, while she was dressing for the party, the nagging fear came back. The colors were so pretty, but perhaps the neck was a little too deep. Though she no longer felt as sure of herself as she had when she first bought the dress, Kay made a conscious effort to forget the dress, thinking instead of Rob, the party, anything.

Later, going up to the party in the elevator, her palms grew wet and she trembled to think of facing some one in her dress. She knew Rob would think it funny, and she couldn't bear that. She imagined Rob and his smart friends laughing at her. A whole roomful of laughing faces. She reached the Red door, and longed to turn back. She dreaded going into the apartment, the crowded room in which she already pictured another woman in another green wool dress.

Kay took a deep breath, prayed for courage, and pushed the bell. The door opened at once, a cloud of smoke and the sound of mingled voices rushing out to her as she stepped into the little hall, crowded now by several earlier arrivals who were removing their wraps. As a maid helped her off with her coat, Kay glanced up, and gasped at what she saw. Her dress:: Her green dress, right ahead of her. There WAS another, after all.

Rudely she grabbed her coat from the maid, and fled, in her haste bumping into a couple entering.

"Well, what's her hurry?" the man exclaimed.

"Ah, doan know, suh," the maid answered. "She was jest taking her coat off when she seen herself in the mirra wall oveh theath, an' liked to knocked me oveh gittin' out."

THE END

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COMMON GROUND

Continued from page 8

Bill Poteat stated recently a thought that was high in the minds of all of us who have worked with the CRIL. He said that if the CRIL were to be disbanded immediately its effect on those who have participated in its activities would be immeasurable.

Because the CRIL and its membership are firm in the belief that a reexamination of the Judio-Christian traditions that formulate our way of life is essential, they feel that such an activity could find no more appropriate time than when the world is struggling over those very ideals.

The Council for Religion in Life has taught all those with whom it has been in contact that religion is not a solemn, but a happy experience, and that the most important function of religion is *in* life.

•

Wife (to late returning husband): Is that you, John?

John: It'd better be.

•

Mother: Really, daughter, you should not go out with men that you have not been formally introduced to.

Daughter: But, ma, what difference does it make—they both act the same way when you get out with them.

•

"Do you know the difference between a popular girl and an unpopular one?"

"Yes and no."

•

Home is where you can scratch any place that itches.

•

The three little pigs were in Court the other day and the Judge asked them what they had done. The first little pig says, "I wuz makin' bubbles in the mud." The second little pig said, "That's why I'm here, I wuz makin' bubbles in the mud too,"—and the third little pig said meekly, "I'm Bubbles!"

•

"My mother always told me to say no to everything," she said.

"Well, do you mind if I hold your hand?"

"No."

"Do you mind if I put my arms around you."

"No-o-o-o."

He sighed deeply. "Sweetheart, we're going to have lots of fun," he said, "if you're on the level about this."

•

O'er cocktails, glances seem so sweet.
How will they look o'er shredded wheat?

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CAROLINA MAGAZINE

December, 1944

May This
Be Your
Happiest
Christmas
Of Any
You Have
Experienced

And May
The New
Year Bring
You Peace
And Great
Prosperity

Ellis Stone & Co

DURHAM'S BEST STORE SINCE 1886

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

DECEMBER 21, 1944

DEAR SANTA CLAUS

WE KNOW HOW RUSHED YOU MUST BE DURING THE LAST FEW DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS AND WE WANT TO APOLOGIZE FOR ADDING TO THE CONFUSION BY SENDING IN OUR LETTER AT THE LAST MINUTE. IF YOU WILL THINK BACK YOU WILL REMEMBER THAT OUR LETTER HAS NEVER BEEN LATE BEFORE. NEITHER CAN WE REMEMBER EVER HAVING FELT LIKE THIS BEFORE AT CHRISTMAS TIME. UP UNTIL NOW, WE ALWAYS KNEW EXACTLY WHAT WE WANTED WHEN WE SAT DOWN TO WRITE OUR LETTER. SOME YEARS, WE EVEN KNEW BY THE MIDDLE OF SUMMER WHAT WE WANTED FOR CHRISTMAS. TAKE LAST YEAR FOR EXAMPLE, THE MINUTE WE SAW THAT BLOND WITH THE LIGHT BLUE EYES AND THE LIGHT BLUE SWEATER, WE KNEW THAT SHE WAS EXACTLY WHAT WE WANTED FOR CHRISTMAS. INCIDENTALLY, WE WOULD LIKE TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO THANK YOU FOR HER. THAT WAS CERTAINLY A WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS EVE. WE WERE PARKED OUT BY THE LAKE. A LIGHT SNOW WAS FALLING AND THE LAKE WAS FROZEN OVER BUT WE DIDN'T CARE. WE HAD THE HEATER RUNNING AND THE RADIO WAS PLAYING "SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT . . ." ANYWAY, IT CERTAINLY WAS A SWELL CHRISTMAS, BUT GETTING BACK TO THE POINT, WE WERE UNABLE TO DECIDE WHAT WE WANTED THIS CHRISTMAS. SOMEWHERE BACK IN THE YEAR, WE LOST THE BLOND YOU GAVE US. TWO BIG TEARS ROLLED DOWN OUR CHEEKS AS WE WATCHED HER GO BUT, FICKLE CREATURE THAT WE ARE, WE SOON FORGOT HER. WE NEVER WERE VERY GOOD AT KEPING BLONDS, BUT AFTER THINKING IT OVER, WE HAVE DECIDED THAT THE BEST THING WE CAN ASK FOR IS TO HAVE OUR BLOND BACK AGAIN. WE WILL BE PARKED OUT AT THE LAKE THE SAME AS EVER. YOU CAN DROP HER OFF AROUND TEN O'CLOCK. WE KNOW THAT THIS IS ASKING A LOT—WHAT WITH THE SITUATION LIKE IT IS, BUT IF YOU HAPPEN TO RUN ACROSS A FIFTH OF SCOTCH, YOU MIGHT DROP THAT OFF ALONG WITH OUR BLOND. WE HAVEN'T HAD ANY IN A LONG TIME.

JOE COLLEGE

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

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The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

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An old lady kept a parrot which was always swearing. She could put up with this on weekdays, but on Sunday she kept a cover over the cage, removing it on Monday morning.

One Monday afternoon she saw her minister coming toward the house, so she hurriedly placed the cover over the cage. As the reverend gentleman was about to step into the parlor, the parrot exclaimed in an injured tone: "Holy smoke; this has been a damn short week."

"It's a boy. MacTavish is passing out matches so we can light our Sir Walter Raleigh."

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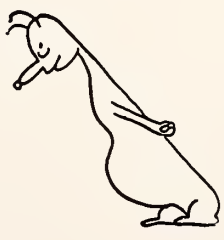


A small boy leading a donkey passed by an army camp. A couple of soldiers wanted to have some fun with the lad.

"What are you holding on to your brother so tight for, sonny?" said one of them.

"So he won't join the army," the youngster replied without blinking an eye.

Why Mr. Smith—you have the camera upside down.

For Christmas Dinner

by BILL STAUBER

. . . for Christmas dinner. This is the last time I am going to invite you, and if you don't come, I'll think you don't love me, and you do love me, don't you?

Love,
Hortense.

WELL, you can imagine how I felt. I didn't even go to the show that day. My etchings in Economics class were terrible, and I forgot all about brushing my teeth that night.

The next few days before Christmas passed slower than a Freshman on his way to Chapel. At that, they were not slow enough. I racked my brain trying to get an excuse for not going. I even offered to take my mother to see Grandma Tuf, but she wouldn't go. The only hope I had was to get sick.

I tried everything. I went to class in my shirtsleeves. I slept without cover. I went so far as to let several boys sneeze in my face. By Christmas morning I was a second Charles Atlas. I couldn't even present a good case of hiccups.

You probably wonder what I did. I went to Hortense's for dinner. Everything was just as I expected it to be. There were so many cars in front of her house, it looked like a used car lot. Some old man was out in the yard showing little Ernest, Hortense's brother, how to shoot his new air rifle.

Ernest spied me and yelled, "There's Hortense's sweetheart. I'll shoot you." And he aimed the gun right at me. I made a dash for the front porch, the shot piercing the front door glass.

Out of breath, I knocked on the door. No one answered. I entered. The room was literally running over with people and no one seemed to notice me. I tapped one old lady on the shoulder, "Where is Hortense?"

"Horse sense?" she yelled.

"I want to see Hortense," I explained.

"Well, why didn't you say so? I'll call her. Hor-tenseeee."

Hortense came running. "I'm so glad you came," she said. "Do you mind sitting in here? I must help mother with dinner."

I smiled.

Hortense tried to introduce me to all the relatives, but it was useless. I took the only seat I could find, the corner of a piano bench and proceeded to look interested. One of Hortense's more obtuse uncles took it upon himself to entertain me.

"So you're Hortense's sweetheart?"

"Well, I reckon you might call it that."

(Continued on page 17)

Ask Aunt Abigail

by

BILL LANKFORD

WE HAVE engaged the services of Aunt Abigail to provide for Caroline Magazine a shoulder to cry upon. Any of your little problems of life and/or love may be submitted to Aunt Abigail with complete canfidence that she—experienced old soul that she is—will bring to bear upon that problem her keen knowledge of human nature brought about by her wide and varied experiences. Let one who knows life advise you. Write your queries legibly on one side of the paper only giving your name and address. If you so desire, your name will not be published, but it is imperative that we have it as evidence of your sincerity.

Dear Aunt Abigail:

I am a fraternity man twenty years of age. I am considered "fast" by the other gentlemen in my fraternity house, that is, I smoke before breakfast, have dates, swear mildly upon provocation, etc. Last week I had an engagement with a young lady whom I have known for some years and whom I have regarded with no little affection. After attending a movie as usual, we were walking to her home. On the way, she said that she was tired and suggested that we stop and rest for a moment in a rather secluded spot which happened to be nearby. We did. Soon she stated that she was cold. I gave her my coat and assisted in putting it on as any gentleman should. Strange enough, she became even colder immediately and has remained so ever since. In fact, she refuses to speak to me. What can I have done that has offended this young lady?

—Puzzled.

Answer: I recall an occasion in the spring of 1913 when I was returning from a lecture with a gentleman of my acquaintance. I, too, became cold and said as much. The gentleman immediately removed not only his coat, but also his waistcoat, shirt and undershirt. With a courtly bow, this gentleman of the old school assisted me in putting them on. Model your conduct in future upon that of this gentleman and I feel sure that your life will be a happy one.

Dear Aunt Abigail:

I have been going with a girl now for six years. I want to ask her to marry me, but every time I am ready to pop the question I strike an obstacle. Whenever I make love I take off my shoes. This irritates my girl no end and consequently she becomes too formal. What can I do? How can I propose to this girl?

—Toeitch.

Answer: This is a very interesting and unique problem which I have thought about seriously. This shoe-removing phobia of hers is the only recorded case of this sort since the late fourteenth century. However, here is probably the only solution. Accustom your girl to seeing you remove your shoes at any time whatsoever. Lead her to think that you are an eccentric. Remove your shoes when taking a walk, when entering a public building, or in any conspicuous place. As soon as she has classified you either as an eccentric or a religious fanatic, your position is secure. We women love the bizarre, the exotic. You have then but to propose to her and she is yours.

Dear Aunt Abigail:

Should a gentleman precede or follow a lady into a rumble seat? This point has troubled me for some time as I have found no recognized authority who writes upon the question.

—Befuddled.

Answer: There is no doubt that a gentleman will follow a lady once she is in a rumble seat. The point lies in the difficulty (in some cases) of getting her in. Assist her into the rumble seat gently but firmly by grasping her (elbow) and shoving. This accomplished, the rules of etiquette state that "the lady must then take care of herself as best she can."

"I'm broad-minded."

I'm open-minded."

Christmas Carol

by
HUNT HOBBS

BOB CRATCHIT, clerk in the office of Scrooge and Marley, drew his ragged coat closer about him and shivered violently as the arctic wind seeped into the old London building, adding to the intense cold inside. He hunched over to get the warmth from the feeble candle which dimly lit his work. His miserable little alcove was freezing cold. In fact, it was rather chilly.

"Hell," said Bob, "I can't go on like this." So he reached over and turned on the radiator.

In the inner office, hard-bitten old Scrooge, a frown on his face and a secretary on his knee, sat glowering at the rows of red ciphers in his account books.

"All this red ink reminds me of Christmas, somehow," grumbled Scrooge. "I don't know why I should think of Christmas now. Unless it is that it comes tomorrow. By the way, what are you giving me this Christmas?" he asked his luscious secretary, who was modestly perched in Scrooge's lap.

The secretary winked slyly at Scrooge. "I've got a special present for you," she said, "the like of which you've never received before. It will really floor you."

Scrooge put his attention back on his work. "Ah, no doubt a rug," he murmured unconvincingly and smiled knowingly to himself. (Scrooge was mad as hell when a floor-mat arrived from the secretary the next day.)

"Bob Cratchit, since tomorrow is Christmas you can have ten minutes off for lunch instead of five; but be sure not to stuff yourself too full," Scrooge, the black-hearted rascal, added.

"Gee, I'm a heel," he said and pulled out several handfuls of hair in remorse.

Late that evening Scrooge walked home to his bleak lodging on the third floor of an old deserted house. After a sumptuous supper of porridge and a quaff of sparkling water, he settled back to enjoy a Camel. Suddenly from far below on the ground floor he heard the clanking of chains and the tread of footsteps. Scrooge was terrified; but he knew that Marley was dead. Scrooge himself had cheated Marley's widow out of the inheritance. But there was nothing to fear. Maybe it was Marley's ghost, and they could go to Harry's together for a beer. Up the stairs came the footsteps, ever closer and up to Scrooge's door. There was a short knocking. Trembling violently, Scrooge uttered a quavering, "Come in."

It was only the Interfraternity Council searching for Scrooge's secretary. They were very disappointed when they didn't find her. So was Scrooge.

Later, Marley's ghost showed up. "It's about time," said Scrooge.

"Scrooge," said Marley's ghost, "do you believe in Christmas?"

"Humbug," growled Scrooge in a characteristically long oration.

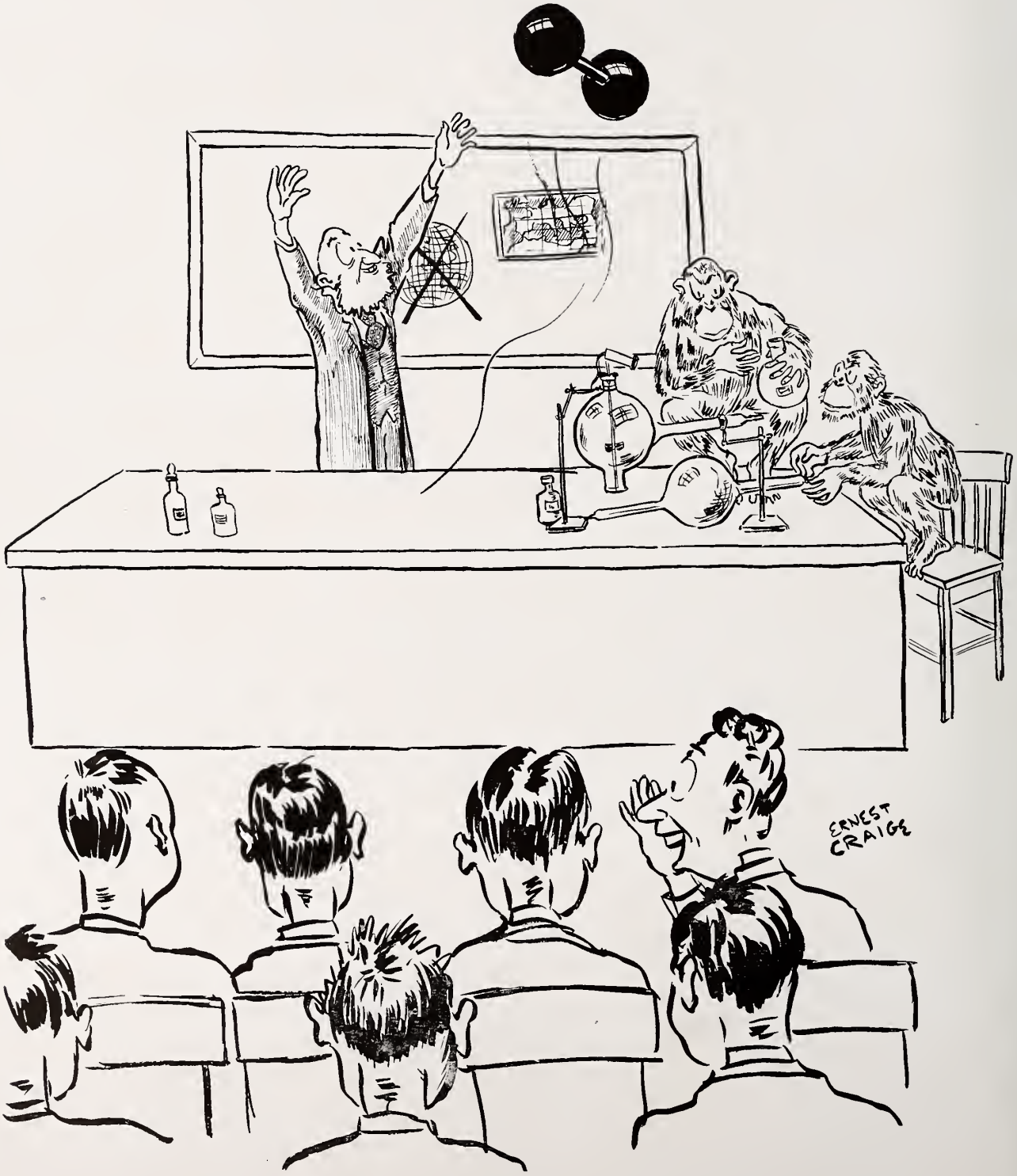
"You have just won the prize as London's chief heel," said the ghost. "As a reward, you get a specially conducted tour of Christmas Past, Present, and Future. Expect the first spirit at twelve o'clock." And he vanished.

Promptly at twelve a wonderful apparition appeared. It was a mystic combination of a kind old man and a smiling young boy, and had a look of holy innocence on its face.

"I am the spirit of Christmas Past," said the apparition. "By the way, have you heard the one about the travelling salesman? Anyhow, follow me through the window. We must hurry."

Scrooge, feeling light as a feather, climbed out of the window into space as the Spirit flitted ahead of him. It hurt like hell when he plummeted straight down three stories to the ground. Picking himself up, he followed the Spirit until suddenly he found himself in the old warehouse where he had been apprenticed in his youth to Old Fezziwig.

(Continued on page 19)



He's already disproved Darwin and Newton. If he can just prove the world is flat they'll hafta give him a raise or fire him.

Professors Like Them, Too

by W. H. HIPPS

ARE YOU interested in the work of striptease artists? You know, the kind that have blond hair, blue eyes, a figure like Venus (Ramey), legs like Betty Grable, and who disrobe with the skill Gipsy Rose Lee once displayed?

You are?

Then you will probably be interested too in the favorite striptease artists of your favorite professors. (Yes, they like them. At least, some of them do.)

There is only one point in what I have said which might be referred to in a forthright use of the vernacular as a "catch." This article is NOT going to deal with the work of striptease artists such as Margie Hart, Gipsy Rose Lee and Christine Ayres. (You may now go to the corner where you flung this magazine after reading the last statement, pick up the pieces, and finish the article.)

You ask, "If this article isn't about the work of the above mentioned striptease artists, then whose work is it about?" A fair question deserves a fair answer. It deals with the work of such well-known striptease artists as Frank Willard, Al Capp, Gus Edson, Harold Gray and Chester Gould. You never heard of them? They, for your information and edification, are comic-striptease artists.

How did I get the idea that they were striptease artists? You will admit that comics, for the most part, consist of strips of four or five panels. Usually these strips end in a crucial situation which is calculated to "tease" the reader into worrying whether or not the hero or heroine will come out all right.

After hours and hours of painstaking research and interviewing a total of 17 professors, I have compiled what I consider a fairly accurate list of the University professors' favorite comic strips.

The favorite was L'il Abner by one vote. He received three votes. Moon Mullins, Major Hoople and Blondie each received two votes. "Out Our Way" and Popeye each received one vote.

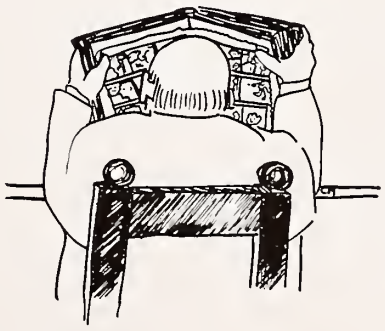
Comments from individual professors follow:

George R. Coffman: "I read them fairly regularly. I can't recall having one that is my favorite, but then I'm inclined to forget the headings. If you spread out a sheet of them (comics) before me, I could tell you what I read. Let's see, who's that fellow who is in the Philippines just now?"

(Ed. Note: Skeezix in "Gasoline Alley.")

Dean of Students Francis F. Bradshaw: "I have rarely read the comics since the war started because I haven't had time with all the extra duties put upon me. Of the present crop of comics, I believe I'll choose Major Hoople. I also like "They'll Do It Every Time." But the best one that I think I ever saw was a now extinct one called "The Outbursts of Everett True." It was similar to "They'll Do It Every Time." For instance, one of the panels—it always had two and only two panels—would show Everett True with an armload of packages standing in a long line of people before a parcel post window when some woman with six or seven packages would breeze up to the head of the line and take hours to mail them. The second panel showed Everett True breaking the largest package he possessed over the offending woman's head."

R. D. W. Connor of the Political Science department (over the telephone): "No, I quit reading the comics years ago." At the Carolina Playmakers' Saturday night production of Thornton Wilder's "Skin of Our Teeth," he said, on passing me in the aisle, "No, Mr. Hipps, I don't read the comics."



Stephen Emery of the Philosophy department: "I admit that's a gap in my education." (This was in reply to the question: "Do you read the comic-strips?") He asked me to suggest one that he should read to fill in that gap. I half-heartedly suggested L'il Orphan Annie since it was a philosophical comic-strip. Now I would recommend that he read Dean Wettach's comments.

(Continued on page 21)

Saga From The Yogi

by PAT WINSTON

THIS is a story about three gnomes — Agamemnon, Moe, and Slow Leak. Agamemnon was the playboy. He took all the little nymphs he knew to ride on his water lily, and when times was dull he bummed rides offen the bumble bees to the places where the lights were the brightest and the times were the gayest. He was known in the inner gnome circle as Agamemnon, the Roam Gnome.

Moe was more the businessman type. He liked to fairy himself across the stream where the suckers were the thickest and the money was the easiest to get. His best business was selling sand and rubbing alcohol to the mutts of the neighborhood. They mixed two parts al. to one part sand and put it on their backs; then they waited for the flets to get drunk and stone each other to death. He soon saw his stuff was going to the dogs, however, and changed to cooking down rum candy and trading the booze to the Indians for furs. More selfish than elfish, what? Moe was styled the Loan Gnome, and at times used his only alias, the Tight Sprite.

But this story mainly concerns Slow Leak. Alas, he was inhibited. He thought wimmin were only creatures that were after your money (where in the world could he have gotten that idea?) and business to him was all dollars and no sense. He thought school foolish, a full moon looney, and drinkin' stinkin'. In short, he was everything you'd expect from a tot who's not the hot shot that he ot, and all that rot. (Then, too, his old man was something of a punch-drunk Oriental, and no child's development was ever helped by having a slap-happy Jappy for a pappy.) Slow Leak, by the way, was the original Home Gnome.

Now Mrs. Gnome (just Naomi to her bridge friends) worried about Slow Leak. She didn't see any future at all in store for him —he just moped around the house all day eating wisps (the hind legs of a bird known as the will-o'-the) and reading people's tales.

He was such a peculiar gnome that his mother tried to find out what was the matter, but whenever she asked him if he wanted a job or a girl or money, he just sat gloomily and said, "Gnome." Finally, in desperation, Mrs. Gnome wrote Agamemnon and Moe, exhorting them to come and do what they could, in their bignomial way. Moe and Agamemnon immediately sped home to meet the crisis. Spirits were at a low droop as they walked through the front door.

What this bloat needs is less lookin' and more jookin'," said the two in unison. In a flash Moe sized up the situation, saw what was needed, and went down to the likker store to get it. (He managed to get four pints for the price of two by the "twice as much for a nickle, too" technique.)

When he had re-zipped home, Agamemnon had consulted his little red book, and gotten in touch with a couple of witchlets he figured could liven up the li'l feller. As soon as Mrs. G. glimmed the handwriting on the wall, she faded up the chimney and left the rest to the boys.

Slow Leak proved worthy of his title. Three drinks left him undaunted, and his bloomin' gloominess was only exceeded by his don't-give-a-ishness. A zombie, two Louisiana hayrides, and a sidecar only drew from him a polite "Excuse me," when he went to powder his nose. Slow Leak had degraded to just Leak, he wasn't even vergin'.

Moe and Agamemnon soon slugged themselves into a stupor having apparently overlooked the purpose of the party, and their hags were in the same canoe. But Slow Leak's date was the sympathetic type. (What did you do last summer?) and she continued to ply him with questions 'n stuff. This lily was one of a shrewd brood who learned all the ABC's young; she also knew there were plenty

(Continued on page 22)

The Spirit Of Saint Joe

by DAVID HANIG

HE WAS standing on the corner near the Baptist Church. Every now and then he swiped a finger under a button-shaped nose and contemplated the little white mouse in his left hand. It was one of those rare coincidences where you find a boy and his pet before a church holding a sort of spiritual communion. He had gone over to the stone steps and held the quivering little bundle of white fur. He stared at me as though wondering if he should take me into confidence.

"Gonna give him away for Christmas," he began.

"You mean as a gift?"

"Uh-huh!" (Pause.) "You think a mouse can be Baptist or Methodist?"

"I don't know. What do you think?"

He just stared at the mouse.

"Does it make much difference?" I asked after a long pause.

"No, I guess not. Only . . ." He fixed me again with a stare.

"Only what?"

"Well . . . I seen this little old mouse praying the other night."

"Uh—praying?" I had to be careful here. You can never be too sure of kids.

"Well . . . he had his two front feet together and he didn't move for five whole minutes."

"Uh-huh," I said. "You know what he was praying for?"

"Do you?" the kid asked suddenly.

"It's your mouse, isn't it?"

"Yeah," he conceded, "I guess you're right there."

"What's her name?"

"It's a him," he answered gravely.

"Oh . . . sorry!"

"I call him Joe."

"Why don't you call him St. Joe?"

"What for?"

"Well," I said, "it's not every day you come across mice who pray, do you?"

"No," he agreed, "I never seen any except Joe here. And you know what else?"

"No, what else?"

"Joe sings."

"Sings?"

"Uh-huh. Kind of high . . . like a whistle."

"And you say you're going to give him away at Christmas?"

"Uh-huh. You think the minister will take him?"

"Sure, why not?"

"I figure he could talk to Joe when he's finished on Sundays."

"Oh, more than that. Joe could sing in the choir."

It was then that the kid grew warm with excitement. He stood up a minute, gave me a glassy stare and then ran up the steps. He disappeared through the double doors.

I walked away whistling. It's going to be a wonderful Christmas this year . . . for both mice and men.

Mouse

Tales My Mother

The Sleeping Beauty

LONG, long ago, in a little old cute kingdom by the sea, there lived a great king and his beautiful queen, who was generally suspected of being his wife. The king and queen had everything that money could buy, but they were not happy. Weren't they crazy, though? They were unhappy because there was no pitter-patter of little feet about their beautiful palace, because there were no children voices raised in joyous laughter; in fact, they didn't have any children.

One day the king turned to the queen and said, "You know, it's beginning to look as if we don't have any children, don't you think?"

"Yes," said the queen sadly. "By the way, how would you like to have a couple, old kid?"

"It makes me very unhappy," said the king, "to think that we have been married all these years and that the only thing we have to show for it is water on the brain. I sure would like to have a little daughter, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," said the queen brokenly, "but alas I'm afraid it can never be for us."

The next day a beautiful princess was born to them without warning. The queen was astounded. "This is so sudden," she said.

The king touched the baby and shuddered, "Ain't it pretty?" he said, "What is it?"

"Have a couple of cigars," said the queen. "This is the happiest birthday I've ever had."

"It's the only one you've ever had," said the king.

The days that followed were happy ones for the king and queen.

Their little daughter grew rapidly, and pretty soon they decided to give her a coming out party.

"This will be the biggest thing that's ever happened around here anytime soon," said the queen. "We'll invite everybody."

"If you don't mind," said the little princess, "I would appreciate it very much if you wouldn't invite the old witch who lives down the road. She stinks to me."

"I heard what you said," said the old witch, sticking her head in at the skylight. "Will you do me a favor and stick this here thing in your finger on your twenty-first birthday? There's an old spinning wheel in the parlor, and I swiped it off of that." She gave a cackle and disappeared, but showed up again in a moment. "Excuse me," she said, "but if that doesn't work, would you mind shooting yourself?"

When she had gone, the little princess stared thoughtfully at the bowie knife the witch had left in her hand. "I reckon I'm an impatient little cuss," she said, "but why wait till I'm twenty-one?" and she plunged it deep into her fourth finger. Nothing happened. Then she stuck it through her neck and immediately fell asleep. Looking about the room, she saw that her mother also was asleep, and glancing out of the window into the courtyard, she saw that the servants had fallen asleep and had remained fixed in whatever positions they had held while awake: The cook had fallen asleep while boxing the kitchen boy's ear; the milkmaid was in the act of milking the cow; and the hired man was just about to kiss the chambermaid behind a tree. The princess wandered into the bedroom and discovered her father sprawled out on the floor, as usual. "What a hangover you'll have," she said, and setting the alarm clock for seven o'clock, crawled into bed with her shoes on. . . .

Now it so happened, strangely enough, incidentally, that a hundred or so years later, a handsome prince was out riding when much to his surprise he came face to face with an impenetrable thicket.

"Think nothing of it," he said to his horse. "This is just a little something that came up unexpectedly." He knocked and went in, and the scene that met his gaze interested him strangely. There were a lot of people, standing around asleep, or something, and every one of them was poised midway in the act of doing whatever he was doing. "Damn," said the prince, "WPA project." He tiptied lightly among them and entered the palace. There, lying on the bed, was the most beautiful

Told Me

by MACK HOBSON

creature he had ever seen. "I think I'll kiss her," he said, giggling. He looked around to see if anybody were looking, and then cacling horribly, kissed her tenderly on her moustache.

He was startled to see the courtyard spring into action outside. The cook went on boxing the kitchen boy's ear, the milkmaid finished milking the cow, and the chambermaid slapped hell out of the hired man behind the tree. On the floor of the bedroom, the king stirred and opened his eyes. "It's been a long time between drinks," he said and reached for the barrel between his feet.

The prince looked down at the lovely form of the sleeping beauty lying so serenely on the bed, and murmured breathlessly, "Awake, my love, I have come for you at last." He kissed her again—a long, lingering kiss that sent chills of ecstasy up and down his spine. He was disappointed as hell when she didn't wake up.

•

The Monkey and the Chestnuts

A monkey put his hand into a jar full of chestnuts. He grasped as many as he could possibly hold, but when he attempted to pull out his hand, he was prevented from doing so by the neck of the jar. A wise old ass who happened to be passing by at this time saw the monkey trying to withdraw his hand, and said to him, "Be satisfied with half the quantity, and you will readily withdraw your hand."

"Thanks," said the monkey and reached for a hammer.

•

Jack and the Beanstalk

THERE was once a poor widow. She was starving to death. She had a son named Jack. He was starving to death. They had a cow. It was dying from hunger.

One day, after they had eaten the last straw from the broom, the widow could stand it no longer. "This is the last straw," she said. "We've got to do something, haven't we?"

"Why don't you sell me," said the cow. "I'm getting damn tired of staying around here looking forward to the next meal. I've been looking forward to the next meal for the last six months. If you ask me, I think—"

"That is the only thing left to do," said the widow. "We must have money for food. Otherwise, we shall perish. Jack, take the cow out and sell her."

"What for?" said Jack.

So Jack took the cow out. He had gone only a few steps down the road when he came face to face with a gypsy.

"Hello," said the gypsy, stealing Jack's handkerchief and the buttons from his shirt.

"What for?" said Jack.

"What is that you've got there," said the gypsy, "a cow? I would like to buy her, but all I've got is a little bag full of beans, which isn't worth anything. You wouldn't possibly want to give me the cow for the beans. Why, whoever heard of such a thing. That would be absolutely foolish."

"What for?" said Jack.

"I'm being robbed," said the gypsy, "but I'll do it."

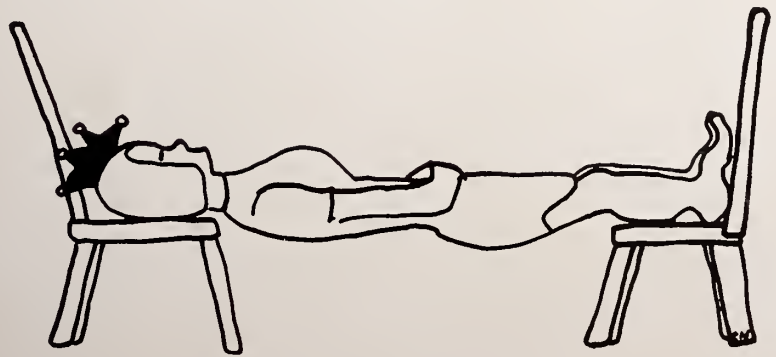
When Jack returned home with the beans, his mother flew into a rage. "I think you've made a mistake, probably," she said.

But Jack only smiled knowingly. He went out into the garden and planted the beans.

"What possible good can a handful of beans be to us?" said the widow. "How can a single beanstalk yield enough foor for two starving people?"

Jack said nothing, but only looked very wise. He went upstairs to bed and fell asleep to await the morning.

When Jack and his mother died three weeks later of malnutrition, the beanstalk was approximately eight and three-quarter inches high.



Industrious Little Man

by

EARL KASTNER

ONCE upon a time there was a little man. Every day he put on his rubbers and his bowler, size 6 7/8, and hung his umbrella over his arm and went to work. He worked in a big warehouse, marking blue slips with a red pencil and red slips with a blue pencil. He had done this for years, and every Saturday he was paid fifteen dollars.

One day he found a hole in one of his rubbers. On Saturday, after he was paid fifteen dollars, he went to a store which sold rubbers and bought a new pair for a dollar sixty-nine.

As he was going out the door he bumped into a big, jolly man.

"Pardon me," he said, straightening his bowler.

"That's all right, Friend," said the big man. He gave the little man a paper. "Here," he said, "read this."

"Thank you," said the little man, taking the paper.

That night after supper he remember the paper. He took it out of his coat pocket and looked at it. On it was printed "Once there were two skeletons sitting in a family closet. One of them turned to the other aid said, 'You know, if we had any guts, we'd get out of here'."

That was all there was. The little man patted the top of his bald head and stared at the other side of the paper. He could not see it. The paper had only one side.

That night his wife had to tell him to go to sleep and stop kicking.

But he could not forget the paper. He wanted to show it to his wife, but he thought she would laugh. All day long, while he was marking blue slips with a red pencil and red slips with a blue pencil, he thought about the paper.

The next day he noticed that there was a picture of a cow on each slip. The cow had on a collar, and to the collar a can was attached. On the can was a picture of a cow with a can tied to a collar around its neck. And on this can was a picture of a cow with a can tied to a collar around its neck.

The little man began to wonder how many cows there were in the picture and how many cans. The pictures got so small that he could not count them. Pretty soon he began to mark the picture on the blue slips with a red pencil and the pictures on the red slips with a blue pencil.

This went on for a long time. The little man hung the paper the big man had given him over his desk, but he turned the blank side out so you could not see it.

One day the little man's Boss found him coloring in the pictures on the slips.

"What are you doing?" he said to the little man.

The little man put his hand over the picture. "Nothing," he said, "only coloring in the red pictures with a blue pencil and the blue pictures with a red pencil."

"Let me see," said the Boss. "Your shading is bad. Let me show you."

The Boss was a good shader. He tried to show the little man how to shade better. But the little man was no good. He could not shade nearly as well as the Boss. So he shot himself. It was very simple.

The next day the Boss did away with the colored pencils. "They are silly," he said, "they are really asinine."

And they were.

In A Pinch

by DAVID LILIENTHAL

IT IS really very simple, he told himself. All you have to do is lift the receiver and dial her number. The only thing she can do is to say either yes or no. But knowing it was so easy only made him more disgusted with himself for being afraid.

This was the fourth time Tom had sat nervously before the phone, determined to call her up, and it was the fourth time he had stopped to argue it over with himself, before giving the whole thing up to walk dejectedly back to the living-room and pick up a magazine.

In the living-room, he sat staring at the page before him, not reading, but going over and over the situation in his mind. It's really unimportant, he told himself. She doesn't care one way or another. If nobody's asked her before now, which they probably have, she'd likely accept you, and wish it was Joe Heflin or Art Duggins or somebody who looks and acts like they *were* something.

"Oh, what's the use," he exclaimed out loud, and he rose as his mother came up the steps outside. Now it was too late; he couldn't phone and have his mother witness his humiliation.

"Hello dear," his mother greeted him as she breezed toward the kitchen with her arms full of groceries. "I have an errand I wish you'd do. I left some books across town at the minister's house. Would you go over and pick them up for me, and take Dr. Jennings some more that I promised him?"

She was out in the kitchen now, busy with the groceries. Tom stood dumbly by the door a moment before answering her.

"Sure. Where are they?"

His mother re-appeared at the hall door with her apron on.

"Right on the table next to the door. And the keys are still in the car, so it won't be any trouble and you can be free to do whatever you want to in ten or fifteen minutes. Thank you, dear."

Glad to be away from the terrifying phone and his problem, Tom breathed in relief and performed his errand quickly. On the way back he decided to stop at the filling station to fill up the gas tank, which was running low.

He had pulled up at the middle pump and stopped before he glanced around, and then his whole world whirled. There *she* was in her mother's coupe, looking straight at him and waving. Tom's jaw sagged a little, as if he had been struck. Now she was getting out of her can and coming over, and the unexpectedness of it all rendered him helpless. Too late to escape, which had been his first coherent thought; the whole situation was squarely in front of him. It was now or never, man or mouse, and no two ways about it.

"Hi Tom," she said, looking in at him, "What are you doing here, or is that obvious?"

Tom managed to issue a reply, and became mobile once more, scrambling from the car. Leaving mumbled instructions about the car to the attendant, he struggled through a conversation with her, trying not to seem concerned or too gawky.

Pulling himself together had been one victory, and Tom was desperately trying to organize his forces to attempt a second; asking the fatal question here in public, the one which had caused him so much misery in the privacy of his own kitchen.

But in one moment she knocked over the castles he had been hope-

(Continued on page 21)

for you dopes who can't read prose

Hotel Clerk (at Legion convention): "What was your rank?"

Legionnaire: "Oh, just a private."

Clerk: "You get your room free. You're the first private I ever met."

•

A schoolboy, writing a composition on Queen Elizabeth said: "Elizabeth was a queen and a virgin. As a queen she was a great success."

•

"And where are you going to spend your honeymoon, my dear?"

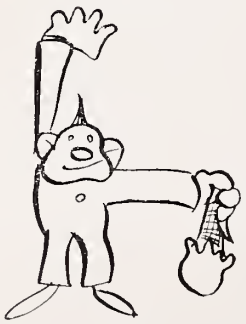
The bride blushed her answer: "In France."

"How lovely."

"Isn't it? Harry told me that as soon as we were married, he would show me where he was wounded in the war."

•

Her poise couldn't be shaken, but when she danced everything else was.



The first kiss is always the sweetest, because the lipstick hasn't worn off yet.

•

Doctor to Husband: "You'll have a different woman when your wife comes home from the hospital."

Husband: "But what if she finds out?"

First Student Aviator: "Quick. What do I do now?"

Second Student Aviator: "Do? Aren't you the instructor?"

•

Lady: "I'd like some silk for my settee, please."

New Clerk: "Lingerie, third aisle over, Madam."

She: "Do you think you're Santa Claus?"

He: "No, why?"

She: "Then leave my stockings alone."

•

"Yassah," said the little colored boy. "I'se named for my parents. Daddy's name was Ferdinand and Mammy's name was Liza."

"What's your name then?"

"Ferdiliza."

•

College lad: "What's the admission?"

Ticket seller: "Fifty cents downstairs, twenty-five up."

College lad: "What's upstairs?"

When God was giving out brains,
I thought he said "trains," so I missed mine.
When he said "looks,"
I thought he said "books," and didn't want any.
When he said "legs,"
I thought he said "kegs," and asked for two, fat, round ones.
When he said: "How about some ears,"
I thought he said "beers," and ordered two short ones.
When God offered me a nose,
I thought he said "rose," and asked for a big, red one.
Gosh, am I a mess!

•

"Porter."

"Yes, madam, what is it you wish?"

"I just found two strange men in my apartment, and I want you to put one of them out."

•

Waitress: "And how did you find the apple pie?"

Diner: "I moved the bit of cheese aside and there it was."

"Now, where in hell have I seen you before?"

"I couldn't say," you respond. "What part of hell do you come from?"

•

"This dime doesn't have a good ring."

"What do you expect for ten cents, a set of chimes?"

FOR CHRISTMAS DINNER

(Continued from page 5)

"You are in college, aren't you?"

"Yessir."

"Where?"

"Carolina."

"That's the same as State, ain't it?"

"No, sir. State is in Raleigh."

"Why of course. How ignorant of me. Carolina is in Greensboro, ain't it?"

"Well, not exactly. You see, Carolina is in—" About this time, Hortense announced that dinner was ready. I arose. Hortense called me aside. "I hope you won't mind. You see, there isn't room enough for all of us, so you and I are going to eat with the children."

"That's fine," I assured her, and it was too. Although I didn't get any turkey, the potatoes and peas were just as good as any I've ever had. Of course, it was a little embarrassing when the children would glance towards me and then go into a snicker, and the milk that one of them accidentally spilt on my coat sleeve wasn't exactly comfortable, but all in all, it was very nice. It was easy to overlook these mishaps when Hortense persuaded her mother to go in and rest and let us wash the dishes. We finished two hours later and went back into the room where all the guests were. Of course, the only vacant seat was the piano bench so we took it.

Hortense's mother remarked, "Isn't it nice to have such good help?" Everyone agreed that it was. Hortense looked at me. I smiled. Hortense smiled.

I think I made a wonderful impression on everybody, especially the kids. During the course of the afternoon, I blew up two footballs, set up a miniature train, assembled one aeroplane,

(Continued on page 18)

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The
LITTLE SHOP

Last Word

for

Christmas

Something Lovely
Something Useful

FOR CHRISTMAS DINNER

(Continued from page 17)

and loaded Ernest's rifle no less than fifty times.

I thought it about time to go, so I made the suggestion, "Well, I suppose I had better be going."

"Going? Why, what do you mean?" they all shouted.

"Well, you know . . ."

"I know you are going to stay here until my little niece wakes up," Hortense pleaded. About that time, they brought her in. Hortense suggested I hold her. I took her in my arms. She liked me very much and delighted in putting her finger in my nose. Every time she did this, I would say "coochie-coo," and she would remove it. Together, we became very fast at this. I knew I couldn't last much longer. As a last resort, I decided to pinch her in hopes she would cry and someone would take her. On the 365th time she placed her finger in my nose, I shouted "coochie-coo," and pinched the hell out'n her. She didn't stir. She only smiled fiendishly. Of course, it wouldn't have made any difference if I had had on a bathing suit, but one never wears bathing suits to Christmas dinners . . . at Hortense's.

The end.

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CHRISTMAS CAROL

(Continued from page 7)

Scrooge saw himself as he had been in his youth, frollicking at the Christmas party given by Old Fezziwig, who was peacefully passed out in the corner. Scrooge had had a date with buxom young Mamie Fezziwig and did all kinds of good while they told jokes from the Buccaneer. The present Scrooge looked down despairingly at his waistline and swore to order a Charles Atlas muscle-builder in the morning.

Later Scrooge found himself back in his bleak, dingy old room. He crawled into bed, but soon there was an insistent knock on the door. "Ah, the Spirit of Christmas Present," thought Scrooge. But he was wrong. It was only his luscious secretary, and Scrooge forced himself, for hospitality's sake, to invite her in. Fifteen minutes later the Interfraternity Council showed up again.

"We have caught you this time," the Council shouted triumphantly. "But pray do not let us disturb you. We know how much this means to you; go right ahead. Just pretend that we are not here."

"Thank you," said Scrooge, "but I insist that you join me. It is more fun with a big crowd."

So the Interfraternity Council sat down and roasted marshmallows, too.

Soon the Spirit of Christmas Present arrived. The guests left, and Scrooge, accompanied the spirit to Bob Cratchit's home, where the family was about to sit down to Christmas dinner. And what a dinner it was. A tremendous goose, rich wines, plum puddings, red-hot chestnuts, big cakes—in short, everything good to eat. "Gee," said the invisible Scrooge in envy, "somebody must be on the Debate Council." It was indeed a merry party; Bob Cratchit hicupped violently in the midst of the blessing, and the two

(Continued on page 20)

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CHRISTMAS CAROL

(Continued from page 19)

little Cratchits ate so much that they lost it all.

Tiny Tim, bless his soul, waved his crutch so wildly that he hit Scrooge squarely in the eye. Only once did a sour note enter the gaiety, and that was when Scrooge's name was mentioned; but Tiny Tim dispelled the gloom by generously passing around his hip flask.

Scrooge awoke to find himself back in his bed. There was one more Spirit, that of Christmas Yet to Come, and Scrooge was bored with the whole business.

"Gee, I wish I had a copy of ——," he said wistfully. When the last Spirit arrived, Scrooge saw that it was a horrible old yellow-faced, dried-up man with a long scythe. After a few playful shots at Scrooge with the scythe, the Spirit led him out into the night to a lonely graveyard. There they saw a fresh grave, devoid of flowers, with only a little wood marker saying "Ebenezer Scrooge." All around them were people cheering and shouting for joy. Great bonfires were lit and every one acted as if recently delivered from a great plague.

"Hurrah, Hurrah!" yelled Scrooge with great gusto, "I was indeed a cad, wasn't I?"

"Don't be conceited," growled the Spirit. "That isn't because you are dead. Roosevelt has just won a sixth term."

Scrooge went home a different man, happy and contented. He had learned the real meaning of Christmas, the warm feeling that comes with giving. No longer a crabbed old sourpuss, he fairly hummed with joy at the thought of all the people whom he could make happy with his long-hoarded, dirty old lucre. He thought gloomily of how he had piled all his ill-earned profits at home in the dingy old strong-box next to the wall. The very next day he would break the lock on the box and buy just tons and tons of gifts and presents for everyone he could think of. Oh happy day, he thought, "A Merry Christmas to you all. God bless you every one," he shouted to the passersby as he hurried home. He would use all his money to make happy those whom he had so long cheated. He wouldn't even save a cent.

Scrooge felt like hell when he got home and found that someone had stolen his strong-box.

The end.

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PROFESSORS LIKE THEM TOO

(Continued from page 9)

S. E. Emory of the Geology and Geography department: "I like Moon Mullins and I think they ought to drown Jane Arden."

E. E. Ericson of the English department: "I like Major Hoople because he has the same qualities as Shakespeare's Falstaff. My wife has an argument with me on Major Hoople. She is rather sympathetic with Martha in her harshness toward him. I am inclined to be sympathetic with the Major because with all his faults, he still manages to remain likeable. Falstaff was the same way. He was a liar, a thief, a coward, and a scoundrel—but in spite of this, he manages to retain a certain dignity about him. If he's caught, he readily admits it. Major Hoople is somewhat the same way.

"I am interested in comic-strips because they, I think, reflect the attitudes and beliefs of the average American. The Gumps is a good example of this. Uncle Bim is a sort of God almighty type of capitalist who can control everything with his tremendous wealth, but we are not told how he obtains or keeps it.

"I also like Out Our Way because sometimes it shows the scenes out west where I grew up and serves as a nostalgic reminder of the past."

J. P. Harland of the Classics department: "My favorite when I can see it is The Katzenjammer Kids. However, I haven't seen them in quite some time due to the fact that I now subscribe to a Cincinnati paper which does not carry them."

Clarence Heer of the Economics department: "I guess my favorite is L'il Abner. I used to like the Gumps, but I don't any more. It has gone down in my estimation since the author has had to create Trisha and Helen Troy. When an author has to create pretty girls and curves and legs, I think he's pretty poor. My wife doesn't read them and considers me rather a low-brow for doing so, but I find enough learned professors read them to keep my self-respect."

Arthur P. Hudson of the English department: "No, I don't read them, but my wife does."

Cecil Johnson (over the phone): "Am I going to be quoted on the front pages of the *New York Times*? . . . No, I do not read them."

L. C. MacKinney of the History department: "No, I do not read them. I usually get stalled on the editorial page."

Dean of Students E. L. Mackie said: "Mine would be L'il Abner."

J. Roy Parker, associate professor of Journalism said: "I rarely read them now. Before I became a professor, I used to religiously follow the adventures of Old Mule Maud, but I suppose that's passed out of existence by now."

H. K. Russell of the English department: "I read Moon Mullins, Popeye and L'il Abner. Moon is my favorite, though."

Earl A. Slocum, professor of instrumental music, said: "You bet I read the comics. Both in the Durham Sun and Morning Herald. My favorite is Blondie, but I like the others in varying degrees according to what they're cooking up at the time."

Dean R. H. Wettach of the Law School: "I read L'il Orphan Annie and I'll tell you why. Harold Gray has a political philosophy of rugged individualism with which I don't agree, but which I am interested in, nevertheless. Yes, I think it is very influential in moulding public opinion."

E. J. Woodhouse of the Political Science department, said: "I read them too rarely to have any favorite, but I do not like Pastoruzu."

So, kiddies, the next time your momma threatens to spank you for reading the comics, you might be able to stop her by saying, "But, Momma, the professors at the University of North Carolina read 'em!"

The end.

●

IN A PINCH—

(Continued from page 15)

fully building for a week, the castles in which he had run the gamut of emotions hourly.

"I hope they have the new tire ready for us today," she told him. "We'll certainly need it for the trip to the mountains tomorrow. You know, we're going to stay for three days up there. Won't it be wonderful? We've been looking forward to it for months, because this is the only time Daddy could get away from work."

Tom was pale as a sheet when he crawled into the car, the wracking conversation finished. She bid him goodbye gaily, and disappeared in a pink cloud, leaving only the delightful scent of her perfume to confuse his already bewildered mind. Tom killed his car engine four times before he collected his facilities to start feebly off in the direction of home.

What a fool. What a fool. What a fool he had turned out to be! He felt cheated, robbed unfairly.

(Continued on page 22)

IN A PINCH—

(Continued from page 21)

Here he had gone through the tortures of the past week, ever since he had first thought of inviting *her*, one of the most desirable dates in town, to the dance. Now, just when he felt sure that he would have gotten together enough courage to ask her, it was all over, and no forceful phoning or masterly conversations in the world would bring her back.

At home, he plumped down again in the living-room armchair, turned on the radio, picked up the magazine and attempted to concentrate on both. Almost at once he floated away to his broken dream world, and in his mind he stood and surveyed himself contemptously.

His mother's voice broke in on his turbulent thoughts.

"Tom, would you help me a minute?"

Neglecting the radio, Tom lurched to his feet and proceeded glumly to the kitchen, avoiding a glance at the no-doubt derisive telephone.

"I heard you come in dear. Would you hand me those plates so I can put them away? Did Dr. Jennings have anything to say? You were gone a little longer than I expected, and he must have talked to you a little. Did he mention the new Sunday-School?"

Tom answered no, and explained that he had gone to the filling-station for some gas. He omitted any mention of the fateful interview he had had with *her*.

His mother continued, as she started shelling peas for dinner.

"I hear there's going to be quite an affair out at the country-club this Saturday. Are you taking anybody?"

Tom glared at her innocent question and gruffly said, "Dunno."

"Well, if *I* was going to pick a date for that dance," his mother announced, nodding her head gravely, "*I'd* think twice before passing up a nice little girl like

"This is he spooking."

Hildy Parker. She seems like such a sweet thing. Um, could you hand me the short-handled knife over there?"

Tom shuddered at his mother's breach of ethics. Suggesting a date for *him*. As if he were a child and didn't know his own mind! He made no statement as he brought the knife, but pointedly maintained an injured silence, stalking back into the living-room to sit stiffly by the radio and look out of the window.

Across the street Hildy Parker was walking briskly, carrying a paper bag full of groceries under one arm. Tom watched her disappear around the corner of the block, shrugged quietly and then frowned at the kitchen door, as he heard his obviously carefree mother humming while she prepared dinner.

No date for the dance, he mused. No date for the dance, at least no date for the dance that's worth taking, unless. . . . He scowled a little as he pictured himself walking into the ballroom stag, or feigning a cold and staying in the house that night. It wouldn't do. To miss the country-club's annual dance would be terrible, but so would appearing without a date, and he *did* want to go, whether *she* was there or not!

Quickly he ran over the list of girls that he would consider taking out, and about as quickly he eliminated all but one as positively having dates by now, and that one was Hildy Parker. Tom rubbed his chin, shut his eyes and thought. Nice girl. Never took her out much. Lot of the guys have though. Not bad, anything in a pinch. . . .

The back door slammed and in a moment he saw his mother walking across the lawn to the neighboring house. Tom stood up, watched her enter the other house, heard the faint door noise and then went into the kitchen to sit down before the telephone.

It was very simple. All he had to do was lift the receiver and dial. . . .

●

SAGA FROM THE YOGI

(Continued from page 10)

of figures that didn't come in math books.

After several hours of idle chatter and such gunk, she observed a faint display of interest when she mentioned hamburgers, raw carrots, and egg yolks—in a casual sort of way, of course. She did the mile to the grocery store in four minutes flat, and whisked back with her community chest loaded with good foods, rich in dextrose and vitamins.

"At last," he screamed between gulps, "my B-1 break. How does anyone expect me to be a bright sprite without my B-1?" And Slow Leak writhed in ecstatic bliss, devouring vitamins a gross at a time.—

So in time Slow Leak became a New Man and spent the rest of his life eating raw carrots and Merita bread; and he forgot all about the cute little witch that made him what he was.

Now doesn't that sound just like a damn fairy?

The end.

JOKES

At Kansas State they compare a newspaper with a woman thus:

They have forms.

They always have the last word.

Back numbers are not in demand.

They have a great deal of influence.

They are well worth looking over.

You cannot believe everything they say.

They carry the news wherever they go.

They are much thinner than they used to be.

Every man should have one of his own and not borrow his neighbor's.

•

A pretty school marm who prided herself on knowing the parents of all her pupils, on the street car one day said: "How are you, Mr. Smith?" Then perceiving he was a total stranger, she apologized: "Beg your pardon; I thought you were the father of one of my children."

Mother: "What did your father say when he smashed the car?"

Son: "Shall I leave out the swear words?"

Mother: "Yes, of course."

Son: "He didn't say a word."

"Yes, sir, I'm through with women. I'm going to be a bachelor and bring up all my children likewise."

•

"That was some blond you had last night. Where did you get her?"

"Don't know. Just opened my billfold and there she was."

•

"Did you ever hear the story of the fellow who got drunk before he went to bed so he could sleep tight?"

—— "No, what is it?"

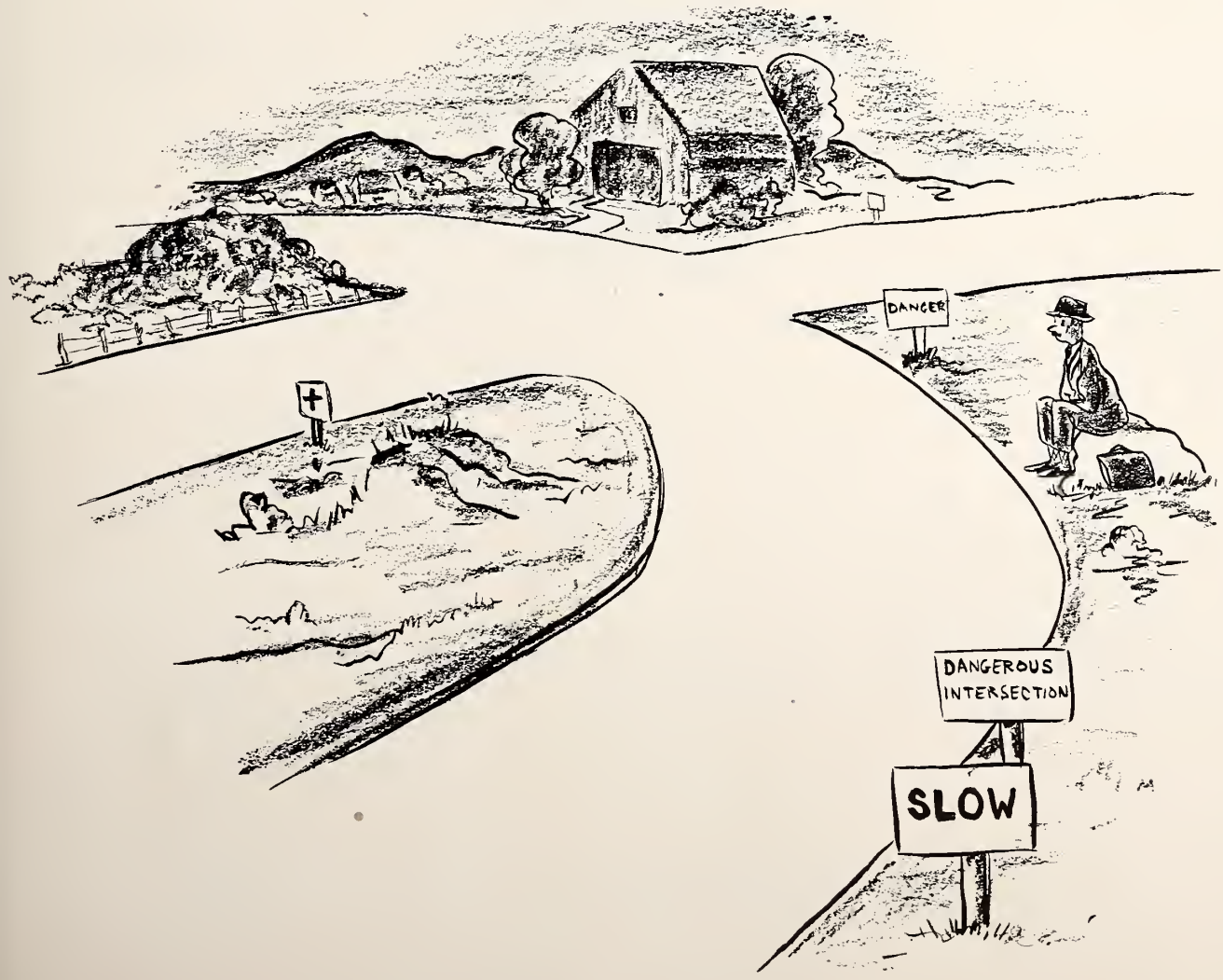
•

FOUND: Roll of five-dollar bills. Will the owner please form a line at the north entrance to Main Building?

•

Pearl: "It must be three years since I saw you last. My, how you've changed. I hardly knew you, you've aged so much."

Ruby: "Well, I wouldn't have recognized you in a thousand years, either. It was that dress that identified you."



Two old maids were discussing men. Asked one: "Which would you desire most in a husband—brains, wealth or appearance?"

"Appearance," replied the other, "and the sooner the better."

•

Doctor: "Your husband must have rest. Here is a sleeping powder."

Wife: "When do I give it to him?"

Doctor: "You don't give it to him—you take it yourself."

•

A woman who recently acquired a parrot and a canary wasn't sure about their company manners. So, when some visitors came to the woman's house, she hung the parrot and the canary in the bathroom. One of the visitors entered the bathroom and started taking a bath.

The canary had been singing and now said: "Peep, peep."

The parrot said: "Peep, hell; I'm going to take a good look."

Jack had just been informed by his father that he was spending twice as much money at college as he should.

"Son," remarked the parent, "I know you're spending it on whiskey and women. I don't mind your fooling with one of these, but you can't keep up the pace with both. You've got to cut out one of them absolutely."

"All right Dad, I'm willing. Which one would you advise me cutting out?"

The old man thought in silence for a moment and then answered: "Son, you can drink all the whiskey you want when you get old."

Wishing You a
Merry Christmas
and
Happy New Year

•

The
Orange
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•

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Dinner - - - - - - -	5:30-7:15

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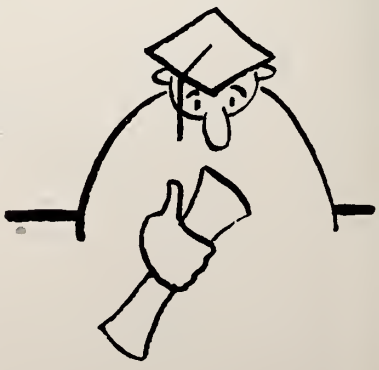

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Carolina Magazine

MOUSE ISSUE

Price 15c

January, 1945

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THE MOUSE WHO THOUGHT HE KNEW EVERYTHING

There was once an old mouse who wouldn't take advice from anybody because he thought he already knew everything.

A hungry but nearly blind cat who lived in the same house got the idea of mixing phosphorous with cheese so that whoever ate the cheese would glow like a neon tube in the dark. He spread plenty of trick cheese around the house and that night, he caught and ate one of the younger mice.

The next day, a friend of the dead mouse who had witnessed his fate went around warning everybody.

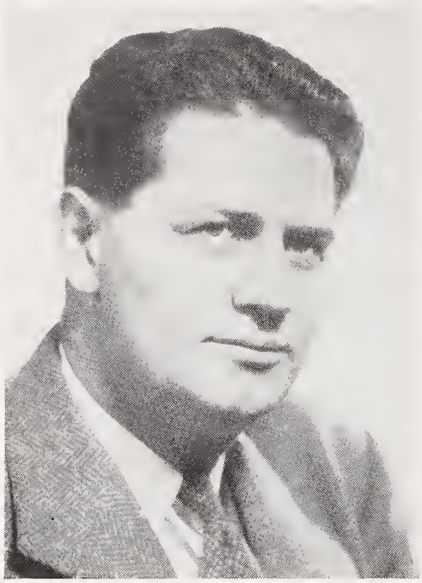
"Watch out for all this loose cheese that's lying around. Don't eat it. It's loaded."

Everyone he met thanked him for his good advice and promised to be careful. That is—everyone except the old mouse. The young mouse did not even have time to explain before the old mouse interrupted and said, "You can't tell me anything I don't already know. Why, I'm at least five times as old as you are."

And so the old mouse went around all day eating the cheese the cat had put out. That night, the old mouse was lit up like a forest fire and the cat caught him.

"There's no fool like an old fool," said the cat.

"I knew that a long time before you were ever born," the old mouse said a second before the cat bit his head off.



FULL CREDIT

A native of Oklahoma, Noel Houston attended Oklahoma City University, which he abhorred; studied law for two years; then gave it up to be a reporter. After eight years of newspapering, he came to Chapel Hill to take courses under Phillips Russell and Paul Green. As a result of his playwiriting, he was awarded two Rockefeller Fellowships and a Dramatists Guild Fellowship. He wrote a full-length play, "The Marauders." which the Playmakers produced brilliantly, evoking much applause, but Broadway managers, unbrilliant, were unevoked. He then turned to short story writing, and has had several stories in The New Yorker, as well as in magazines as various as The American Mercury and Liberty. One New Yorker story, entitled "A Local Skirmish," was included in the Best Short Stories of 1944, thereby fulfilling a boyhood yearning of Houston to have a story one day in the O'Brien collection. At present, he is writing his first novel, The Lottery, which has been contracted for by Reynal and Hitchcock, publishers. At last report on his progress with his novel, Houston said, "Ceiling zero, and flying by the seat of my pants, but not a bit dismayed." He is a lusty and virile thirty-five years old. His story in this issue, "An Old Man's Tale," was written especially for the Carolina Magazine.

§ Published eight times a year, October to May inclusive, by the Carolina Publications Union of the University of North Carolina. § Material appearing in the columns of THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE may be reproduced in part or in whole only with the permission of the Editor. § Address all communications to the Editor, THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE, Chapel Hill, North Carolina, Box 717, or to Graham Memorial. § Contributions are welcomed from those other than undergraduates, but in all cases manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanined by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. § Subscription price of $1.50 per year. § Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879—pending.

The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1945

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An Old Man's Tale

by NOEL HOUSTON

Half a dozen of us dray and transfer fellows were sitting around in front of the Regent Saloon swapping lies that day when we seen Agnes MacDougall come tripping down the street in a yellow dress, shading her pretty face with a frilly parasol.

Ted Harkness quit jawing immediately and unwound himself to his feet. We joshed him and he turned red and went a little piece to meet her.

Now it's a mistaken idea that all them early-day Territory teachers was pretty—far from it, I can tell you—but Agnes MacDougall was a lulu, slim, with brown hair setting wavy and high on her head and the biggest blue eyes. She had a lot of grit: she'd come all the way out to Oklahoma Territory from Maryland all alone to be a school ma'rm.

As for Ted Harkness, he was a lean, nice young fellow—willing to be two-fisted if he had to be. He had the kind of smile that looked like it might have come to his face when he first found out what a pleasant place the world was and the smile just decided to stay. We all liked Ted. He'd pulled stakes from an Indiana farm and shoved out here for his new chance, like the rest of us. And like everybody else, when he got to Guthrie, about two weeks after that '89 opening, he looked around for a business to put himself in. Well, he saw there was a raft of families arriving on every train and looking right off for a dray to hire to haul their household goods in. So he took what money he had and bought a light wagon and a horse and put himself in the transfer business. I and about six or seven other fellows had done likewise.

The transfer business in those exciting days had its fascinations and I sometimes kind of wish I'd stayed in it instead of taking up barbering. It don't have some of them fascinations anymore though. For instance, among the many things in Guthrie then was killings and undertakers. But the competition among the undertakers was pretty fierce, and they would pay us transfer fellows a dollar for every corpse we delivered to 'em. Each one of us draymen had his own undertaker he worked for. You can imagine what it was like. Whenever they was pistol shots somewheres all us transfer boys would leap to our drays and race hell-for-leather in that direction. Sometimes it was just a boozed-up cowboy banging at the sky, which would make us cuss after racing all that way, but quite often there was indeed a dollar to be

(Continued on page 15)

The People of Cliff Valley

by GISLI ASTHORSSEN

The summer Anna arrived on Bjarni's farm the people of Cliff Valley had more to talk about than ever since the year of the great snow flood. "She is a stout girl," they said, "and she seems to be strong, and her face is pleasant to look at"; and then they nodded their heads meaningly as the hushed voices spoke up or the whispers ran from man to man: "She is a thief," said the voices. "A convicted thief sent to Bjarni's farm to be cured."

Anna was a thief. Ever since in her twelfth year she had stolen a red scarf from a shop window Anna had been a thief. Not that she had been caught. Oh no; not even the time she had drunk with the sailor and stolen his watch had Anna been caught. But she was sixteen then and knew her ways.

"I like it," she had told her friends at the time as she caressed the watch with her fingers.

"I like money," she had said a year after that and spread out six ten-kronur bills she had been given.—"I like money and beautiful things and a good time because it is easy to get if you are clever."

And she had laughed at the police when later she was caught and sentenced to a farm for correction.

"Farmers are old goats," she cried. "I'll have the time of my life in Cliff Valley."

But her laughter had been strained and her fists had been clenched as she mockingly bid the judge good-bye.

The people of Cliff Valley were hardworking and honest and to Anna they seemed strange. She sensed at once their suspicion. She felt their aloofness and saw in their manners an inability to accept her as anything but a thief. And their attitude gave evidence of their contempt, for the people of Cliff Valley, like the people of so many other valleys, possessed that common inability of the never-do-wrong to understand and sympathize with the sinner.

This Anna felt. She felt it while spinning up wool in the work room and the old woman told her with her eyes: "I'm not a thief; I'm not a thief; I'm not a thief," they said. She was reminded of it when raking up the hay in the out-field and a small girl clinging to a ragdoll passed her: "She might take it," said her gesture; "she might take it."

Even the parson could not hide his uneasiness when he met Anna for the first time.

"Anna," he said, "we haven't seen you in church yet."

And when Anna looked up at him and said that she did not care much for church anyway, he became confused and blushed and said that perhaps she would not like their little church after all. That night, after the lights were out, Anna cried.

And Bjarni was a hard master. An ardent follower of Socialism, and with a deep love for his farm, to him Anna was nothing but an outcast.

"You can't steal," he would tell her when after supper the women sat with their work. "You can't and mustn't steal. Not even from the rich you can't steal."

And when the people looked up and he found he had caught their attention, he would draw from his hip pocket a faded paper and start reading where he had left off the last time: "The laborer spends his life digging rich men's ditches and his earinings go for buying the tools of his trade."—And through the long winter nights the deep voice of Bjarni would drone, the women knitting socks and mending clothes, the men picking wool or drowsing on their beds.

It was in the spring when the snow had disappeared from all but the highest mountain tops that Siggi arrived on the farm. He came with his mother who was to work there, and within a week he followed Anna wherever she went.

Siggi was a frail child. He was shy and when he walked he kept looking back over his shoulder as if afraid of something behind him.

"There are bad people everywhere," he confided in Anna.

(Continued on page 16)

Incident in Baalbek

by CHARLES JOHNSON

THE NIGHT was cold in Baalbek, and a thin layer of snow covered the surface of the unlighted street. A woman carrying a huge basket on her head followed a man past the door of the Empire Cafe.

Ernst Burr was celebrating Christmas eve in his own way by sitting alone in the cafe drinking Cyprus brandy. He had started out earlier in the evening for the Legion barracks, but he had stopped in the cafe to make a purchase. The place was dimly lit and warm. His own company appealed to him more than the thought of a boisterous night with Major Du Pontaigne and the Pere Revel. The small room was empty except for the proprietor, an old man dressed in baggy Moslem trousers. Burr had been greeted quietly in broken English and sold a bottle of brandy. For a long while he drank in silence—three tumblers—then with an unmirthful grin he turned to the proprietor.

"What rotten brandy, you robber! Go poison your children with what's left of it! If I'm ever to get drunk, I suppose it will be with the bloody Frenchmen."

"The brandy is good, monsieur. The brandy is good."

"The brandy is good like the Pere Revel is a holy man of God."

The proprietor's eyes narrowed —"Le Pere Revel is a very wicked man even for the French, monsieur."

Burr laughed out loud—"Your brandy, you should call it Le Pere Revel Brandy. The good father would like that."

"No, monsieur. He would not like it."

"No. He would do what I should do right now. He would kick your teeth out, or get Du Pontaigne to do it for him."

"No, monsieur. You will not tell that man. You must not tell the major—not Du Pontaigne. He is not a human person, Du Pontaigne."

Burr laughed again and left the cafe.

The freezing wind was sweeping down from the hills, but the brandy burned hot in his stomach as he walked towards the Legion barracks. He was halted by the sentry then passed into the barracks' court. He turned towards the officers' club. He heard a noisy piano inside and the sound of a dozen loud voices singing a dirty tune.

Entering the lobby Burr gave his great coat, hat, and stick to one of the mess orderlies and went into the main club room.

"Burr! Mon cher Burr! Mon petit cher Burr! You are here at last. Where have you been hiding that miserable deformed body of yours?"

Burr looked for a moment at his withered right arm and cursed the tall major who laughed uproariously.

"Some day I will kill you with this miserable limb, Du Pontaigne!"

The major laughed until tears came to his eyes—"Mon Dieu, your face is ugly. Have a drink of Cognac, Burr, and forget that you are the accursed of God."

Burr drank the full tumbler almost at a draught while Du Pontaigne stood by and nodded his approval.

"Now fill the glass again, and we will find Revel and get away from these stupid people."

Burr followed the major into a side room where the priest, a fat round faced man, was drinking sullenly alone.

"Mon Pere, here is the Englishman. Get on your feet and follow us. We will go to my quarters."

"It stinks with the rotten smell of whores."

"Which you have brought there, Revel. Take your bottle, and we go."

The priest, the major, and Burr

(Continued on page 17)

Have any trouble getting cigarettes around here, Dr. Dimdome?

Incredible Mouse

by R. WAYNE KERNODLE

TOMORROW morning I am calling in the housing authorities to deal with a most delicate problem. Not that I couldn't handle the situation in my own way if it came to that, but it just so happens that the matter has gone beyond personal feelings and I think some exact legislation should be made in case other human beings find themselves in a like situation. I have been withholding any action up to the present, but after what happened last night in my front parlor, between the radio and the book case, there seems to be no other alternative.

The whole trouble is that this mouse who has been visiting me for the past six months is now gossiping with my dog about my food habits. Not only that but he is telling lies. He claims that he was living there before I moved in and it threatening to carry on a program of sabotage unless things are changed around to suit him. When I first heard about all this, my first impulse was to catch this upstart in a mouse trap and be done with him once and for all, and I would have done just that except that now he happens to be absolutely essential to my own well being. For some strange reason this mouse, whose name is Joshua, brings in cigarette butts and leaves them on the bookshelf. As a matter of fact I would be willing to tolerate him on this account and leave the housing authorities out of it except for the incident last night.

I was minding my own business, reading a chapter in a *Psychologist Looks At Love,* and munching on a graham cracker when this Joshua comes in with a grouch on and starts taking off a sizeable nibble of the cracker. His whole approach was annoying. In the first place I simply can't tolerate grouchy mice, and in the second place I am not so sure it is a healthy thing for either one of us to be eating off the same cracker.

At any rate I expressed a mild opposition to the act in slightly medical language and he went into a convulsion. Then he began this tirade against graham crackers—all the while marching up and down between the radio and the bookcase. He can rant all he pleases; it just so happens that I like graham crackers and no amount of arguing is going to make me switch over to cheese and peanut butter crackers. Nor is my dog for that matter. If she and this rat must have cheese and peanut butter they can both go lock, stock and barrel somewhere else to get it. I happen to know the dog likes graham crackers better and is allying herself with this rat to get even with me for feeding her pablum and raw eggs when she was young. They may as well know they are fooling with fire—especially the rat. What he doesn't know is that the national, state, city, and neighborhood defence councils are going to put on an Anti-rat Campaign sometime in the spring. Then the affair will be entirely out of my hands.

As to his being in the house before I was—that is a bald face lie and he knows it. We were both living on East Franklin street last August, out by the curve; we even had arguments then. In September I pulled out and found new quarters and it was fully 24 hours before he found out where I was and moved in himself. If the housing authorities have to handle it I have a clear cut case of seniority.

The most disgusting angle of the entire mess is that he is teaching my dog to lie and at seven months of age she shows definite signs of being a juvenile delinquent. Heaven only knows what malicious gossip the two of them spread around to my roommates and friends. I can't say a thing without them blabbing it all over town.

That's just it! No rat, friend or foe is going to get the upper hand with me without a fight. My mind is made up. He is being ousted tomorrow—legally and for good by the Housing Authority. As to the cigarette butts—I'll pick them up myself. In fact today I have already found three Camels and two Herbert Tarreytons and only one had lipstick on it.

The Colbertson System

by STANLEY COLBERT

BRIDGE is my passion. And now that the game has taken hold of the campus, I love it still more. There's only one trouble. I can't play bridge. It's not because my hands aren't big enough to hold thirteen cards, or that no one asks me—I just never learned the game.

Now this may seem very inconsequential and irrelevant, but I get very sick and tired of being thrown out of Graham Memorial every time I start to "kibitz" at a bridge game. How else can I learn?

Just today I had this experience. I went over into Graham Memorial, walked over to one of the small groups of people who were huddled around a small table and sat down. They were playing bridge. Unfortunately I didn't know any of them, so I left my coat on, and started to watch. The person's hand that I was watching was pretty monotonous . . . all the cards were clubs. He looked a little bewildered as to what to bid, so I whispered in a low voice, looking around to see if any one saw me— "Bid a club." I sincerely felt that this was a legitimate bid, and that he certainly could not go wrong. Unfortunately, his partner disagreed.

The bidding and conversation went something like this:

Me: (whispering): "Bid a club."

He: (north): "Hmmm—I think I'll bid a club."

A girl: (east): "Pass."

Another girl: (south—his partner): "Pass."

A disgusting looking individual with a cigar in his mouth: (west): "Pass."

After I wiped his footprint from the seat of my newly pressed pants, I ambled over to the YMCA,

for coffee and donuts.

After finessing the change from the clerk, I headed upstairs to that den of iniquity known to its intimates as "la salle ou les jeune filles et les hommes joue comme less peuples de medievale France en le temps de Louis Septembre" — translated in English as the card room.

There I found four people—haggard, unshaven, gasping for fresh air. I waded through the stack of cigarette butts that fenced them in, and brushing the ashes off one of the chairs, I made myself at home.

They didn't even notice me. One of them looked vaguely familiar, but it was impossible to recognize anyone. My loafer shoes were tangled in the beards of the players, and I noticed that the cigarettes they were smoking were *Camels*. They MUST have been there a long time.

I noticed that they had no regular scoreboard—instead they were using rolls of Scot Tissue. In one corner there were 15 or 16 empty cardboard cartons.

I could hold my curiosity no longer, and our conversation went thusly:

Me: "Hmmm." (I cleared my

(Continued on page 22)

Victory Is His Business

by FRED FLAGLER

A FINE organizer, a smart business man and a brilliant teacher of the fundamentals of football, this man Carl Snavely doesn't fool around with losing teams. Victory is his business and if allowed to put Carolina football on a basis comparable to that of other institutions, he will stage some classic pigskin entertainment.

Football means more and will mean more in the topflight circles than simply blocking and tackling, running and kicking. It is a science which takes a lot of book work and one which requires a great deal of system. Dutchman Snavely is just about as systematic when it comes to producing football clubs as any coach in the business. He works hard and expects his men to do the same thing. It will be an all-the-year-round job with Snavely who has, as one of his pet peeves, the blunt questions asked by newspapermen. Snavely will tour the countryside part of the year in search of men who are interested in playing football and going to school at the same time.

Snavely, in interviewing prospective football players, makes it clear that the University's scholastic requirements must be maintained if the candidate expects to receive financial assistance in the way of scholarships. By playing football this man of the football world thinks a student, if he needs it, should receive financial assistance. If a football aspirant has his mind set on coming to Carolina to play under Snavely with the idea of not having to study, he is all wet, because the new football coach will not tolerate academic loafers. This victory man wants both a student and a football player wrapped up in one human being.

Watching particularly for signs of fatigue in his players, he goes all out in emphasizing plenty of rest for football trainees. The right type of food is also stressed.

A firm believer in plenty of "skull practice" the football professor was one of the first grid coaches in the country to advocate the use of moving pictures to facilitate classroom instruction. Football is definitely not all brawn with Snavely. It takes brains too. While en route to games, Snavely has sheets of paper which are filled with important bits of information which the players shouldn't forget. On the return trip, information concerning the next week's opponent is distributed so the trainees will have a chance, before the first practice session, to get some idea of what they will have to cope with in the way of aerial attacks, strong defenses, or powerful ground offensives. Memos on the opponent as well as film reviews of both defensive and offensive mistakes made in games are just as much a part of Snavely's victory menu as are intensive physical drills.

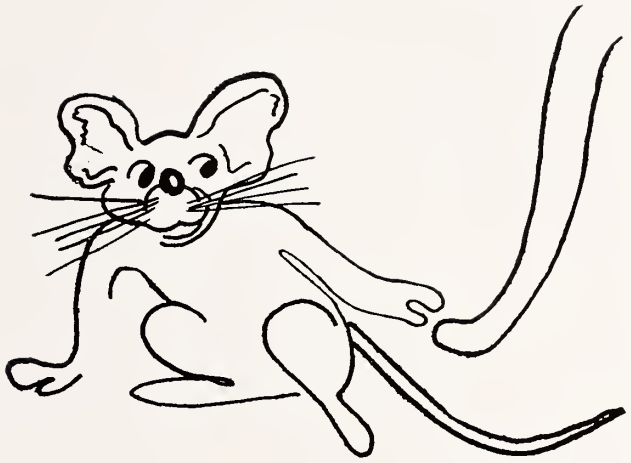
Snavely and Coach Bob.

Though Snavely's main dish is defense, he cooks up some mighty potent offensive brew to go along with it, as any football coach knows that grid scraps are won by offense and defense combined. The single wing formation is still good enough for Snavely as the new coach thinks the merits of the widely publicized "T" system are far less than the single wing. Combining a stubborn defense with intricate variations of a tricky single wing, Snavely has a winning formula which is hard to top.

Snavely is no stranger to Carolina by any means. He has coached here before. With his '34 club losing only to Tennessee, Snavely almost saw his '35 eleven travel to Pasadena for a try at the Rose Bowl. Duke shattered Tar Heel chances with a 25-0 shellacking which shocked football fans throughout the nation. During his first regime, Snavely produced the first All-American from Carolina in George Barclay.

There is nothing Snavely would like more than to match football wits with Duke's brilliant Wallace Wade. The grid coaches are at their best when their teams meet and you can bet your bottom dollar that the annual classic will be that much more exciting when Wade and Snavely meet

(Continued on page 24)



THE MOUSE WHO GOT FAMILIAR WITH CATS

There was once a young mouse who had never seen a cat but he had heard plenty about them from his parents, aunts, uncles, and grandparents.

"Beware of the cat," they told him, "he will kill you and eat you and think nothing of it."

The young mouse nodded, "I will do as you say."

One night, he finally saw a cat and when he did, he was so frightened he ran all the way home and hid under the bed.

And nothing happened.

The next time he saw a cat, he was still frightened but he contented himself with hiding behind a table leg.

And nothing happened.

The third time he saw a cat, he was not even frightened. He decided that it would be a good joke to pull the cat's tail.

And then something did happen.

Moral: familiarity breeds contempt and contempt breeds The End.

THE MOUSE WHO WAS A GOOD SAMARITAN

A hungry cat tried to get a piece of cheese out of a mouse trap and was caught. All day long, he lay in the trap without food or water.

Early in the evening, a mouse passed by.

"Mouse, would you please get me some water. I am very thirsty," cried the cat.

The mouse stopped and looked at the cat.

"Aren't you the cannibal who has been eating my brothers and sisters?" the mouse asked.

"Yes, I suppose I am," said the cat, "but you would have done the same thing if you had been in my shoes. The survival of the fittest, you know."

"Oh, I see," said the mouse. "That throws an entirely different light on the matter. I will bring you some water."

The mouse brought the water, the cat drank it and a few minutes later, the cat died. The water was poisoned.

The Big Black Dog

by DAVID LILIENTHAL

I LOVED dogs. I subscribed to three national dog magazines and went to all the dog shows. I kept at least three dogs running around the house simultaneously. I repeat—I LOVED dogs. Notice that the verb is in the past tense. It's in the past tense because I met a big black dog named Rollo, and though I don't like to talk about it . . .

He was a big powerful Newfoundland. His shoulders were husky, his coat was thick and well-brushed, and in his eyes shone a malevolent gleam that I failed to notice.

When I first met him, he was lying in state beneath a lamp-post.

"Hello, boy!" I cried, and extended my hand in friendship. The animal was a thoroughbred.

He smelled my fingers suspiciously, and then turned his big head away from me in obvious disdain. I wiped my hand.

"Good fellow, nice boy . . ."

He rolled an eye at me and lurched to his feet.

"Oh! Wanta play? That's a doggie. That's a boy."

A swipe of a paw, and a muddy smear appeared on my overcoat. The Newfoundland gently seized the tip of my glove in his mouth and pulled.

"Hey! Let go that glove. Hey! Put it down! Give me that glove!!"

Protecting the captured mitten with his huge paws, the beast chewed happily on it and paid no attention to my efforts as I frantically sought to retrieve the stolen property.

The most beautiful girl in the world appeared around the corner. I stopped struggling with the shaggy hound and stared.

"Are you having trouble with my dog?"

"Uh, he took my glove."

"Took your glove?" she laughed. "Do you mean Rollo just —grabbed you and took your glove? Now *really*!"

I gulped and straightened my tie.

"I was just—um, petting him, when he took the end of it in his mouth and pulled it off my hand. I've been trying to get it back."

She stoped and picked the mangled thing from between the paws of the Newfoundland, who lay there gazing at her in adoration, his tail making wide arcs in the dust of the sidewalk. With a slightly mocking smile, the girl handed it to me.

"I'm very sorry about your glove," she said, unhooking the leash from the lamp-post. "But you shouldn't go up and play with every dog you see."

"Oh, it's quite all right, my fault — shouldn't have done it, didn't know. A fine dog," I mumbled.

"Yes," she agreed. "Come, Rollo."

They disappeared around the corner, the dog casting a withering glance back at me, and the young lady casting no glance whatsoever. I stood holding the torn wad of leather, one foot on the curb, one foot in the street, with a slightly dazed expression on my face. Anyone witnessing the encounter wouldn't know whether my expression was due to the wreck of the glove or the looks of the girl, and I wasn't quite sure myself.

Joe McCormick sauntered out

(Continued on page 19)

THE MICE WHO ASKED THE OWL FOR HELP

There once lived a tribe of mice whose number was being steadily diminished by a certain house cat. A meeting of the tribe was called in order to decide what could be done. After the cheese had been served, the mice turned to their oldest and wisest member of the tribe and asked for a solution to their problem.

The old mouse shook his head sadly.

"I have thought the problem over carefully and at great length," he said, "but it is beyond the wisdom of a mere mouse. However, it is generally agreed upon that the owl is the wisest of all animals and no problem is too great for him. I suggest that we ask the owl for help."

The tribe was delighted with this suggestion and they immediately set to work and wrote a letter to the owl.

In an amazingly short time, they received a reply as follows:

Dear Mice:

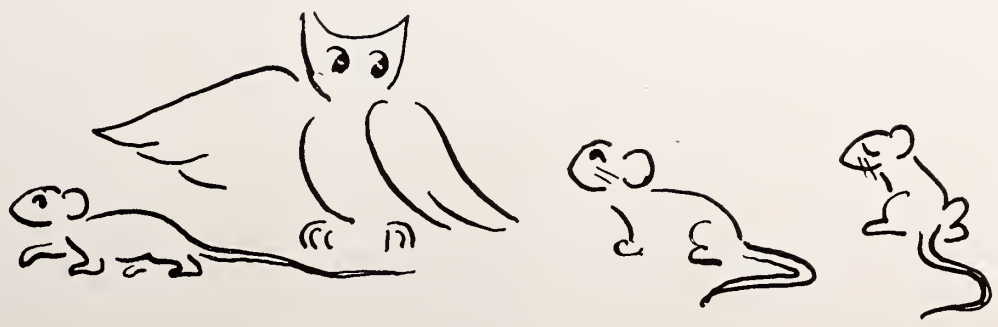
I have received your letter and I will be only too glad to help you with your problem. If you will form a line in front of my house tonight at eight o'clock and enter one at a time at fifteen minute intervals, I am sure we will have the matter settled once and for all before the evening is over.

Your friend,
The Owl.

The mice did as they were requested.

At around twelve o'clock, the owl finished eating the last of the mice and wiped his mouth with the back of his wing.

"The solution of a problem is sometimes worse than the problem itself," the owl mumbled and toddled off to bed.



To Nowhere and Return

by GUY NORTHROP

Miller glanced at his wall clock. The officer always arrived at three A. M.

"On the dot," he said.

This was the only all-night cafe on his beat, so the policeman made it a regular stop. He chose a stool away from the three people at the end.

With sleep in her eyes Ann came over to him.

"Coffee," the officer said. "Sweet, no cream."

She prepared it and brought it to him. The policeman noticed her this time, and saw he did not know her.

"New here?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered.

He wasn't interested, but he liked to talk.

"Where you from?"

"I came . . . I live here."

"Live in Memphis, huh?"

"Yes."

"Been here long?"

"Yes."

"Ever been to Little Rock?" he asked.

She did not start, but he could see her body had tensed.

"No," she said. "No, I never been there."

"I just wondered," he said. She relaxed perceptibly.

II

"Walters," he said. "Just a minute, Walters."

The man turned. He was young, coarse, dressed in dungarees and a blue shirt, hatless. His face showed no pleasure upon recognizing Dolwait.

"Oh, hello Mr. Dolwait," he said. "How are you?"

"Where is she?" Dolwait demanded. He moved close, his teeth clenched, restraining himself. "What have you done with her? Why do you have to take her away like a sneak-thief? Are you afraid of me, man? Do you know I'll do all I can to get even with you for this?"

Bill Walters stepped back, alarmed, shock emerging on his thick features. "I don't know what

you're blabbing about," he said. "Why don't you talk some sense? You don't say anything."

"I'll tell you what. You just come home with me right now. Me and Mrs. Dolwait want to talk with you."

"What for? You haven't scared me. What are you talking about?"

"You know damn well what I'm talking about. You aren't so smart like you think. You come home with me and I'll tell you a thing or two. Mrs. Dolwait and me can tell you things you don't think we know, maybe."

"This don't mean anything to me, but if it's so all fired important I guess I'll go with you," he told Dolwait.

"You're damned right it's important, especially to you."

Dolwait grasped Walters' arm and began to lead him down the block to Main Street, where the buses passed. Walters shook off the hand and walked freely beside the smaller and older man. Curiosity somewhat quenched his burning anger.

III

"Wait here," Dolwait said, and disappeared into the back of the house.

A moment later he returned with a tired woman who wore a faded print dress under a dish towel apron.

"Here he is," Dolwait said to her with satisfaction. "Just ask him where she is. Just tell him we know all about his little game."

"Whadja do with her?" Mrs. Dolwait asked. "Whadja hafta steal her away like this? God knows we don't want her any more, but I didn't raise my daughter to be a whore. You gotta bring her back here and fix things up right. You gotta marry her. If you don't Mr. Dolwait won't think no more about it. He'll just call the police right now."

"Daughter?" Walters said. "Ann? I don't know nothing about her. You mean she's gone? Something's happened to her?"

"Don't act so dumb," Dolwait

demanded. "You know well enough what's the matter. You just bring her back here and marry her and we won't cause no trouble. She won't never do no better than you anyway. She never could pick a man. But we won't do nothing to you if you fix things up."

"I can't," Walters replied simply. "If she's gone I'll try to help you find her. I can't do nothing else. I ain't seen Ann in over a week."

"She's been gone might near that long," Dolwait stated flatly.

"Listen, both of you," the truck driver said. "I been going with her some — two, three times a week. Your daughter ain't no nice girl, case you don't know. I don't know what you raised her to be, but she ain't no nice girl. I don't aim to marry her, or even take her off somewhere to live secret. I don't aim to take her nowhere. I don't want her. But if you'll shut up I might could help you find her. I know some things she said, might help you. I can tell you what she thinks of you two. She always talks about going away from here. Maybe that's what she done. I don't know, but it looks to me like that's just what she's done."

"Go find a phone and call the police," Mrs. Dolwait told her husband. "Tell them about this man, and tell them she might have run away. Make them watch him, but get them to look too. Get her back here and make this man marry her."

"I won't use a phone," Dolwait said. "I'll take him right to the police, and tell them about it with him right there. I'll make him tell them, too."

"I'm not going to marry Ann," Walters cried. "I wouldn't marry her if you paid me to. I wouldn't have her."

"Ha, she was good enough for you to take her out and ruin her," Dolwait sneered. "You don't think you can get away that easy, do you?"

"I didn't ever ruin no girl. I took her for what she was. She's no baby. She knew what she was doing. I never taught her nothing she didn't know. I'm not her parents. I didn't raise her. I took her like I found her. I told her, and I'll tell you, I wouldn't marry her."

"We'll go to the police," Dolwait said.

The City Hall was as gloomy as Dolwait's house had been. The air was close and packed with the odor of perspiration mixed with tobacco juice. The Police Department was down a hall from the main lobby. The two men entered and waited at a window in the wire grating above the long

counter An aged sergeant in blue rose and shuffled over.

"Yeah?" he said.

"My daughter—she's missing," Dolwait said quickly. "This man was the last one out with her. He knows where she is, but he won't tell me. I want you to do something about it."

"I don't KNOW," Walters denied. "I just THINK."

"Just a minute," the sergeant said wearily. He pulled a pad over to the window, lifted a few of the top sheets of paper until he found a clean one, and began to question Dolwait.

"Name?"

"Frank Dolwait."

"That's all right, but I meant her name, not yours."

"Ann Dolwait. D-O-L-W-A-I-T. She's been gone a week. This man . . ."

The sergeant stopped him. "Address?"

"2711 Pinkham Road. That's way out by . . ."

"Age?"

"She's sixteen, but looks older."

"Describe her."

"She's short, and . . ."

"Tell me exactly. How tall is she?"

"Five two. She's got brown hair and brown eyes."

"Any distinguishing marks?"

"Huh uh. No."

"What kind of clothes she have on?"

"I don't know. I don't remember. Ask him. He was with her that night I guess she left. Anyway, I never saw her the next day. I left early to go to work that day. I didn't miss her. My wife says she didn't come home. You can see he's responsible. Make him tell you."

"Do you remember?" the sergeant asked Walters.

"She had a red dress and white shoes the last time I saw her," he answered. "No hat. I don't remember anything more. I didn't do anything to her."

"Any idea where she might have gone? Any relatives?"

"Ask him," Dolwait said. "He knows. Ask him."

Walters repeated the story he had told Dolwait before. The sergeant asked more questions, and jotted the date neatly on the pad.

"We'll contact those towns," he said. "If she's working anywhere they're sure to find her. And the State Police will be watching for her."

"You ought to arrest Walters," Dolwait insisted. "It's his fault. He's the one that done this. Either he's got her somewhere and don't want to tell it, or he caused her to run away. It ain't natural."

"That's not evidence," the sergeant said. "We know where he is. Even if he leaves town we can find him easy enough. You go home. We'll do the looking. We'll send word if we hear anything.

(Continued on page 20)

I had a little dog. I called him August. August was fond of jumping to conclusions. Especially at the cow's conclusion. One day he jumped at the mule's conclusion. The next day was the first of September.

•

"Are you positive that the defendant was drunk?" asked the judge.

"No doubt," growled the officer.

"Why are you so certain?"

"Well," replied the officer, "I saw him put a penny in the patrol box on Fourth Street and then look up at the clock on the Presbyterian Church and shout, "Gosh, I've lost fourteen pounds."

•

A Westerner entered a saloon with his wife and three-year-old boy. He ordered two straight whiskies.

"Hey, pa," said the kid, "ain't ma drinkin'?"

•

Drunk to splendidly uniformed bystander: "Shay, call me a cab, will ya?"

Splendidly uniformed bystander: "My good man, I'm no doorman. I'm a naval officer."

Drunk: "All right then, call me a boat. I gotta get home."

•

During a sale in a department store last month one of the salesgirls told a buxom lady in front of her counter that there was a special reduction in the price of sachet.

"Sachet?" said the lady. "Just what is sachet?"

"Well," explained the girl, "it's a sort of a little bag of perfume you put in your chest and your drawers to make it smell good."

"I understand what you mean," said the lady, "but isn't it awfully uncomfortable?"

•

"What goes 99 clop?"

"A centipede with a wooden leg."

THE MOUSE WHO WORKED ON A COMMISSION BASIS

There was oncce a young man who found a mouse caught by his tail in a trap.

"Please, sir, release me from this trap before the cat finds me," the mouse said.

"What's the percentage?" the young man asked.

"If you will only turn me loose, I will work for you and be your slave for the rest of my life," the mouse replied.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the young man. "What could a mere mouse do?"

"Well," said the mouse, "I am small and fast and quiet. There must be something I could do."

"Small, fast and quiet," thought the young man. "There is something you can do. I will train you to steal. I will teach you to be a thief."

And the young man released the mouse from the trap.

First, he taught the mouse to count so that he would be able to tell the difference between a one, a five, a ten, a twenty, and a hundred dollar bill. The mouse worked on a commission basis.

"For every hundred dollars you bring to me, you will receive a penny's worth of cheese," the young man told the mouse. "So the bigger the number, the more cheese you get."

"I understand," said the mouse.

Then he taught the mouse to slip into his neighbor's houses at night.

"When you get inside, be still and quiet for a minute," the young man said, "and you will hear a noise that sounds something like this."

The young man picked up a saw and began sawing a log.

"Go to the room from which this noise comes. There will be a bed in the room and by the bed there will be a chair. Hanging on the chair will be a pair of trousers and in the back pocket of the trousers, you will find a wallet. There's where they keep the money. Stuff all of the biggest bills you can carry into your mouth and bring them back to me."

"I understand," said the mouse.

And so the mouse slept all day and worked all night. In addition to his natural talent for burglary, the mouse was sober and industrious. Some nights, the mouse brought the young man as much as two or three hundred dollars. In no time at all, the young man had piled up a small fortune.

So much, in fact, that the young man began to be worried about thieves.

"One afternoon, the young man said, "Mouse, I am going to the city and buy a safe to put my money in. I may be gone several days. Stay here and guard the money."

"I understand," said the mouse.

Three days later, the young man returned from the city with the safe but the mouse was gone and so was the money. The mouse was working a block down the street for higher wages. For every hundred dollars he stole, he received two cents worth of cheese.

AN OLD MAN'S TALE

(Continued from page 3)

made. Now such as that, you might say, wasn't the pleasantest way to pick up a piece of change, but them was days when you had to set your jaw to the way the life was.

To get back to Ted and Miss Agnes, they made a heart-warming picture, standing there on the walk in the sun. They was the kind of couple that people fall in love and says about, "Now there's a fellow and his girl who'll make a match that'll be a credit and a joy to the community." You wish 'em all the good things and you envy 'em because of all the laughter and happiness they're going to have together.

They'd pulled their voices down, so we wouldn't overhear them, but we could strain and get the gist of it.

"Agnes," Ted was saying, "I've made seven dollars already today. You know what that brings the total to?"

"Oh, Ted," she said, her voice so delighted it'd make you shiver, "I do. Five hundred and two dollars. It makes *more* than the amount you vowed to save first. Now we—"

Ted pulled a long face and shook his head. "No, honey, it don't quite make it."

We could see her puzzled expression.

"Strawberry throwed a shoe," said Ted, sorrowful, "and on top of that her hip strap broke and I had to get a new one. Just had to. I've only got an even four hundred and ninety-nine dollars." Then he grinned. "That's as close as you could get without it being five hundred, almost, and I'll have it before the day's out. You'd better get your wedding dress, honey, because if it's all right with you, tomorrow—" squinting at the clear sky "—looks like tomorrow would be a proper day."

"Tomorrow!" she exclaimed, and we thought she was going to kiss him right there in public. "Oh, Ted, I've got the dress picked out already. I was on my way to the drugstore, but I believe I'll go get the dress right now."

All us fellows couldn't hold ourselves in, and we let out a whoop. Miss Agnes blushed and Ted shook his fist at us playfullike. Then they just stood and looked at each other until they'd got their eyes soaked full of each other, and she finally turned and went back up the street and cut across. Swinging her parasol, she stepped so light she didn't seem to touch the walk hardly. Ted stood there looking after her, hands on his hips, just sick with love, until we started guying him.

We ribbed him good while we waited to drive down to the depot to meet the 11:55. We carried on for quite a while and Ted had almost got mad once and got over it and we was just getting up to go to the depot when Gil Mayberry came running up, panting hard, and said. 'You fellows are missing your chance. I just seen two gamblers chase each other into Ashland's and they began bustin' hell loose inside. I lit out."

Ashland's was four blocks away—it was where the Security Bank building stands now—and the wind was blowing t'other way and that was why we hadn't heard the shots. But we fell over one another getting to our drays. Ted fumbled his hitching weight and got started last. All in the spirit of fun we wanted especially for one of us to beat him out to keep him from getting that last dollar he needed—and he knowed it. Standing up in his wagon and just a-lashing old Strawberry, he passed every one of us in that four blocks.

By the time I pulled up second Ted was already backing to the walk where the two bodies laid covered with sheets brought out from Ashland's Merchantile—it wasn't every day Guthrie was lucky enough both sharpers in a gun fight made a riddance of each other, I remember saying to myself—and Ted was ordering three or four fellows in the crowd to load the nearest one onto his wagon.

Shorty Matthews cut in front of me with his dray and sang out "I claim the other one" before I could make my claim. I started cussin' him, and before I was through with him, them three or four fellows had reluctantly heeded Ted and loaded his wagon and he was trotting off.

Just then old Mr. Ashland busted out of his store into the silent crowd and said, "Is that Ted Harkness carrying that body off?" He pulled back the sheet from the other corpse—he was an ugly

(Continued on next page)

AN OLD MAN'S TALE

(Continued from page three)

sharper—which Shorty was beginning to rassle aboard. Then Mr. Ashland called out, "Ted! Oh, Ted!"

Ted looked back over his shoulder an laughed. "You can't horseplay me! This is the last dollar I need and I'm a-goin' for it. Tomorrow's my wedding day."

As he turned the corner, Ted was waving his hat and still calling happily to folks he knowed along the way that tomorrow was his wedding day.

Seeing the boy rightfully joyful made me feel good too, so when old Mr. Ashland heaved a groan and said, "Why don't somebody go tell him?" I said displeased, "Tell him what?"

"She was buying a white dress of me," said Mr. Ashland, tears showing in his eyes. "When the gamblers opened up on each other, Miss Agnes swung around and one of 'em—the one laid out there—he missed his mark—"

"Don't say it," Shorty begged suddenly.

Mr. Ashland threw out his arms helpless. "The bullet caught Miss Agnes square in the heart," he said. "It's her with Ted."

Between the gap of two frame buildings across the block I got a flash of Ted's wagon. He was still going along at a smart trot at that time.

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●

THE PEOPLE OF CLIFF VALLEY

(Continued from page 4)

She and Siggi took long walks together. When April came and the sun got warm they walked out into the lava fields, and while Siggi busied himself with building sheep-folds for his toy-sheep men, Anna told him about big towns and thousands of lights, about ships from strange foreign lands and pictures that moved and buildings that could house hundreds of people. And Siggi marvelled at all these wonders, for even though his mind could not grasp it all, he now felt certain that there *was* a wonder land.

In June, three months after Siggi's arrival, Anna ran away from the farm. Her flight followed one of Bjarni's drinking bouts and his accusation that food had been disappearing from the pantry and that none but she could be the thief.

"One more time," he had warned her, "and they will come for you. And you know where they will take you, too."

And while the people looked on and Bjarni proceeded to read from his manifesto, Siggi had climbed onto Anna's knees and laid his

arms assuringly around her neck.

Anna was caught within three days after her flight and sent back to the farm. Siggi welcomed her joyously and some of the women greeted her not unkindly, but Bjarni was sullen and talked about women being troublesome—particularly bad women.

But Anna would not stay. She wrote letters to the magistrate and asked to be sent to another farm—"any other farm" as she pleaded in her letters—but to no avail: To her first letter she received a curt denial, the others came back unopened.

And Siggi knew about this and worried for Anna, and in his affection he almost forgot to watch out for the "bad men" behind him.

They resumed their walks together. As the days grew longer and the nights became light and only the trinkling of the mountain springs broke the stillness of the late hours, they ran together up the slopes of the grassland till they reached the edge of the moss-belt where they sat and talked for hours. And each time Siggi told Anna how much he wished that she would stay, always adding however that "if you want to leave I will find a way if it takes me all my life." And after that he would be quiet and rest his head on his arms; and while they watched the smoke rise from the farm-houses below and the river wind its way out of the valley, he would try to find a way to end the sorrows of his friend.

It was in the second week of August, when the hay-harvest was about to close, that Sigridur, Bjarni's wife, found fifteen kronur missing from her cloth-chest.

"It's Anna," she cried. "Never before has anything been stolen from this house."

The people were asembled in the living-room.

"There is money missing," Bjarni told them. "Fifteen kronur of my wife's money. We aim to get it back."

Helgi, the hired day-laborer, was the first to speak up:

"I am an honest man," he said. "You can go through my things if you wish to."

The rest of the people echoed him.

"And you, Anna." Bjarni talked over his shoulder. "Can we go through your things too?"

Anna looked around her and as she talked there was defiance in her smile.

"I am not an honest woman, Bjarni, and you know that. Who am I to stop you from ransacking my things?"

But not a trace of the money was found. Among Anna's belongings there was no money at all, while varying amounts in silver and old bills were among the possessions of some of the others.

"The bills were new," Bjarni

said. "Three five-kronur bills, folded."

Then he turned to Anna and faced her.

"I am accusing you, Anna," he said. I'll not have to tell you the reason."

And with Siggi helping her and patting her hands and bursting out sobbing all the while Anna began silently to put her belongings in order.

They took her away three days later. The Magistrate, in a letter answering Bjarni's complaint, was apologetic and mentioned "incorrigibles" several times and stated that the lost money would be paid back if not found.

"There are some people in this world," he wrote, "who neither heed a friendly warning nor willingly accept the guidance of good, honest people. Anna, unfortunately, appears to be one of those. Perhaps an institution of some sort might help her from herself. We will try that; one should never lose hope. . . "

And the people of Cliff Valley repeated the wisdom of his words and shook their heads sadly as the car taking Anna away drew slowly down the mud-road and past the farms and disappeared in the evening mist; while at the edge of the moss-belt high above Bjarni's house a little boy dug his hand into a hole and looked long at three folded five-kronur bills.

"I told you," he whispered, "I told you I would find a way, even if it took me all my life."

●

INCIDENT IN BAALBEK

(Continued from page 5)

drank until mid-night and listened to Du Pontaigne talk in a loud voice.

The major was talking—"You know I would give the fortune of my family to have Marie to sleep with tonight. Did I ever tell you about Marie? It was in Paris before I left to sail for Beirut. She said she loved her fiance."—Here Du Pontaigne laughed before continuing—"She loved her fiance and was a virgin. Did you ever hear anything more ridiculous or more irrelevant?"

"Did she love you?" Revel asked.

"But indeed! That evening, how she loved me!"

"You are foul, Du Pontaigne!" Burr exclaimed.

"You are jealous, Ernst. You are jealous. You English are hopeless." The major roared in laughter.

"Drink, father?" Burr asked Revel.

"No. It is mid-night."

The major interrupted. "You contemptible priest! You still fast before saying mass. You are

not a whole hypocrite, and for that reason you are more of one.

"Fill his glass, Ernst!"

"No! I refuse!" Revel said.

"Pour the drink, Ernst! I will see that he drinks it. Pour the drink."

"No! I warn you, Burr. I do not like the English. I am plain when I say I merely tolerate you. I will stand for no such indignity. I am still a priest of the church."

Du Pontaigne shouted happily, "Pour the drink, Ernst. I will see that this pig of a priest stands for any indignity I say he stand."

"You too, Du Pontaigne, I warn you!"

"Hah! You warn me! You dare! The nerve you, you filthy fat hypocrite. Pour the drink, Ernst. We will see!"

Burr hesitated, but when he noticed the major's eyes grow narrow he reconsidered. He knew the major could detect cowardice immediately and would not tolerate it. He knew too well. In his twenty-two years with the army, the major had personally killed sixteen of his own men for cowardice. He had shot only seven of them. Burr poured the drink.

The priest Revel savagely brushed the drink off the table and slapped Burr in the mouth, cutting the lip and making the blood run down the chin.

"I warned you, you contemptible dwarf! I warned you, you dirty pig of a man! Get out of my sight before I kill you!" The priest was wild with rage, and he beat Burr to the floor.

Du Pontaigne saw the fear and pleading in Burr's eyes. He watched Burr resist desperately at last by kicking Revel in the groin. He said nothing when Burr lay unconscious and bleeding beneath the padre's boots.

"The pig almost ruptured me," Revel said.

"You have killed him."

"So much the better," Revel answered.

"Yes, he's dead," Du Pontaigne said drily.

"You will cover me, of course. It can be arranged?"

"I shouldn't you pig priest, but I would be left on this miserable post without anyone to drink with. I think I will do it. It is not because I like you, though. If this were Paris, I would see you executed with pleasure."

Two hours before daylight, Du Pontaigne slapped the Moroccan sentry for his laziness and kicked him into the room with Burr.

The priest was a witness to the crime. It was obvious that the Moroccan must be shot. An apology would be sent to the British consulate immediately with a promise that the criminal would be punished. Le Pere Revel would say a mass for the unfortunate Burr.

It must be a terrible blow to a man to realize that his eyes are on their last legs.

•

People in glass houses might just as well answer their doorbell.

•

Harvard Man: "Who knocked on our door just then?"

Janitor: "It was me."

H. Man to Second H. Man: "What is he trying to say?"

•

He: "Who spilled mustard on this waffle, dear?"

She: "Oh, John, how could you? This is lemon pie."

•

"Ah cain't come to work tomorrow. Mah little boy is sick."

"Why, Mandy, I thought you said you were an old maid."

"Ah is, but ah ain't one of dem fussy kind."

•

"What's your name?"

"I don't know, but I'm beautiful."

•

"Are you a college man?"

"No, a horse stepped on my hat."

•

He: "Do you believe in free love?"

She: "Have I ever sent you a bill?"

•

"Grandpa," said I, "you're gettin' powerful old and feeble, and I think it's about time you went to the pore house."

"Well, that certainly is mighty nice of you," said Grandpaw, "the sooner the better."

We got in the car and rode for awhile. Pretty soon we came to a large house with a sign on the front saying "County Home."

Grandpaw looked at the sign as we rode in and shook his head. He spat on the ground.

"Hell, son," he said, "did you say pore house?"

THE MOUSE WHO WORKED FOR THE CAT

There was once a cat who was getting too old and fat to run around and catch mice. "There must be some easier way of getting them," he thought and he began to look for it in the great books of the world.

From Mohammed, he learned that if the cat cannot go to the mice then the mice must come to the cat. From Freud, he learned that sex is the greatest power in the world.

The cat combined these two ideas into a plan.

He put an advertisement in the Daily Rodent.

> WANTED: A young attractive female mouse. High wages . Practically no work. Trust me.
>
> The cat in the closet.

Several days passed before anyone answered the ad. Then, one afternoon, an attractive young female mouse named Katie peeped cautiously into the closet.

"I saw your ad in the paper," she said.

"Fine. Won't you come in?" asked the cat.

"What's the catch?" Katie asked.

"No catch," the cat said. "I'll give you all the cheese you can eat just to walk around town once a day in shorts and then came back to my closet."

To prove his good intentions, the cat gave her a pound of cheese in advance. Although Katie was beautiful, she was not too dumb and the cat's proposition seemed reasonable enough to her.

That afternoon, she walked around town in shorts and then returned to the cat's closet. The fact that the two male mice who followed her were never heard of again did not disturb Katie in the slightest.

"They were dumb and the cat would have caught them sooner or later anyway," she told her conscience.

Everything was fine for a week or two. Katie had all the cheese she could eat and the cat had all the mice he could eat. Then, one afternoon, no mice followed Katie home after her walk around town in shorts. The cat frowned but did not say anything.

The same thing happened the next afternoon.

And the next.

"The third time Katie returned without any young men following her, the cat put on his glasses and looked her over carefully.

After a moment, he removed his glasses and sighed.

"Katie," he said, "you have been eating too much cheese. I am afraid that no more young men will follow you home. You have lost your figure. But you are nice and fat now and I am very hungry."

THE BIG BLACK DOG

(Continued from page 10)

of the drug store across the street, and hailed me.

"Hi there!" What hit you, or do you always stand half and half like that?"

I turned sheepishly.

"Hullo, Joe. I got into a mixup with a ten-ton dog by the name of Rollo."

"Rollo!"

Joe laughed and laughed. He sat down on the curb and wiped his eyes and shook with mirth. I grew nettled.

"What's so funny?"

Joe finally calmed himself enough to talk.

"You're not the only one who's been mixed up with Rollo. I bet I've heard a million stories where grief has been caused by that dog. Was the girl with him?"

"She certainly was! That's the only thing that kept me from calling out the National Guard! Look at this." I dropped my glove in his lap.

Joe chuckled. "That's not so bad. Bob Wilson lost his brand new hat, and I think the Gardners are still trying to get their tom-cat out of the willow tree!"

"Let's forget about Rollo. What about that girl? Roughly speaking, she's a pip!"

"That pip is my dearly beloved cousin," Joe grunted as he stood up and brushed his coat with my tattered glove.

"And," he continued, "I'll allow you to come over tonight around eight or a little after. That is, if you really want to meet her. Most of the other guys have, but Rollo has scared practically all of them away. How about it?"

I accepted eagerly. Nuts to Rollo. Why, if I was nice to him without going near him, and hid all loose objects carefully—what had I to fear? Anyway, this might be the beginning of something beautiful, and who was I to let a dog, no matter how huge or destructive, stand in the way of Destiny?

I rushed through dinner, dressed and marched toward the McCormick residence. I had remembered to bring a bone for Rollo, wrapped in the evening newspaper. I was determined to please the beast and show Joe's cousin how much I knew about dogs. The moon shone generously, the air was brisk and bracing, and I knocked firmly on the door.

Rollo met me with a resounding "Woof!"

Joe appeared behind him, dressed and ready to go out.

"Come in, pal," he said. "Della — that's my cousin — Della has gone out for a little while, but she'll be back pretty soon, I guess. I've got a date in five minutes and I'd better get going, so you take care of Rollo. It's okay, he's really gentle, if you don't tease him."

"You say she'll be here real soon?"

Joe edged out of the door and I edged in beside Rollo.

"Yeah. Fairly soon, anyhow. There's the radio and newspapers, and she knows your name—I introduced you by proxy, kind of—well, I'll see you."

"Goodnight, Joe."

Alone with Rollo.

Still in my overcoat, I backed into the living room and faced Rollo, who stood like a black, flop-eared pony in the hall, his head cocked strangely on one side.

"Nice boy," I said.

He padded in behind me, and stretched out before the fire. I hung my coat over a chair, and nervously sat down across the room. He looked like a holy terror.

"Good dog, nice fellow," I said.

One minute went by. I counted every second and breathed as quietly as possible, praying for Joe's cousin to appear.

Rollo sniffed the air and stood up.

"Take it easy, Rollo. Nice boy."

He went to the chair where I had left my coat and pawed at it. The bone! I had forgotten all about it!

"Good boy, nice Rollo, lie down on the floor like a good dog."

My coat was on the floor and Rollo was on the coat, pawing and probing with his sharp teeth. R-r-rip!! The lining tore easily.

"Cut it out, Rollo. For gosh sakes!"

I crept across the room and gently grasped the free end of the coat. Rollo lay heavily on the rest of it and growled at me, raising his head and grimacing horribly.

"All right! All right! I'll give you the bone, but will you wait?"

As I pulled, Rollo fixed his great jaws into the coat and pulled also, dragging me around the room. When I saw the futility of all resistance, I released my grip and Rollo backed quickly into a small table, which fell with a clump and a smashing of glass. A couple of chairs also overturned.

"Hey, somebody help me with this dog!"

The door opened and Joe's beautiful cousin marched in.

(Continued on page 23)

TO NOWHERE AND RETURN

(Continued from page 13)

It's likely we'll find her if she didn't go too far."

Dolwait went home alone, angry, and told his wife.

"I'd rather Bill Walters had her than she'd gone off alone," she said, and returned to her kitchen.

IV

The officer rose from the empty coffee cup and strolled over to the cash register. Ann watched him paying Miller and talking to her employer. She knew what had been said when Miller glanced at her suddenly, then turned back to the policeman. She had started to the kitchen when Miller called her. She had not thought of giving him a false name. He called her Miss Dolwait.

"He says he thinks you ran away from home?" Miller said. "Did you?"

"I never ran away," she cried. "I never ran away. I live here. I just wanted a job."

"He says the description fits, and the name."

"I guess you'd better go to the station," the officer told her.

"I don't want no girl that ran away from home," Miller said to her. "I don't want to have no trouble. You better go with him."

At the police station she was induced to admit her identity. Another sergeant similar to the one at Little Rock wrote her name in a large docket, and scribbled a number in a square beside her name, the date and the hour.

A sleepy turnkey led her back to the jail, where she was locked in a cell with three other women who slept. One of them roused when the steel door clanked shut, stared drowsily at Ann, and flopped back on her bunk, asleep at once.

Four bunks, two on each side, one above the other, were the only furniture of the cell. One of the uppers was empty, and she clambered into it. It was hard and cool against her. A small blanket and a thin pallet were on it, but she did not get under the blanket.

In the night heat she lay thinking of the next day. She wondered how they would take her back, on a bus or train, or in an automobile. Perhaps they would keep her until her parents or someone came for her.

"I won't go home," she said to herself. "Living like niggers. That's no way to be born. I won't let it be born at all. I'll kill myself, too."

She cried herself into fretful sleep as the false dawn lightened the window of the cell.

V

"He'll marry you," he said. "I'll see to that. It was Walters, wasn't it?"

"I guess I don't know," she said. "It just happened."

"Then he'll do," Dolwait said. "I know none of the others. I'll get Walters." He was for leaving at once.

"I don't reckon that'll do any good," Ann said.

"It'll get you married, you little fool. You can't just have a baby without a husband."

"I guess I've got one," she said.

"You've got what?"

"A husband."

"Are you crazy? A husband?"

"I got married once."

"Who to, for Christ's sake?"

"His name was Bobby. I don't remember no more. He had a car and took me to Benton and got a license."

"A license?"

"He told the man I was twenty-one, and they married us."

"Where is he? Where is the man that did this? Why didn't you tell me this, you fool?"

Dolwait had taken her arms in his tight hands. She did not flinch although he knew he was hurting her.

"I don't know. I don't remember his name. It was last winter, and all I remember is he was called Bobby, and he had a car, and he worked at the defense plant. He said he was from St. Louis."

"And he's g o n e," Dolwait shouted. His voice had risen so that his wife had returned to the room. "Your daughter's married. But she hasn't got a husband. Oh, no. He's gone. She let him get away. And now she's got a baby. Where's the license?"

The last was addressed to Ann.

"I guess he took it. I don't remember."

"You fool. You little fool. Fool, fool, fool."

He struck her with an open hand across her face. Again and again he hit her face, then her body about the stomach. She did not cry out, but her eyes watered until she slipped to the floor unconscious.

Mrs. Dolwait watched, her face expressionless.

"You've killed her," she said to him.

"Why not?" he shouted. "But I haven't. I've only destroyed what's inside of her. Let her leave now. Let her have her men, and let them have her. She's worthless to me. I'll have nothing to do with her."

He strode from the room, out of the house, and down the dirt street. Mrs. Dolwait fetched a basin of cold water and bathed her daughter's face. She watched the color return to the bruised skin. The girl groaned but did not open her eyes.

"He'll come home again," Mrs. Dolwait said to her daughter. "He'll be back, and I guess after awhile he'll forget it. It'll go on like it always has. I guess it'll be all right in the end."

Autumn in the Marathon

An Oratorio with Flute and Zithers

for Earl Hansford Martin

by ROBERT LAX

FIRST VOICE: Outside, outside, the driven leaf
Falls blindly to the untorn earth;
The season with a sigh returns
To bury what was brought to birth.

SECOND VOICE: The autumn-colored soldiers go
(With suits of brown, with faces red)
To equinoctial ladies linked
In search of wine, in search of bread.

FIRST VOICE: The road is like a lake in sun,
The street is like the morning's mirror;
The winter weather on the run
A treadmill keeps from coming nearer.

SECOND VOICE: O grasp the moment while you can
Bright autumn will not last forever;
Her sharply worded telegram
Is short; but winter's endeth never.

THE ZITHERS: For if the sun has sputtered out,
Then winter is the world's last season;
(Which is anathema to faith,
But fitteth hand in glove with reason)

THE FLUTE: Now in the lonely afternoon,
Over the cup of coffee sit;
Drink slowly, smoke some
And speak low:
(The word you mumble
May be it.)

The word you choke on
May withhold
The secret of the turning world
And in some half-heard syllable
The new Jerusalem lie furled.
The living seed we sow for spring
Is camouflaged in stammering.

FIRST VOICE: For autumn is a kind of wine
To loose the tongues of summer's dead;
And to the soul's anhungering
The autumn is a kind of bread.

SECOND VOICE: So in the coffee of the afternoon,
In view of the street,
In the corner booth,
Drink slowly, smoke some
And speak low,
And whittle lightly at the truth.

A LOVELY VOICE: Your eggs is ready.

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THE COLBERTSON SYSTEM

(Continued from page 7)

throat.) "Been playing long fellows?"

Fellows: (in unison): "Foolish knave, art thou jesting or dost thou consider thyself a judge of time?"

I stopped running long enough to catch my breath, and found that I was at the infirmary. I noticed that every time I spoke, there was a faint clicking in the back of my throat and that I was breathing air in—but not back out. After my interview with Dr. Smith, she ordered the nurse to give me the test.

"What test?" I asked the nurse.

"THE test," she replied, rolling her eyes in sheer ecstasy.

I didn't know what to expect. I was ushered into a large room with a square table in the middle, and a peculiar machine at one end of it. By now I was slightly frightened. I didn't want *THE test*—I just wanted to go back to my cold, dingy room. Then, the nurse walked in. I expected to see an enormous needle in her hand, but instead she had a little stump of a pencil. She was still rolling her eyes. She came closer. The test was coming. Then suddenly, she shouted, "Do you play Culbertson or Peterson?" I was dazed, but managed to scream, "I play COLBERTSON."

When I awoke, I found I was in a nice, cool bed. No blankets. As soon as the other occupants of the room saw me open my eyes, they shoved a small table to my bed and from out of nowhere I found that three players were sitting down, the cards had been dealt, three people had passed, and it was my bid. Looking at my

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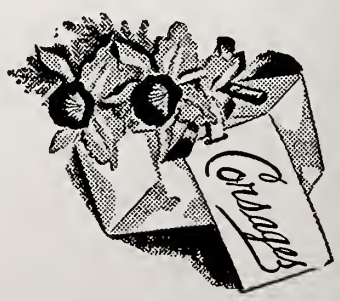

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hand I noticed that I had a singleton in hearts, so naturally I bid "One heart." My partner gasped. Immediately I knew he had seven hearts in his hand. There was a mirror in back of him.

Well, naturally with seven hearts in his hand, the only bid he could make, was 2 no trump. I figured that he was going into blackwood now, and as I had three kings, I bid, 4 spades.

At this point my partner doubled, I redoubled, but we never did finish the game. In fact we didn't even start it.

Me: "One heart."

One of the partners: "Let me think . . . Hmm. Pass."

My partner: "2 no trump."

The other guy: "That reminds me of a parable they tell in Scranton, Pa. It seems that four men were floating down the river on a marble slab when they decided to play some bridge. Naturally, they . . .

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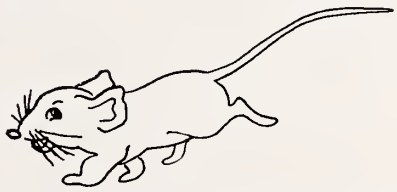

THE BIG BLACK DOG

(Continued from page nineteen)

"What has happened?" she cried. The room looked terrible.

I didn't stop to explain. I rushed past the girl, I grabbed my hat, I ran swiftly out of the open door and I didn't look back for Rollo.

It's not the overcoat, or the glove, or the fact that I haven't seen Joe McCormick or any of his family since then that bothers me—I just can't figure out why it had to happen to ME. And it's a funny thing — I used to like dogs, but now I can't seem to get enough of cats. A little later I bought the Gardners' cat, and now there are kittens all over the place. Cats and kittens are wonderful things to have around the house, they're so quiet and gentle, and they don't disturb a person the least bit.

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VICTORY IS HIS BUSINESS

(Continued from page 8)

again. Some say that Kenan stadium will not be able to hold the crowds which will be seeking to see proteges of Snavely and Wade meet in battle. That's neither here nor there but you may bet another dollar that Snavely and Wade will be in the headlines not only in the South, but all over the nation.

Snavely accepted the position as football coach with the University of North Carolina on December 20, 1944. He will report for duty sometime next month and will start formulating plans for spring practice. Only awaiting the approval of the Board of Trustees, Snavely has a five-year contract with Carolina.

If Snavely remains here, just wait and see if victory isn't his business.

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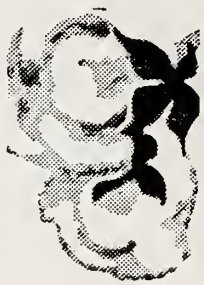

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THE Carolina Mag

MARCH, 1945

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¶ Published six times a year, October to May inclusive, by the Carolina Publications Union of the University of North Carolina. ¶ Material appearing in the columns of THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE may be reproduced in part or in whole only with the permission of the Editor. ¶ Address all communications to the Editor, THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE, Chapel Hill, North Carolina, Box 717, or to Graham Memorial. ¶ Contributions are welcomed from those other than undergraduates, but in all cases manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. ¶ Subscription price of $1.50 per year. ¶ Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879—pending.

More Dangerous Than Nitro

by BOB MORRISON

YES, there's no doubt about it. There is a liquid so potent that it can—and has—blasted useful lives off this doomed planet. INK! If you don't believe that ink has caused more wailing, just listen to this wedding story quoted from the *West Virginia Mountaineer*:

"The bride was gowned in white lace. The bridesmaids' gowns were punk. The whole color scheme of the decorations was punk. Seventy-tight guests attended the wedding which was hell in the bride's home."

Wedding stories are always the most difficult and most explosive. Guys returning from honeymoons to read the stories of the most sacred times of their lives are quite a difficult crew with which an editor must deal.

A paper in Knoxville, Tennessee, provides this interesting comment: "After the wedding ceremony the violinist played the old hymn, 'The Fight Is On.'"

The typographical error has caused many an editor to die young. The gremlins get into the linotype, they play tricks on the eyes and fingers of the linotype operator, they invade the makeup table, and the proofreader is completely conquered by the little things. You can read the proof page over with the maximum of care; the whole staff can read it—and everything seems O. K. So you give the printer the signal to go ahead, and what do you see when you pick up the last paper that comes off the press? Standing out among all the rest, you see something like this:

"It was a scene never to be forgotten when Roosevelt, before the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and a few witnesses, took his bath."

Or you may see this:

"England is suffering from a plague of aunts. In many houses they have visited rooms on the second floor."

Or even this:

"Mrs. H. M. Miller sued her husband for divorce and separate maintenance, alleging that on the morning of May 4, he subjected her to the ignominy of being continued at the top of column 8."

The Idaho Statesman printed: "After Governor Baldridge watched the lion perform, he was taken to Main Street and fed twenty-five pounds of raw meat."

The country folk of Iowa woke up one morning to read in the *Des Moines Register* that "The farmers of Bloomington township, north of Lamonia, have called a meeting for March 16 to form a protective chicken-stealing association."

"The big Sunday School Picnic was a hug success," said the *Overbrook News*. The *Newport News* declared, "Rev. Horace Jones returned from his Twin Cities yesterday, and will take up his cuties in the church."

Much woe befalls the editor who gives the printer credit for having too much sense. In the early days of his career, Bret Harte, a rather well-known short story writer, was editing a small California paper. It was his painful duty one time to write an obituary for the highly respected wife of a leading citizen. Harte concluded his remarks with the sentence, "She was distinguished for charity above all the other ladies of the town." According to tradition, the proof came back with a mistake, namely, "She was distinguished for chastity above all the other ladies of the town." Harte merely placed a large question mark in the margin of the proof to refer the printer back to the copy. To his horror, on the following day the paper appeared with this statement: "She was distinguished for chastity (?) above all the other ladies of the town."

Campus terminology caught the light when one of the big Washington dailies ran a report about President Roosevelt being sick with a bad cold. The headline read, "President Kept to Room by Coed."

I got my baptism of fire while editing proofs for the *Hickory Daily Record*. One of those wedding stories came up again containing the sentence, "The ring ceremony was used after the cows were heard." I thought I knew the linotype operator pretty well so I just made a caret after "cows" and wrote in the query "Were they Herefords or Guernseys?" I was sure that my old friend the linotype operator would get a big laugh out of that. The matter left my mind until that evening when the paper came out with "The ring ceremony was used after the cows Were they Herefords or Guernseys? were heard."

Be careful how you spread ink . . . it's a liquid more dangerous than nitro-glycerin!

JOKES

An unobtrusive gentleman in the museum was gazing rapturously at a huge oil painting of a shapely girl dressed in only a few strategically arranged leaves. The title of the picture was "Spring."

Suddenly the voice of his wife snapped: "Well, what are you waiting for . . . Autumn?"

•

Lady: "I'd like some silk for my settee, please."

New Clerk: "Lingerie, third aisle over, Madam."

•

A soldier on the march felt something in his boot. His toe became painful and he was limping badly by the time he got back to camp. He took off his boot and found a pellet of paper lodged in the toe of the sock, on which was written, "God bless the soldier who wears these socks."

•

Waitress: "And how did you find the apple pie?"

Diner: "I moved the bit of cheese aside and there it was."

•

The transport was shoving off for the Orient. Two little "cute things" were waving goodbyes from the dock.

"I think it's a shame," said one, "to send all those nice Marines to China. What will they do there?"

"What'll they do?" replied the other. "Ain't you ever been out with a Marine?"

•

Teacher: "Johnnie, did you want to leave the room?"

Johnnie: "Say, teacher, you don't think I'm standing here hitch-hikin', do yuh?"

•

Anyone can play bridge, but it takes a cannibal to throw up a hand.

"Maybe if you smoked Sir Walter Raleigh, we could get some service."
Smokes as sweet as it smells
"... the quality pipe tobacco of America"
UNION MADE
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS
FREE! 24-page illustrated booklet tells how to select and break in a new pipe; rules for pipe cleaning, etc. Write today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

First Steno: "Are you gonna be busy tonight?"

Second: "I dunno. Depends on the guy I'm out with."

•

Mary had a little lamb,
Some salad and dessert,
And then she gave the wrong address,
The dirty little flirt.

•

"I wish I could," sighed the overly stout lady ruefully as she gazed on a sign in the grocery store reading: "Give your fat to Uncle Sam."

•

"Did she blush when her shoulder strap broke?"

"I didn't notice."

•

Mess Sergeant: "You're not eating your fish. What's wrong with it?"

Soldier: "Long time, no sea."

He: "I like your form."

She: "Must we go all over that again?"

•

She: "Would you like to see where I was operated on for appendicitis?"

He: "No, I hate hospitals."

•

"He's not as big a fool as he used to be."

"Smarter?"

"No, thinner."

•

She: "Why do you call me 'serial?' "

He: "Because you quit when we get to the most interesting part."

•

And then there was the student who wrote: "Virgin wool comes from the sheep that can run the fastest."

A Bloody Stupid Business

by CHARLES JOHNSTON

THE REGIMENT had been relieved on the twenty-first of April after twenty-six days in the line. For two days in the rear echelon I did absolutely nothing but show up for meals at the sergeant's mess and do a little desultory reading. The British were very friendly, but it was the first time I had been the only American in the mess.

After tea on the twenty-fourth, I was sitting on the running board of my ambulance spitting at intervals and watching the very fine dust particles as they gradually absorbed the moisture.

"Hello there."

I looked up and saw a British officer standing before me. I didn't answer at first, and he was almost ready to apologize for disturbing me when I got to my feet.

"How do you do, sir? Anything I can do for you?"

"Yes. These pips are getting too heavy for me. I just want to talk to somebody."

I noticed on each shoulder two polished brass pips, shiny in the sun. I noticed too that his accent wasn't the old school and Oxford.

"Sit down, if you will, lieutenant."

"You know," he said while seating himself, "I was watching you sitting here for a long time before I came over, and I said to myself—I'll bet he feels something the way I do."

"I hope you're wrong there, lieutenant, for frankly I feel pretty damn low."

"I do too," the lieutenant said.

We were silent for a moment then the lieutenant continued, "You know I never will forgive myself for taking this bloody commission—in this regiment anyway."

"How's that?" I asked mildly, knowing the answer.

"You eat in the sergeant's mess, don't you?"

"Yes. You give us W. O. privileges for volunteering to work with you."

"I know that," the lieutenant said, "but what you don't know is that I'd give my eye teeth to get back there myself."

"Would you?"

"You bloody well bet I would! There ain't a soul for me to talk with in this officers' mess. I thought for a while I could learn the hang of it, but all I found out is I ain't no gentleman and never can be. Oh, they're polite to me and all that. They even try to be what you blokes call a 'regular guy' along with me, but it's no good. It just embarrasses me and them too. And their conversation going back about Oxford and Eton or Harrow, I'm just plain out of. They're not putting on airs, mind you. It's natural for those people to talk about the old school and all that, but I'm just plain out of it. There's a bloke in there will see I'm out of it and shift the conversation, then the others will look surprised, then understand how it is. It's no good. I shouldn't ever have done it."

I shook my head to show that I understood.

The lieutenant continued, "You must feel something the same way sometime—not the same way—but something the same way, being the only American bloke."

"Well, not really," I said. "I've been with the British for over a year now, for a while in the desert then here in Italy. I did feel something of an outsider for a while, but I was never the only American in the mess. It's not that even now, though. I get along fine. It's the war that's got me now."

"The war?"

"Yeah. It's been going on too long. I think if it doesn't hurry up and stop, people are really going crazy. They're crazy now but not all the way crazy. It just struck me that it's asking too goddam much of a man with any sense at all to keep destroying things and killing people and tearing up things and smashing things and getting drunk and laughing and then going out and smash some more."

"Yeah, but I think old Jerry's about had it now, don't you?"

"I don't know. I get mad at Jerry, for in spite of what all the generous and holy mister big minds say back home I don't believe we're quite as crazy as he is. To him it makes sense. It's got to make sense to us too, I guess, or we'll get beat, but if this damn business keeps on going and going and I have to look at it much longer, I'm going nutty. It's stupid, and all of us know it's stupid. In a way it's childish, and we know it's childish. We're up there smashing things and seeing things all smashed up, and then look at each other and say—God we're stupid and this is stupid—and then we get right along with it, smashing up more things.

"Then too many guys get killed and you bury 'em with bull dozers some of them, and there are that many less people in the world. Then somebody you know gets killed, and you bury him yourself. And there's a hell of a lot of yourself that goes in the ground with him. And pretty soon, if you're not careful, you'll bury all of yourself some day and you might as well be dead too. That's what I'm afraid of more than the mines and the bombs."

"It's a bloody stupid business all right," the lieutenant said.

The Skipper and The Blacksmith

by GISLI ASTHORSSEN

YES, BOYS, it was just like it is tonight. We were lying leeward to Breidiklettur waiting for the storm to go over. It was a cloudy night, and every ten minutes or so a shower of rain would hit us and then pass on. It was just like it is tonight, only the boat wasn't the "Aldan" but the old "Mafurinn." Besides the crew we had a passenger aboard.

That storm was no usual January storm. It was a mad storm that tore off the wave-tops and threw them in your face.

But just like tonight we were lying leeward to Breidiklettur; and you can judge for yourselves that a finer shelter isn't to be found on the south coast.

Look over your starboard side and what do you see? Not even a ripple on the water. And it is the same to larboard. And then look over there where the current disappears beyond the headland, and then this way toward that sloping seacliff, and there is a different story. Why, tonight, boys, I wouldn't even say we had a fighting chance out there.

We had a passenger with us that night. It was Gunnar; you know him—the blacksmith. We took him on in Brimvik, and was he excited. Said he had to get to the island at once. His wife was about to have a baby.

That blacksmith really loved his wife. They had only been married a year then; but I am told that he still loves her.

Well, it took us thirteen hours to get under this cliff here. And you know as well as I do, boys, that it shouldn't take much over four.

It was that terrible storm. For a while it was worse than that night the Frenchman drifted clear across the bay and was beaten to firewood on the boulders in the surf. You all remember that. Anyway, I tell you that when we finally beat it under these cliffs here, I felt like thanking God.

But no so that lovesick blacksmith. "On, on," he demanded. "Do you call yourselves sailors?"

(Continued on page 13)

The Doctor's Wife

by GUY NORTHRUP

THE GOLDFISH slid slowly between the ferns in the small aquarium as though they were drowsy in the warm water. The heat was intense even for August.

James Wood sat on a tall stool by a scarred black-top table, and gazed moodily at the sleepy fish. His elbows were propped on the table and his chin rested heavily on the palms of his hands. The fish darted suddenly into the protection of the ferns when Wood rose from his position.

He tore off a stiff leather apron and hurled it at the fish. They were still hidden among the ferns when he slammed the laboratory door. Several minutes passed before the fish were swimming peacefully about in the green water again.

II

"It's God-awful hot today," Leaky Randolph said.

"You wouldn't be so hot if you'd get out of that sun, and set over here in the shade," said Phil Connolly. "You're just naturally too lazy to move your carcass out of the sun."

"It ain't the sun. Damn air's hot everywhere. This damn porch is hot to set on. Don't make no difference where I set."

The dirt street in front of Connolly's General Store was white dust in the August sun. The dust had heaped in ridges and when a car whisked past it rose in a white wake and settled slowly on the store and the other buildings nearby.

Leaky sat on the corner of the porch, leaning against an unpainted wooden post which supported a sagging roof. The sun covered nearly half of the porch and Phil sat on the shady side dangling his long legs to the ground.

"Other people don't just set in the sun when they's hot," Leaky said. "Take for instance the Doc there. Look how he's a-comin' down the street like a wild boar was after him."

"Don't you know why he's coming?" Phil asked.

"How come?"

"Hell, he wants something to drink. Practically every afternoon about this time or a little later he comes marching up the street, sweating like a nigger."

"You don't sell no liquor fit to drink."

"Hell I don't. It don't make any difference. Doc doesn't taste the stuff. He says he don't know what whiskey tastes like. He just drinks it."

"I never seen him drunk."

"Well, he don't stand here at the store and swallow a quart of whiskey. He takes it home. Always buys two quarts. Nearly every day."

"Pretty good man can work and carry a load same time."

"Maybe he don't work."

"What else? Why move a hundred-fifty miles from Little Rock with all that junk, and then not work?"

"Look," said Phil. "It ain't my business and it ain't your business. My business is making money, and if he wants two quarts of whiskey a day, I sell it."

Wood climbed the three steps at the shady end of the porch, and stamped his dusty feet.

"Afternoon Doc," said Phil. "How's things?"

"Too hot for me," Wood said.

"Afternoon, Doc," said Leaky.

"Hello, Leaky. Working lately?"

"Just don't feel like it, Doc. Got an ache in my leg, bothers me all the time."

"Some time when it isn't too bad come around to the house and help me clean the lab. I'll pay you enough to buy a good drunk."

"What'll it be today, Doc?" said Phil.

"Two bottles. Cheapest you have."

(Continued on page 14)

Trouble With a Blonde

by MIKE BEAM

THERE WERE a number of minor love affairs during my primary school days but there was only one major one. She was a blonde. I don't know why it is but blondes have caused me more trouble than anything else in the world and this blonde in the second grade was the beginning of it all.

I remember the exact moment I fell in love with her. It was in the afternoon and she was standing at the window sharpening her pencil. There were two things I liked about her. I liked the way the sun shone through her hair and I liked the smoothness of the back of her legs. Maybe these aren't very good reasons for falling in love and maybe I had no business looking at the back of her legs when I was only in the second grade but that's the way it happened.

I was sick for a whole week after that. A lot of people think this business of not being able to eat or sleep is all a lot of baloney but that's because they never have really been in love. That's the way it is in a major affair and that's the way it was with me.

I couldn't eat because my stomach felt like it was already full of live goldfish and all I could do was think of her when I tried to sleep. A week of being in love left me in pretty bad shape.

It was all I could do to walk to school and I wasn't good for anything but looking at her when I got there. Miss Sawyer, our teacher, would ask me a question and I wouldn't even hear it half the time and the only thing I could do when I did hear it would be to shake my head kind of foolishly.

I never had been considered exactly an ideal student even before I fell in love but I had heard the questions and maybe known an answer occasionally and so Miss Sawyer decided that there must have been something drastically wrong with me. She wrote a note to my folks asking them had they noticed a change in me and did they know what the trouble was. She gave it to me to take home but I tore the envelope open a block from school and read the note and threw it away. It would only have made things worse.

I was like that at recess, too. All the other guys would be playing softball or tag or something but I didn't feel like doing anything but sitting on the steps and watching her. I probably didn't have strength enough to do anything else by that time.

The trouble with that love affair was that it wasn't getting anywhere and I was just wasting away. It wasn't getting anywhere because I was scared to death of her.

I suppose it's the same way with everybody when they have their first major affair but it was particularly tough on me because it had hit me at such a young age. A few years later and I would have at least had the nerve to speak to her and maybe even ask her for a date and it wouldn't have been so bad but all I could do then was to sit somewhere and stare at her and think that she was some sort of a heavenly angel. There were actually times when I thought I saw wings on her.

I had lost ten pounds at the end of ten days and I was about to collapse when I was saved, you might say, by the girl with brown eyes who sat next to me in class.

(Continued on page 23)

Hall On The Stairway

by

W. H. HIPPS

DAVE slammed the door shut as he went out of the house. The reason for his slamming the door was not that he felt bad nor was he angry. None of these reasons explained why he had slammed the door. He slammed it from habit. Dave felt better today than at any other time during the past five years. And all because of one little sentence Lib had said last night.

He started out the door and caught sight of his father's car. His little sister was sitting in the front seat. For some reason her long, lanky 13-year old legs reminded him of that day — it seemed only yesterday—when Lib had sat by him in the same front seat. Chiding, half-seriously, he had said, "Lib, you have so many boy friends you're making me jealous."

Lib had replied, "Dave" in such a way that he knew she thought he was merely joking. Then he realized he was on the verge of falling in love with her.

He went down the front steps, turned to his left and started toward the park. He passed the dogwood tree in his side yard. Bare branches silhouetted against the dark, wintry sky, the tree looked far different now from the way he best remembered it. In his mind's eye he could see pink blossoms against the azure background of a summer sky. He recalled especially well the day he had lain in the grass on his back with his head in Lib's lap and looked long and silently into her eyes and noticed her hair falling in shining waves to her shoulders. He had felt content and at peace with the world.

Dave shook his head as if to arouse himself from a dream and walked on. As he walked along the street, he stared unseeingly at the persons he passed. He saw only a girl who looked strangely like Lib picking apples up off the ground in his father's orchard.

He passed the tennis court in the park. Although his mind told him that bare red clay was the only thing to be seen, he saw Lib, in white shorts and blouse and his brother, clad in blue bathing trunks, chatting and laughing gaily as they played. He wished he could play tennis and cursed the sickness that had crushed and stunted the growth of his infantile body.

Dave walked up the hill to a bench at the top, and sat down with a thud. As he surveyed the park, his gaze came to rest on a slight depression in the park's terrain known to kids of the neighborhood as "the holler" where he and Lib had played with some of the neighbor's children until about 11 o'clock one night. He recalled he had tried to get rid of them by bribes, but they preferred his company to candy or pennies. Later he learned that Lib had previously bribed them with more candy and nickels to stay with her.

Dave looked around him. Above him and across the combination baseball diamond and football field rose a hill on which he and Lib had sat many times. He remembered two or three of those times well.

There was a time Lib had called to him from atop the hill. He had run as fast as his crippled legs would carry him, across the baseball field, and up the hill to her. When he arrived out of breath he asked pantingly "What do you want?"

She had replied, "Did you ever see a nose run?" and burst out laughing. He had joined in her laughter too, when he had gotten his breath back.

And there was the time Lib had hollered to Harry Carver, one of the best consistent hitters on the park's intra-city league softball team "For every home run you hit, I'll give you a kiss." Harry batted out a total of 16 homeruns during the season, but he proved too bashful to collect. If he had been in Harry's shoes—

Dave's gaze ran over the dull, brown, barren rocks in the terraced rock garden. He reflected that it looked different in spring when it sprouted blue and purple and red flowers. He could see, in his mind's eye, Lib coming down the hill, stepping carefully and gracefully from rock to rock. He remembered her best in the yellow bare midriff playsuit with the square necked blouse.

Dave rose from the bench where he had been day dreaming and walked to the house where Lib had lived before, remembering all the while little things—

As he looked at her house, Dave reflected that it sure looked different now from the way it looked when Lib lived there. The hedges were gone and the house was repainted. But he missed most of all the glider on her porch in which he had first discovered definitely there was a wall on the stairway to her heart.

He was sitting in the glider by her side, snapping "snap" beans. He asked then "Lib, you like me as a friend and only as a friend, don't you?"

"Yes, Dave, I do. I could never like you as anything more than a friend."

(Continued on page 22)

THE top of his desk gleamed broad and shiny. Everything else in the room was shadowy in the fluorescent lighting. His face rose pale above the desk.

"How do you do, Miss McArnold? Come in." He had a slight foreign accent. His voice sounded calm and deep.

She came a step or two and then stopped. The shakiness came over her again.

"Sit down, Miss McArnold. Right here."

She felt the sureness in his voice and her trembling stopped a little. The leather of the chair was cool. She leaned back into its wide comfort.

"Miss McArnold," his eyes held hers. "Do you believe that I can help you?" His eyes were dark brown. They were sure and deep like his voice.

"Yes," she spoke for the first time. She was surprised at the steadiness of her voice. "Yes, Doctor, I think you can."

"Twenty-one years old is very young, Miss McArnold. You can help yourself. All I can do is show you how. Relax, Miss McArnold. Think back. Think about anything — when you were a child, when you were in school." His voice had a soothing sing-song quality.

She put her head against the cool leather and absorbed the quiet sound of his voice.

"Think back, Miss McArnold. Think aloud."

"I thought we might introduce ourselves—"

II

She remembered one day when she was eight years old. She had come in crying because the boy next door had called her skinny.

"Why, baby," mother had said, "who hurt your feelings?"

"Mamma, he — he said I was skinny."

"Jean, darling, don't you even think about it. You're beautiful. You've got pure-gold hair and sky-blue eyes. Mother and daddy love you better than anything in the world and you're going to grow up to be a great belle. You'll have beautiful clothes and millions of beaux. Wait and see!"

The tears stopped then. "I'm going to be beautiful," she thought —beautiful, beautiful. She went over to the mirror in the hall. She pushed her hair so that it hung far down her back and she murmured, "Beautiful, beautiful."

III

Jean turned her head on the cool leather. Her trembling began again. She started to cry.

"Oh, Doctor, I was so proud

(Continued on page 16)

by HENRIETTE HAMPTON

A Thing of Beauty

HOMECOMING

by BYRD GREEN

DR. CHASE and his daughter climbed the long hill up to their big white house on top. They were both loaded down with suitcases and hatboxes, for this was Judith's home-coming after four years of college life. Forgetting her hard-earned sophistication, Judith scampered up the steep slope. She reached the top first and paused to wait for her father, who sat down on one of the suitcases and mopped his forehead.

"It's wonderful to be home, Dad," Judith said. "The place hasn't changed a bit. Same old quiet streets and unpainted houses. It hasn't grown at all in four years, I bet. But our house looks as if it's just been painted. And the garden looks better than I've seen it since Mother died. Don't tell me you've done all this yourself!"

Dr. Chase laughed. "Oh, no. You know me better than that. I've got a colored boy who's been working around here for a couple of weeks."

"Do you mean he did all this in so short a time?" Judith asked.

"He did," her father answered. "And not only that but you should see how he's fixed up the house. Your old room has been repainted, the floors waxed, and all the windows washed. He's the most efficient boy I've found yet, a little too sensitive, but easily guided. Everyone in town has been trying to get him away from me, but he sticks on here because of Bessie. She's the new maid I told you about. There's some attachment between them, but don't get too curious about it; they don't like it. By the way, you may know this boy. He's Uncle Jim Dawes' grandson Jupiter."

A tall figure with keen searching eyes appeared around the corner of the house, and inquired if there was any more work to be done.

"You can take these bags in, if you will," Dr. Chase answered. "And then I think that's all. Judith, this is Jupiter Dawes."

Judith nodded and the boy murmured, "Howdy, Miz Judith."

"Don't call me 'Miss Judith.' You're older than I am, and there's no reason for it."

Jupiter acquiesced with a "Yes'm," but his eyes were puzzled and hurt as he picked up the bags and entered the house.

Dr. Chase and Judith followed him in and settled in the living room to talk.

"Just as a matter of curiosity, daughter of mine, why did you bark at Jupiter?" the doctor asked. "I know you didn't mean to be rude, but he didn't understand that. And why should you object to his little expression of politeness?"

"I didn't mean to startle him," Judith said. "But I hate any suggestion of racial prejudice, and whenever I let a negro humble himself I feel as if I had admitted a scorn of him. I want to do do something about the terrible condition of the Negro here in the South, and I can't bear the self-satisfied way in which you and the other 'good citizens' let this prejudice grow."

Dr. Chase just said, "I hope that the rest of your generation hasn't drifted as far as you have from the institutions of common decency and politeness. In the first place, you have to know a people before you can influence them. And as far as I know *you* know pitifully little about Negroes other than what you've learned in a sociology classroom. So I advise you not to try to reform the whole set-up in one or two swift strokes. Just try being kind, for a change, and not so eternally conscious of social injustices."

"I'm sorry you don't approve of my unprejudiced outlook. I didn't know you were quite so old-fashioned." Judith turned her back in anger.

Her father laughed. Here was his daughter, a young woman of 21, having a temper tantrum like a child of six. "You know what you need, my idiot child? You need to get married and have a couple of children to keep your mind off your great reforms. By the way," he added, "I hear that Tim is coming back on leave soon. Are you going to accept him like an intelligent female or keep him walking the tight-rope like an ordinary female?"

"I'm not going to marry Tim," Judith declared coldly. "Not that he hasn't asked me, of course. But we're not suited to each other. He's ambitionless and content to

remain here all of his life, while I'm anxious to get out into the world and help improve it. Anyhow, I don't want to marry anyone yet. After a summer's experience here, I'll probably accept the offer to do social work in Illinois next year."

The doctor was still insistant. "You may think so now," he said, "but I'll bet that I have a son-in-law named Tim within a year."

"I see it's useless to argue with you. Perhaps I'd better go and unpack."

Dr. Chase gave in to her, as he always did in the end. "All right, hon. Go on up. And please don't be angry about this little discussion. It's just that I like Tim so much, that I hate to see you miss such a good opportunity."

Father and daughter smiled at each other, and walked to the stairs arm in arm. "By the way," Dr. Chase called up to her as she climbed the stairs. "After you get through up there, how about instructing Bessie about supper."

II

An hour later Judith had finished unpacking and came downstairs to see about supper. An unusual sound stopped her. From the kitchen came the mellow strains of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." Judith paused outside the door as the low, rich, almost aching tones filled the air. Then, curious to meet the singer, she slid through the swinging door into the kitchen. A young colored girl of 21 or 22 was industriously drying dishes, singing effortlessly. Suddenly the floor boards creaked and the girl turned around, surprised into silence.

"Excuse me for stopping you," Judith said. "I'm Dr. Chase's daughter, Judith. I guess you're Bessie, aren't you?"

The girl nodded and smiled shyly in acknowledgment of the introduction. "Ah hope ah did'n bother ya wid mah singin'," she said. "Ah didn' know yah was heah yet."

"Oh, don't apologize, Bessie," Judith said. "I enjoyed it. Did you know that you have a marvelous voice? It's really superb. Why don't you do something with it?"

"Oh, ah do," Bessie claimed proudly. "Ah sings in de church choir!"

Judith laughed. "Don't be foolish, Bessie. I mean something big. Music school, concerts, a real career! Now, what could you ever do with it here?"

"Well, Miz Thompson, de lady dat leads our choir, sed dat someday ah cud be de soloist!" Bessie was proud of her accomplishments.

"I think your voice has great possibilities," Judith insisted. "You should go up North, study music awhile, and then get a po-

sition singing. Think it over, and if you ever want to do anything about it, I'll be glad to help. I have enough money to put you through school, if you want to go. And then you can pay me back later when you get a job."

"Thank ya, Miz Judith, but ah think ah'll stay heah.," Bessie said. "But wut about supper? It's already five o'clock an' de doctah ain't told me wut to have."

"Oh, that's right." Judith remembered her father's instruction. "Dad wanted me to arrange about supper, but you do it, Bessie. It'll be good practice for you, and you know more about it than I do anyhow."

"Ya mean ah kin jes cook anythin' ah want to?" Bessie asked incredulously.

"Of course, Bessie," said Judith. "Well, I'm going upstairs to write some letters. Supper at seven?"

Bessie nodded, still puzzled, and Judith left the room.

III

Judith came down late to dinner to find her father staring in silent rage at the food before him. When he saw her he exploded verbally. "Good Lord! What do you mean by telling that girl to serve me corned beef and cabbage? You know I can't eat it. You of all people should remember what it does to me."

Judith giggled as she remembered the last time her father had been tempted to eat this delicacy, and the agonizing results.

"Listen here, young lady, this isn't funny. Here I come home after working hard at the clinic, expecting a good hot meal. And what do I find? Something I can't even eat!"

"I'm sorry, Dad," Judith said. "But I thought Bessie knew."

"You thought she knew? You mean you didn't even tell her what to fix?" Judith nodded and opened her mouth to defend herself. "Just a minute, Judith," Dr. Chase interrupted her. "Let me talk. Just how do you expect the girl to learn if you don't teach her a few things. After all, she's only been here a week and you've been here for 21 years. If there's any method in your madness, for heaven's sake tell me, before I decide I've raised a complete idiot for a daughter."

"Don't jump at conclusions, Dad. I did have a reason," Judith said. "How can Bessie ever learn any independence and originality unless she is given an opportunity to work on her own?"

"That would be all very well if you were working under ideal conditions," the doctor answered. "But Bessie can't be expected to know my preference by womanly

intuition; she has to be taught. Something like that can't be done suddenly. It has to be a gradual process. So let's keep her old-fashioned and docile for awhile, and maybe later you can make a modern independent woman out of her.

"Now let's get Bessie to fix us some bacon and eggs, and we'll just forget about this. No reason to spoil your first day at home." They smiled at each other and supper continued in a gayer mood.

IV

Several days passed in happy serenity. Judith fell back into the household routine, and for a while was happy without exercising her reforming instincts. A telegram from Tim upset her equilibrium, reminding her unpleasantly of her resolutions. The wire was innocently worded, but Judith divined the hidden meaning.

ARRIVING ON 10-DAY LEAVE MONDAY NINE P.M. MAKE UP YOUR MIND. ALL MY LOVE, TIM.

Here was an ultimatum that she couldn't ignore. But her own stubborn aspirations, her vague grudge against her father, and the inspiration of Bessie's talent all urged her on in her ambitious drive toward successfully reforming the social set-up in Four Oaks.

The more Judith heard Bessie's voice, the more soaring and persistent were her hopes for the girl. Although Bessie seemed to shy away from further discussion of the subject, Judith dropped hints of a romantic future which rather wore down Bessie's resistance.

Two weeks after her arrival, Judith entered the kitchen to help Bessie with lunch, and found the girl angry and sullen. After much questiong. Judith finally found out that Bessie and Jupiter had been quarreling. The cause was veiled; it seemed to be something about Bessie's relationship with Judith. Deducing that Bessie must have defended her in the argument, Judith seized her opportunity.

"I think it's cruel of Jupiter to brow-beat you the way he does," she said. "I wouldn't take it if I were you. After all, you're much too good for him. Everyone knows that. It would just be throwing away your talent if you ever married him. He's jealous and moody, and wouldn't make a good husband. What kind of a life would you have with him? A fight every day or two, and five or six kids you couldn't support! It would serve him right if you got out of here and started your own career apart from him. Then maybe he would appreciate you!

Bessie was angry now and Judith's words confirmed her own unspoken suspicions. The credulous girl saw through Judith's soothing tales a world of fame and luxury in a far-off fairy-land. And yet the more tangible picture of Jupiter without her and herself without Jupiter stood in her way.

"Ah can't, Miz Judith, don' ya see ah can't? It'd hurt Jupiter. He loves me, an' it'd hurt him deep." Bessie was near submission but made one last appeal to the humanitarian side of the problem.

"Bessie," Judith reasoned. "He's not good enough for you in the first place, but if he really loves you that much, he'll not give up that easily. Besides, there's more involved than just you and Jupiter. You possess something that the whole world deserves to share, and you have no right to deprive people of it just for the sake of your own very doubtful happiness!"

Judith was inspired with the idea of *her* protégé becoming one of the greatest negro singers of all time, and only because she, had shown Bessie the right path to take. Bessie was also seeing her name in lights and when Judith renewed her offer of financial assistance, the plot was as well as carried out. The two girls were as excited as mischievous children. Bessie was to leave for New York on the 8:15 train that same night, thereby preventing another interview with Jupiter. This unfortunate individual was to be notified by a note from Bessie, in which she might even hint at a future reconciliation if she thought the stark news was too cruel. Judith gave Bessie all the information she had at hand, which was not much, about the ways of selecting a music school once she got to New York.

V

Judith felt that her duty was done after seeing Bessie off on the train, and she dropped wearily on the bed as soon as she reached home.

She was awakened suddenly by the sound of heavy footsteps on the stairs. It was almost midnight, and Judith hurried to her father's room to see what emergency could have kept him out so late. She opened the door quietly and saw her father standing by the window with bent shoulders and bowed head.

"What is it, Dad?" Judith asked in alarm.

Dr. Chase turned around slowly and faced his daughter with a cold stare. "I just came back from Uncle Jim Dawes' place. Jupiter is dead. Run over just outside of town by the 8:15 north-bound limited. Suicide."

Judith gasped, "What could have made him do it, Dad? He wasn't worried about Bessie, was he? She sent him a note explaining everything."

Her father interrupted, "Yes, we found that note, and it was

that which caused Jupiter to kill himself."

"You little fool," Dr. Chase snapped out of his trance and turned accusingly, on his young daughter. "Don't you realize that you can't go altering people's lives to suit your own idealistic dreams? In your great reform movement you have forgotten that a negro is a human being, as sensitive and easily broken as you or I. They are not mere puppets that can be shifted at will. Today you have done something, committed a crime in fact, that you should never forget. If this doesn't teach you the lesson of true humility, then nothing will.

"More than one life has been destroyed in your day's work. Uncle Jim is a figure that would fill any heart with grief. He's just been sitting in his old rocking-chair ever since they brought Jupiter's body back, saying nothing, just rocking back and forth with silent tears running down his face. Nothing any of us could do would help him."

An inkling of the real tragedy of this catastrophe was evident to her, but Judith was unwilling to admit that her course would not be the best in the long run.

"This may be a momentary tragedy, Dad," Judith insisted. "But I am convinced that what Bessie and the American public will gain from her study of voice is immeasurably greater than what a broken old man will lose by this accidental death. After all, what I did for Bessie was only fair. I showed her that she really has a chance to make something of herself in the world. Without my assistance she would have lived and died here in poverty and unhappiness."

"And what do you think will become of her up there?" Dr. Chase asked bitterly. "The girl knows nothing, not even as much as you, about big cities. She has no friends and no money unless you've given her some. Her voice is fine, but it needs a lot of training. She will end up working in some factory, cooped up all day in a dirty room and finally dying in an even greater poverty than she would have here. Whereas Bessie would have made an excellent wife and mother she will never be an excellent singer, even if she gets a chance.

"Through your fanatical and romantic talk you have persuaded one person to break with the life she belonged to. You have caused the death of one and the eternal unhappiness of another. And why? Just because you've got it into your head that you are destined to rebuild the world along your own lines. You're as racially prejudiced as anyone else, but you haven't got the sense to realize it. Instead, you try to hide it from the world and from yourself. You fancy yourself as a modern Florence Nightingale, administering to the sick and feeble. But what you don't see is that the Negro, to raise his position, must be-

(Continued on page 22)

THE SKIPPER AND THE BLACKSMITH

(Continued from page 5)

But the skipper just shook his head.

Well, I couldn't blame that blacksmith. Just look over at the land there. When that shower has passed over you can see the lights of the village as clearly as I can see your faces now.

And there we were. Thirty minutes, forty-five at the most, could take us into the harbor. But you just couldn't do it. The storm was as bad as it is tonight; and you judge for yourselves, boys.

And still the blacksmith kept on begging. I'll be damned if there weren't tears in his eyes. He even went to the skipper and said: "Captain, if you'll take me in tonight I'll overhaul your boat for nothing." But the skipper just shook his head; and in the end that poor young fool of a blacksmith lost his head. "But my

(Continued on page 14)

"I had the strangest dream last night."

THE SKIPPER AND THE BLACKSMITH

(Continued from page 13)

wife is having a baby tonight," he cried. "Don't you understand?" It was then that I had to turn my head away. There was an awful look in the skipper's eyes.

You see, boys, I knew something, and the skipper knew something, that nobody else on that boat had heard about. The skipper often told me things that he didn't tell the others.

That blacksmith boy kept on begging and begging. All the time the storm raged and the captain cursed and the rain showers fell on us. I didn't like it at all, boys. I was sorry for the blacksmith boy, I was sorry for the captain, and I was getting damned tired at looking at the lights in the village like we do tonight. So I was glad when the skipper finally gave in.

He called to us where we stood at the foremast and asked us whether we wanted to make a try at it. We answered that we might as well do it. The bottom of the sea was preferable to the blabbering of that blacksmith boy.

Do I have to tell you what it was like? Look at the waters over there and watch that big wave licking the top of the cliff on starboard. A storm? A January gale? No, a mad, terrifying storm that slapped your face till you wanted to cry; a storm that shook the ship like a toy-boat. And the waves? Why, it was a wonder they didn't strip off our clothes.

But we made it. Yes, we made it; but the hatch-way was gone and the rigging looked like pennants.

The doctor was waiting for us on the pier. Not the new one, but the old one who died the year "Kletturinn" went down.

The old doctor stood there at the head of the pier, leaning against the storm, a souwester on his head and that red scarf he always wore waving in the wind.

"Is Gunnar with you?" he called the minute he knew we could hear him. And Gunnar, that blacksmith boy, just stood there and couldn't say a word.

"A good healthy boy for you," shouted the doctor.

"And for me?" called the skipper, and I knew he was excited the way he fumbled and filled his pipe.

Then, boys, old doc laughed and looked at the skipper a long time.

"This time it was a girl, captain," he called: "And it would still have been a boy for Gunnar and a girl for you if you rascals had stayed under Breidiklettur tonight."

The End

●

Prof.: "Can you give me an example of a commercial appliance used in ancient times?"

Student: "Yes, the loose leaf system used in the Garden of Eden."

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE

(Continued from page 6)

"Come on inside, Doc. I got a new brand, only two-fifty a bottle. Give you two quarts for five bucks."

"So long as it isn't poison."

"It's pretty good stuff, Doc. Drank some myself last night. Wife wouldn't sleep with me after. But you ain't got nothing like that to worry about. Come on in."

Leaky watched the pair moving around inside, near the dusty plate glass window. He could see Phil handing two unwrapped bottles across the counter. He heard the faint jingle of the cash register, and then they came out on the porch again.

"Going home right away?" Leaky asked.

"Yes," said Wood.

"I'll walk along."

"What's the hurry?" said Phil.

"Too hot to set still," said Leaky. "Sweat's sticking to me like dead flies to honey."

The two men walked down the

street, kicking up the thick dust which hung suspended in the quiet summer air. Phil saw Leaky's limp disappear slowly as they retreated from the general store.

"Well, I'll be damned," he said.

* * *

James Wood cleaned two glasses at the laboratory sink and returned to the cluttered table.

"Mighty interesting place you got here," Leaky said.

"Say when."

"Just a mite. That's it, right there. Don't look so bad."

"Whiskey's whiskey."

"Now, me—I can take it or leave it," Leaky said. It ain't that I don't like whiskey, but you know how women are. No peace at home if I can't walk a straight line. Women ain't got no peace in their souls. Always raising a ruckus."

"I suppose so."

"Excuse me for being personal, Doc, but have you ever been married?"

"Once."

"I reckon you know what I mean then."

"Yes."

"Wife living?" Leaky asked.

"Yes."

"Divorced, huh?"

"No."

Wood poured into the two glasses again.

Wood didn't reply. Leaky tried again.

"You know, I've always wanted to be rich enough to buy me a quart every day. Take it or leave it, of course. The stuff never gets me. Just drink when I want it, and pass it by when I don't."

"It's okay if you can do it."

"Sure, I can do it. About eight year ago I was coming home drunk three nights out of four. My wife, she put her foot down hard and says, 'Tom'—that's my right name—'Tom, if you do it again you're leaving this house.' So I quit. What can you do? Can't kick a woman out, and I had to sleep somewhere.

Wood poured a third drink for himself.

"Maybe you'd better stop now," he said to Leaky. "You don't want your wife angry at you."

"Sure, take it or leave it, I say."

Leaky went to the door of the laboratory.

"I reckon I'll be going on back to talk to Phil," he said. "Much obliged for the drink."

"That's all right."

When Leaky had gone Wood picked up the opened bottle, and with the half filled glass he left the laboratory. He climbed the stairs to the second floor of the house. A picture of a handsome gray-haired woman sat in the midst of lotion and hair oil bottles on the bedroom dresser.

Wood picked up the picture and returned to the laboratory, refilling the glass on the way down. He placed the picture gently on the table. He finished the first bottle with his eyes on the picture.

"Does it hurt you to watch me?" he said once.

Breaking the seal on the second bottle, he filled the glass to the brim. Raising it as though to toast the woman in the picture, he said:

"Here's to you, my dear, who can't take it, and here's to Leaky who can take it or leave it, and here's to everybody who does take it."

He drank until the glass was empty, watching the goldfish swim about in the small aquarium, seeing their tails flop sleepily in the warm green water.

The End

"I want a perfume that will make a soldier dying on a desert isle think of me . . ."

"Why does a chicken cross the road?"

"To get to the other side, natch!!"

"Who was that lady I saw you with last nite?"

"That was no lady, that was my wife, natch."

"Did your wife like the new bathing suit you brought her?"

"Like it, you should have seen her beam!! Well, natch!!"

It was some busybody who thot of putting the doorknob so close to the keyhole—Natch!!

●

A THING OF BEAUTY

(Continued from page 9)

and pleased. They loved me so. I was all they had and they wanted me to be perfect."

He let her cry. It seemed as though it were a long time. Then his quiet voice came again.

"Think back," Miss McArnold. "Try to remember—little things —anything. Think back."

IV

She could see the comfortable house with its 19th century furniture. There had been a chair, a special antique of her mother's. But it was broken and its back came off when you picked it up. She remembered one night. She must have been about fifteen. The room had been full of girls with long hair and sweaters and thin bare legs beneath short skirts and boys with squeaky voices and fuzzy chins. She had danced with one gangling swain and then another. The other girls danced too or sat around. But none danced with as many boys as Jean.

She remembered noticing Betty sitting in the broken chair. Betty lived around the corner. She wore glasses and braces and no boys ever came to see her or danced with her. Jean always asked her to come over. Something about seeing Betty sitting in the corner moving her hands nervously and glancing wistfully up from behind the thick lenses gave Jean a feeling of triumph—a glow that was new and exciting.

That night Jean had been sitting in the middle of a group of boys, resting for a moment. There came a lull in the conversation. Jean glanced about and her eyes stopped on Betty seated in the broken chair.

"Hey, Bet, bring your chair on over here with us."

Betty jumped up with a slight flush and grabbed the top of the chair. It came loose and the seat fell with a bang to the floor. Jean laughed then, gay high peels of mirth. All the boys laughed, too, louder and harder than she. Betty's pale blush turned scarlet. Her eyes filled and her nervous hands clenched into fists and then unclenched. Jean didn't even notice. She was full of the warm laughs, the gay bantering conversation that had started up again.

V

Jean closed her eyes. The remembering was easier now. Years flashed through her mind. Then sometimes special days stood out alone. Finally, the days she remembered took on a certain significance and connection. They began to form a pattern.

Man with a guitar.

She remembered sketchily all the days of high school. Always there had been boys—boys to carry her books, to hold her hand in movies, to flock to the house at night. Then she remembered a special night.

She was fourteen years old. Tommy Randal had dropped by to see her. He was alone. They had been dancing and the blue ribbon had fallen out of her hair. Tommy picked it up. He was going to tie it back but he never did. He reached out but instead he put his hands on her shoulders and kissed her. At first she was only surprised. Then she realized she had liked it. She looked at Tommy. His breath was coming fast and he jerked out, "Jean, I'm crazy about you." He kissed her again. When he left she found the blue ribbon crumpled into a tight ball.

Tommy was her slave after that. He never looked at another girl. It was just Jean, Jean, Jean. The next week she let Rodney kiss her, then Fred Saunders. She could remember the feel of power it had given her. It was like the breaks at the dances and the boxes of candy for Christmas. She remembered how it had given her a glow. Even the teachers used to tease her about her beaux. How pleased her mother had been and how proud her father was! Suddenly she thought of Tommy again.

His little car flashed through her mind. She could see every detail of it. She could see herself sitting in it with Tommy. It was the night before she left to go away to college.

"You'll forget all about me. I know you will—with all those men at the University and everything."

"Oh, Tommy, no, of course not!"

But she had.

She remembered the next morning just before father and mother drove her to the train. Her mother

had come into her room. They both cried a little.

"Darling," her mother had said, "you'll be the queen of the campus. You're so beautiful and everybody loves you so. Mother is so proud!"

Jean had stopped crying. She began thinking of all the new boys she would meet. What fun it would be to see that spark light in their eyes when they saw her walk across the campus! Big University dances—big football games! The sadness left her. She was filled with the wonderful glow of power again.

VI

Jean roomed with Sara Jane Snow and Rosa Barks from home. They were friends in high school. Betty lived across the hall.

Jean remembered sorority rush week. Rosa and Sara Jane had been very nervous. Jean had said, oh, yes, she was so worried, too. But she wasn't. Inside she felt sure and glowing. The girls always noticed her first at parties. Lots of them would crowd up to talk to her. She laughed and chatted and was very gay. But every night she would say to Rosa and Sara Jane: "Oh, wouldn't it be awful? Oh, suppose we don't get in!" When the bids came out she screamed and hugged Rosa and Sara Jane and all the others like everyone else was doing but she really wasn't surprised.

But when she thought of school mostly Jean remembered sponsoring dances and football games. She remembered joining clubs and being very, very busy. She would drink black coffee and study all night before quizzes and exams. Next morning her eyes would have dark circles under them. She would powder around the circles so they would look darker. She would look wan and wistful. She always got by. Professors seemed almost as susceptible to big blue eyes as college boys.

Thinking of one Sunday afternoon, she remembered riding in Jimmy Simpson's convertible. The music stopped. A voice announced in clipped, excited phrases the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. Jimmy said By God, he'd quit school and go kill his share of the dirty yellow rats. Jean had cried then and said how terrible it was. Jimmy parked the car and put his arms around her to comfort her. She had forgotten how terrible it was because she started picturing herself waving goodbye to soldiers who were marching to the tune of "Over There."

Jimmy quit school. Lots of boys did. But new ones came. They had worn uniforms but for Jean it was pretty much the same. There were still the dances and the line of stags behind her. There was the spark in the eyes of the boys, she passed on campus. There was still the look on their faces as they succumbed. The glow was there until—

VII

Jean turned her head on the leather chair again. "No, no," she said. "I won't think back. I've thought enough and I won't think any more. I can't." She opened her eyes and deliberately stared out of the window.

Then his voice came again with its calm, secure sound. "It's no use, Miss McArnold. You're going to think back. Every day of your life. Every minute—whether you want to or not. Whether you even know it or not. You might as well think now. You might as well think here so I can help you. Miss McArnold, I WANT to help you. Think back."

I want to help you. Think back. The words came over and over again — the words and the sure, strong voice. Her eyes were closing. She turned back to a year ago, to the months she had tried to shut out for so long.

VIII

She saw him first at the library. The red of his hair and the broad outline of his shoulders were silhouetted against the window. He was talking to Betty.

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"What luck," she thought. Old Bet could introduce her.

"Betty do you remember what Dr. Hudson gave us for history parallel? Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to interrupt."

"Oh, you're not interrupting. He gave us Wells and Cromner. On the shelf over there."

There was nothing to do but leave. She looked straight up at him before she turned away. She noticed his strong jaw and the firmness of the way his lips set. Then she saw that the familiar and unmistakable spark of interest had come into his eyes. But instead of feeling triumphant she was excited.

She walked away slowly. She got the books and her coat and she went out. By the time she reached the steps he was beside her.

"Say, Betty didn't get around to introducing us. May I present myself? George Hayden, NROTC, otherwise free, white and twenty and very interested."

She laughed. "I'm Jean McArnold. Why haven't we met before?"

"Haven't been here long. I'm a transfer."

"Oh, I see."

"You're probably a campus queen. Give me another week and I'll have my information all in order."

"Don't hand me a big girl-in-every-port line. I've been around sailors long enough to know." She dimpled up at him.

"Without doubt," he said, "you've heard 'em every one. Could you stand a coke?"

"I'll say! I might even manage to enjoy one with you!" She'd learned to say it in high school. This was the first time she had meant it.

He didn't ask her for a date when he left her at the door of her sorority house. All through dinner she thought about him. She went over the bits of silly repartee they had exchanged. What had gone wrong? What HAD gone wrong?

It was a week before he phoned. His voice was casual. "Remember me? The boy who chased you all over the library the other day?"

"Of course. You're the handsome red-head I found making love to good old Bet in the library."

"Say, this is a bad start. I called up with a peaceful message in mind."

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The Orange Printshop

Chapel Hill

"Let's have it."

"How about taking in a movie with me tonight?"

"There's nothing I'd rather do." She had a date already but she called and told him she had to study.

She hardly saw the movie. She was too full of this new kind of excitement. She glanced at him once from the corner of her eye. He was staring at the newsreel with set concentration.

"It's a hell of a mess over there," he whispered, "I'm about ready to get out of this monkey suit and join the Navy."

"Oh, no, George. It's much too becoming."

He glanced at her quickly and then turned back to the screen.

He didn't say much on the way home but she kept talking brightly. When they got to the house they sat down on the steps awhile. She was shivering a little in the autumn air so he put his arm around her. Still he was silent.

"A whole nickel for your thoughts," she said.

He turned her around slowly so that the moonlight shone on her face. "I was thinking of that thing Keats said about a thing of beauty being a joy forever and I was wondering if you were."

"What? A thing of beauty?"

"No. A joy forever."

He kissed her. It was then that she knew she was lost. There was no look of surrender in his eyes but there was in hers.

"You're beautiful," he said. "You're too lovely looking to be true." He did not say he loved her.

It was another week before she saw him again. The unhappiest week of Jean's entire life. She stayed at home to listen for the phone. She jumped to answer it. Sara Jane and Rosa noticed. Everyone noticed.

"Could it be that the great Miss McArnold is falling in love?" If she had been less distracted she would have seen their gladness as they said it.

"Oh, heavens no," she answered.

"It looks like it to me," Sara Jane said. Her voice was light but her eyes were triumphant. "And with Betty's man too!"

"What do you mean, Betty's man? He's not interested in her."

"Probably not, but you should see HER face when she's with him."

"I never see her with him."

"Well, I do. They take Contemporary Lit. and Philosophy 41 together. They study sometimes in the lib."

She turned and walked away.

At last he called. He asked her to a dance on Saturday. Now there were lights and music everywhere. Now she could laugh and when she wasn't laughing she had to smile. The joy inside of her was big enough to make up for all the week's misery.

She was beautiful Saturday night. He told her so over and over again. Stags flocked around her as usual but her eyes looked for George. It hurt just to see him dance with another girl. She was in love. Now she didn't even care who knew.

After that she was with him most of the Saturdays, sometimes Sundays and during the week. They went to dances and movies. They rode horseback and played tennis. Once or twice they spent an afternoon talking but it was never much good. After a little while he always grew silent. Then he would suggest that they go somewhere or he would leave without asking for another date. Usually when they were alone it was at night. He would hold her face in the moonlight and tell her she was beautiful. He would kiss her and say she was fascinating. He would murmur that she was an enchantress. She waited and hoped but he never said he loved her.

One day she met him walking across the campus with Betty. They were talking intently. He didn't even see her and he passed within a foot or two. She was puzzled and hurt—very hurt. Just the night before he had been so sweet, so full of compliments. She meant to ask him about it but somehow she never could. Their conversations were too full of laughter and smartness. She just let it go.

When the Christmas holidays came she didn't want to go home. She stayed over three extra days to see George even though her father called and asked her to come. All through the days at home she thought about George. Her father was going into the Army but she hardly heard the things he said to her. He would be a major in the Engineers. Would his beautiful girl come to see him a lot before he left?"

"Certainly, Dad."

But she never did. Seeing George again after two weeks was like meeting him for the first time—the same excitement, the same expectancy. She thought he must love her. She couldn't leave — not a single week-end — when there was even a chance of seeing George.

It happened in February. George came to the house one afternoon. She ran laughing to the door. But George did not smile.

"Got a surprise for you."

"It must be something fierce, judging by the sternness of the stare, me lad."

"It's kind of exciting. They're giving all us juniors commissions in two weeks and sending us off to the wars."

"Oh, George, no!"

"Why, baby, you actually sound as though you care."

She had thought she was going to cry but the lightness in his voice wouldn't let her.

"You'll make a beautiful Ensign."

"You'd make a beautiful anything. By the way, they're giving us a couple of dances this weekend. Can you make it?"

"Of course."

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During dinner that night her mother telephoned.

"Mother! Why this middle-of-the-week call? I thought Sunday was our day."

"Jean, your father's coming home tomorrow for a five-day leave. He's finished his training and you know what that means. He's going over."

"Oh, mother, how dreadful!"

"Yes, dear. But we knew that it was coming. I wanted to tell you so you could be sure to come home."

"Oh, Mother, it's impossible this week-end."

"Jean! What do you mean? Your father will be really bitterly disappointed if you aren't here. You know that. Why *can't* you come?"

"Oh, Mother . . . I . . . I've got this *tremendous* quiz Saturday . . . an eight hour. I won't be through in time to catch the bus."

"They would excuse you, Jean. After all . . ."

"Oh, Mother . . . I must hang up. I'll call you and dad . . . thanks for phoning, dear. I'll call."

But she never did. Dad was sweet and kind and she had really meant to but somehow she didn't think about anything but George all week. She didn't see him again until Saturday.

When Saturday came he sent her an orchid. He danced with his cheek close against hers. He smiled at her and admired her dress and her hair. She wanted to talk to him, but he didn't suggest leaving.

After the dance they sat on the house porch. He had his arm around her as he had on the first date. And suddenly he was murmuring, "A thing of joy forever," as he had that other night. Then he kissed her over and over again.

"It's been fun, Jean, being with you," he said at last.

"Have you decided maybe I am a thing of joy forever, George, or not?"

"'Fraid not, baby. A thing of joy for awhile, perhaps, not forever."

FOR EASTER

See

DANZIGER'S

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"George!" She was serious now . . . very serious. "Are you trying to tell me you've been playing all these months!"

"Now wait a minute . . ."

But something inside of her was snapping.

"George, of all the low-down . . ."

"Jean," his voice stayed her. "Don't put on a scene for me. You're beautiful, I was intrigued. I could have gone overboard but thank God I've still got will power enough to manage my emotions."

"All the dates . . . the kisses. Oh, George . . ."

"Darling, don't look as though I'm the only boy you've ever kissed. I know better than that. You're charming, Jean. Could be wonderful in a world of peace and parties. You'd be all any man needed. But this is different. My God, Jean, I'm going to war. I might die. A man has to have something deeper and stronger to love and want to come to than . . . well, just a 'thing of beauty'."

"But George you shouldn't have . . ." She was crying now.

"I don't want to hurt you Jean. That was never the object. It was just that I was intrigued. I never said I loved you. Then these orders came. Well, the playing's over. But even if I had tried to hurt you . . . you had it coming, Jean. Great God Amighty . . . boys your age are having their guts blown out . . . girls your age are starving to death. You're fluff. The world has turned to steel, and you're still stuff!!"

"It's Betty, that's what it is."

"No, I don't love Betty. But, Jean, she's something to hold to. She's intelligence and integrity and unselfishness. Can't you see?"

"No, no," she cried. "I just see I love you."

"Jean, I'm afraid that's just too bad." His voice was gentle now.

Somehow she managed to stop crying. She lifted her head and walked into the house.

IX

When she got up the next morning the trembling came for the first time . . . the trembling and a sort of dull headache. Inside, she felt just numb where for all the years of her life there had been a glow of pride and power. Now there was only numbness. For almost a week it was like that. She went to classes and sat in a stupor. She cried if she heard a sudden

loud noise. And the trembling kept coming back.

"What's wrong with her?" she heard Sara Jane whisper one night.

"She just can't take it," Rosa answered. "Us ordinary mortals can get kicked and go on living. But I guess Queen Jean wouldn't be expected to be normal."

The bitterness in her voice cut through Jean's apathy. She put her head down on her desk and cried again. This time, they were tears of utter defeat.

X

Ann turned her head on the leather chair. She could see through the venetian blinds that it was getting dark outside.

"Well, you know the rest. Mrs. Coleman brought me here. I guess they told you. She thought I was losing my mind. I thought so, too." Her voice had a sort of dead, calm sound.

"You don't think so now, do you, Miss McArnold? Because, of course, you aren't."

"I know. I see it now. I see it all. I'm glad you made me think. I guess Rosa was right. I just can't take it."

"Don't be too hard on yourself. You've paid. A lot of it isn't your fault. One can never be sure where to put the blame."

"George was right. In a world at peace I might have done."

"I hope you'll try, Miss McArnold. I wish I could help you."

"Thank you. You've been very kind. I guess I'll go now. I'll be all right."

She got up slowly from the leather chair. She stood for a minute and looked at the shiny desk top, at the quiet of his face and then she walked quickly away.

His eyes were sad as he watched her go.

The End

•

"What's the difference between a flea and an elephant?"

"Well, an elephant can have fleas, but a flea can't have elephants."

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•

1st Jap: "Why don't Ichi Bichi commit hari-kari?"

2nd Jap: "He ain't got the guts."

•

Tackle: "This match won't light."

End: "Washa madda wid it?"

Tackle: "I don't know, it lit all right a minute ago."

•

Two roosters were in the barnyard when it started to rain. One ran in the barn, the other made a duck under the porch.

•

First Pig: "Heard from your boar friend lately?"

Second Pig: "Yeah, I just got a litter from him."

•

"What have you done," St. Peter said
"That I should admit you here?"
"I ran the Mag," the Editor said,
"At Carolina for a year."

St. Peter shook his head in pity,
And gravely touched the bell
"Come in, poor thing, and grab a harp,
"You've had your share of Hell."

•

Sentry: "Halt! Who's there?"

Voice: "American."

Sentry: "Advance and recite the second verse of the 'Star-Spangled Banner'."

Voice: "I don't know it."

Sentry: "Proceed, American."

•

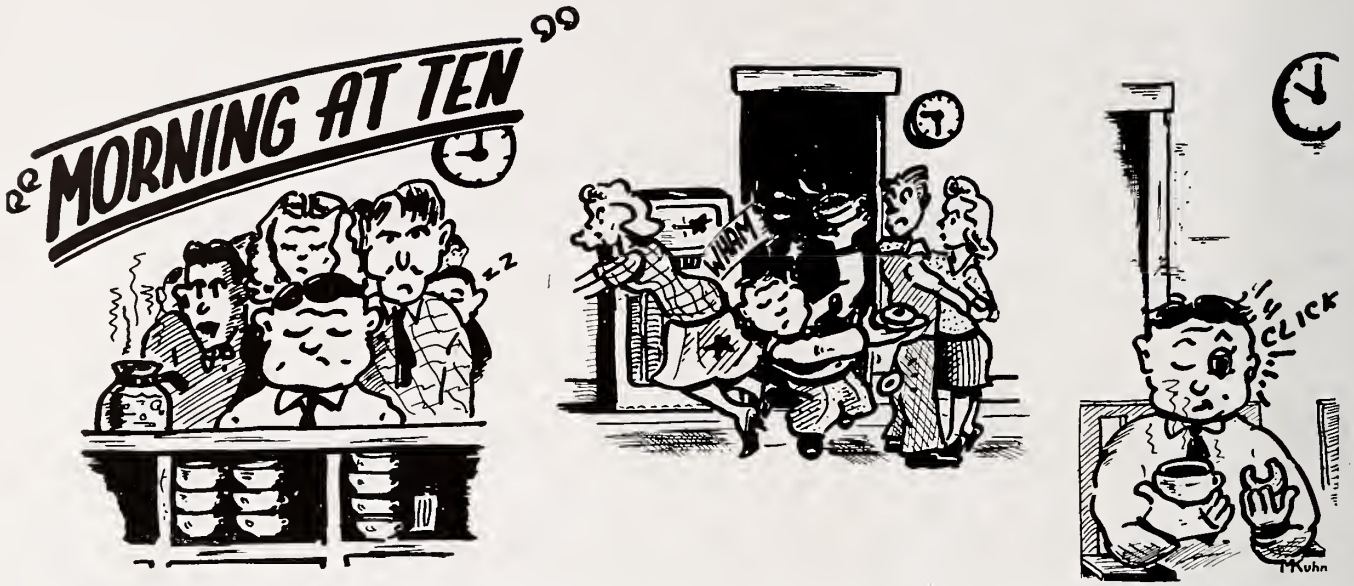
Mrs. M.: "Does your husband talk in his sleep?"

Mrs. D.: "No, and it's terribly exasperating. He just grins."

•

Di-Phi Debate Over PU Board

Sneagle.
Snotaneagle, snowl.
Sneither, Snostrich.



HOMECOMING

(Continued from page 13)

come strong and act for himself."

Judith was stubbornly silent. She refused to humiliate herself before her father.

"I won't urge you to forget your dreams of greatness," he said. "But there's one thing I want you to do, and that is to go see Uncle Jim. You won't accept my condemnations of your actions, but I think you'll accept his."

Judith agreed with a nod and left the room.

VI

The path to Uncle Jim's house ran two miles through a shady wood. The day was cool and lovely for late June, but Judith's mind was too occupied to notice the scenery. She still balked at admitting her errors, but her conscience was no longer clear.

The door of the dilapidated old house was open and Judith walked quietly in without knocking. The old man appeared not to have moved since yesterday. He still sat in his rocker swaying gently back and forth. But the tears had dried on his shriveled cheeks and only an empty hopeless gaze was left.

"Uncle Jim," Judith whispered timidly. "I've come to see you."

The grizzled darky raised his head and stared a minute at her before he recognized her. Sensing what she had come for: to determine whether or not he condemned her for his grandson's death, he came directly to the point.

"Why'd ya do dis to me, Miz Judiff?" he asked. The tears welled up in his eyes, and Judith swallowed hard.

"I didn't know. I didn't know," she murmured.

The creaking of the rocker was the only sound until Uncle Jim said, "Be lak yo father, Miz Judith. Be lak yo doctah, an' jes treat us kinely."

Judith gave in to the sobs she had been storing up for so long a time and sank to her knees, pillowing her head on Uncle Jim's knees. At last she was a child again, a wayward child back home again.

Uncle Jim smiled sadly and patted her head as she wept.

VII

Dusk was falling as Judith approached home. All was silent, and she entered the large empty house with slow and humble steps. The rooms were dark and gloomy. The house needed some happy human voices to cheer it, Judith thought. Dad and Tim and I . . .

From the library Dr. Chase called, "Is that my daughter?"

"Yes," Judith answered. "This is your daughter."

●

Christians are allowed only one wife. This is called monotony.

HALL ON THE STAIRWAY

(Continued from page 8)

That had been five years ago. But tonight Lib had let him know there might be a gate in the wall on the stairway to her heart.

He reached absent-mindedly into his pocket. His fingers closed around a scrap of paper and he drew it forth. He looked at it and even without unfolding it, he knew what it was. He had copied a Japanese poem from somewhere. Putting the scrap of paper back into his pocket, he recited under his breath.

"There are numberless steps up to my heart. He climbed perhaps two or three." He reflected that he had climbed the entire stairway to Lib's heart only to be stopped by the wall on the stairway.

But tonight everything was different. He might be allowed to enter Lib's heart, after all. Tonight they had been sitting on the couch as usual, chatting gaily about inconsequential things. Somehow they got on the subject of marriage and Lib had said,

"You know Dave, I wanta marry a tall handsome man, but I'll probably be an old maid or else marry a little old runt."

●

"It's tough to find, for love or money, jokes that are clean and likewise funny."

TROUBLE WITH A BLONDE

(Continued from page 7)

All I knew was that her name was Jewel and she lived a couple of houses down the street from me but she started walking home with me after school instead of walking with the other girls like she usually did.

Maybe she knew what was wrong with me and knew that something had to be done about it but I didn't pay any attention at first. I didn't pay any attention to her because nothing existed for me but the girl I was in love with.

But after a few days I began hearing some of the things she was saying when we were walking home. She was saying things like I was the best softball player she had ever seen and why didn't I play anymore. It began to be kind of nice having her along and she was just a girl and not an angel or anything like that.

I began to feel better and I was involved in a minor love affair with her before I knew what had happened. It only lasted a few days and it was nothing like the one I had just been through but it was enough to make me forget about the blonde.

I began to eat again and sleep again and play softball and do all the other stuff I used to do.

I m grateful to Jewel. That blonde would have at least wrecked my health and she probably would have been the death of me if it hadn't been for the girl with brown eyes.

The End

●

There once was a lady named Eve,
Who caused husband Adam to grieve.
When he asked where she'd been,
She replied with a grin,
"I've been absent without any leave."

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Bottled locally by Durham Pepsi-Cola Bottling Co.

"You see, sir . . . it's this way . . ."

SWAN SONG

It's three o'clock in the morning. We would have to say that it was even if it wasn't because this is an editorial and this is a college magazine and everybody knows that the editors of college magazines write their editorials at three o'clock in the morning.

Now . . . .

We just got burned by a cigarette and we aren't in the best of spirits. That isn't the only thing that is making us sad, either.

But there's one thing that makes us happy. Really happy. Happy enough to forget about our burned hand.

This is our last issue.

It's all over and we ain't sorry. We can call our soul our own again. No more stuff to read and write and edit. No more cartoonists and photographers to chase. No more poets to humor. No more three o'clock's in the morning.

It's kind of like the end of a love affair that's been going on too long. It's not that it wasn't fun but nobody's grieving now that it's over.

All we can say is goodnight and sweet dreams and good luck to the new editor. She won't lose too much weight after the first two or three issues.

•

An old lady kept a parrot which was always swearing. She could put up with this on weekdays, but on Sunday she kept a cover over the cage, removing it on Monday morning.

One Monday afternoon she saw her minister coming toward the house, so she hurriedly placed the cover over the cage. As the reverend gentleman was about to step into the parlor, the parrot exclaimed in an injured tone: "Holy smoke; this has been a damned short week."

•

From one of our colleagues has come the report of an artificial propagation of a rabbit, which just about takes all the fun out of being a rabbit.

•

He held me tightly in his arms
So I could make no sound,
And took me up to his room
Where no one else was around.
He took off all my wrappings
And gazed upon my form
As I stood cold and shivering
While he was hot and warm.
He touched me with his fevered lips
And placed me on my rear,
He made me what I am today—
An empty can of beer.

•

He (telling joke): "Do you get the point?"

She: "If it's what I think it is, I don't, and you're no gentleman."

•

Milly: "Jim married? How in the world did he ever get a wife?"

Tilly: "Huh. He just sobered up and there she was."

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THE CAROLINA
April, 1945

MAG

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Special credit and thanks to Mr. Pugh, the Staff of the Orange Printshop, the Durham Engraving Company for their help, and to the Duke Blue Dolphin for the use of their picture of President Roosevelt.—C.P.H.

COVER CREDITS

Joe Denker's expert camera caught the two sports enthusiasts, coed Phil Gainey, and Coach Bunn Hearn's star center fielder Bob Fahey, in a moment of mutual instruction, during a lull in baseball practice.

V-12er Fahey is batting third in the Tar Heel lineup this spring after playing basketball on the "B" squad and starring for his ATO mates in the Intramural Athletics since last June.

Phil, the sun-tanned Tri Delt, has made quite a name for herself since coming to Carolina last fall. Originally hailing from sunny Florida, this cute brunette with the winning ways seems to be enthralled with the way Bob bangs out his game winning hits.

This Month's *Mag* cover represents the outdoor theme, which is being emphasized all around the campus, and the interest of the campus in general, and the coeds in particular in baseball and the 1945 edition of the Carolina diamond squad.

Full credit for the cover shot for this month, as well as the pin-up pic on the inside, goes to hard working Joe Denker, long a stand-by for all Carolina publication's photo work. A/S Denker, formerly photographer for the Pre-Flight school, and now a Carolina mainstay, has been wielding lenses and shutters between Hollywood and Chapel Hill.

¶ Published eight times a year, October to May inclusive, by the Carolina Publications Union of the University of North Carolina. ¶ Material appearing in the columns of THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE may be reproduced in part or in whole only with the permission of the Editor. ¶ Address all communications to the Editor, THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE, Chapel Hill, North Carolina, Box 717, or to Graham Memorial. ¶ Contributions are welcomed from those other than undergraduates, but in all cases manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. ¶ Subscription price of $1.50 per year. ¶ Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879—pending.

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EDITORIAL

Here it is, the April (May) issue in all its glory. As the last galley was pasted onto the dummy, we took time out at three in the morning to read over our qualifications, as publicized recently. No comment, except to point out that qualifications for editor of the Carolina MAG are different and entirely distinct from those for other positions. In the first place the Ed. should be able to reel off the digits up to ten with comparative ease, so it helps if one has had some college algebra . . . The present editor took Greek to avoid that issue, which might explain a few eccentricities in the MAG's make-up. There is plenty of exercise involved in this type of office work. After several grueling sessions with the magic margin or the dial telephone we find ourselves able to touch our knees without bending the floor. And as a result of the intellectual stimulation involved in coming in contact with such great minds as contribute to the MAG, we have found the solution to a problem which has been disturbing the great thinking public for weeks . . . why not plant on the campus the same kind of grass used for fairways on golf courses? People walk on that all day long . . . The next issue of the MAG will be dedicated to the good times the graduating seniors had while at Carolina. We are trying to get enough snapshots to fill up a page or two on that subject and would appreciate it if all the seniors would comb through scrapbooks and contribute some pictures . . . Editors should not be required to take fizz ed.—C. P. H.

•

"You can't arrest me. I come from one of the best families in Virginia."

"That's okay, buddy, we ain't arresting you for breeding purposes."

JOKES

"What a lovely fur coat—what did it cost?"

"One single kiss."

"That you gave your husband?"

"No; that he gave the maid."

•

Teacher: Now, children, what great woman's letters reflect the suffering and misery of her time?

Chorus: Lydia Pinkham's.

•

"Teacher, may I leave the room?"

"No, Rastus, you stay here like a good boy and fill up the ink wells."

•

The boss attending a football game spied his office boy in the front row (having asked for the afternoon off).

"So this is your uncle's funeral?" he growled as soon as he could get over to him.

The boy was caught flat but he was a fast thinker. With great presence of mind he replied, "It looks like it, sir, he's the referee."

•

A woman resident in China remonstrated with her house-boy for taking her linen into her bedroom without knocking.

"That all right, missy," said the native, "every time come, lookee through keyhole, nothing on, no come in."

•

A parrot was sitting in the salon of a luxurious steamer watching a magician do tricks. The magician served notice that he was now going to do a trick that was never before accomplished. He pulled up his sleeves and then proceeded to make a few fancy motions. Just at that moment, the ship's boiler blew up. Five minutes later, as the parrot came to, floating about the ocean on a piece of driftwood, he muttered, "Damn clever, damn clever."

POEMS

A POET

A poet must possess
Sensitivity to a dream's caress.
He shall know the passing wind:
Its voice
Its soul
And why life sinned.
And capturing, he shall record
The richness that the words do hoard
In rhythemed line
And flowing tempo.
From bounds of earth
He must be free
So he may capture mirth
And misery
That flow from cloud
And mountain lake—
The laughter loud;
The gloom of a wake.
By doing this his work must be
The truths that he has lived to see.

—Jerry Davidoff.

●

CREDO FOR POETS, PHILOSOPHERS, IDEALISTS AND GROCERYMEN

To think in terms of afterthought before;
To live in present, but understand the past and future even more;
To know the world of make-believe and yet be real;
To mold a plastic world
to stand as steel;
To wander in the garden of the arts and know the earth;
To have correctness, and righteousness but also mirth;
And with every atom we can afford
To be a man, but of no man a ward.

—Jerry Davidoff.

●

PROFUNDITY

The firelight flickers on the wall
And builds queer arabesques that fall
And rise in senseless, rythmic games
To mock the ever-changing flames.

—Banks Mebane.

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The Red Roses

Complete on this page.

by MARKY PARSONS

THE GRAY morning light reached down the length of the hospital corridor to the desk where the nurse on duty was checking over the charts while waiting for her relief to come. It was past time for breakfast. The odor of ham and eggs and ether vied for prominence in the air that rumbled up from the basement plant and fanned out of the grate over the desk.

As the desk bell rang, a light shone on the call board under one of the numbered cards. Wearily the nurse switched off the light and rose to answer the call.

She thought about 326 as she walked the length of the hall. A nice old lady, she thought, and not much trouble, but somehow not friendly. She wasn't the kind you liked right away. Poor old thing, she'll be laid up for weeks with that broken hip. Well, she does what she's told, has no visitors to bother with, no flowers to arrange.

326 lay on her back, her body held rigid by the heavy cast on her right hip. She had been awake and thirsty for what seemed like a long time, but she had felt timid about calling the nurse all the way down there just to give her some ice water. She had reached over, found the little bulb and pressed the button, then she had hastily dropped it, letting her hand fall back on the crumpled seersucker spread.

There was enough daylight in the room now and she could see herself in the mirror on the opposite wall. She stared at the reflection as if trying to discover what secret it kept from her.

Mary was her name, but few people called her Mary. She was called "Miss Simmons" at the small tea room where she took her meals, but that was only when the hostess was there. None of the waitresses knew her name, in fact few of them ever showed any signs of recognition as she came in to dinner day after day. Some of the office staff called her "Miss Mary" but it was mostly "Miss Simmons" there too. There was no family now to call her "Mary" or "Sis." There never had been many friends and the ones she'd had were all gone now.

She wondered what it was about people. They just didn't seem to care about a person these days. All too busy or too important to bother with plain Mary Simmons. They were always rushing away, rarely smiling back at her and even when they did it was a vague impersonal smile that meant nothing. People just weren't the same anymore, that was it. She was so lonely. Her eyes filled with tears as she realized how very lonely she was. There was not a soul in the world who really cared about her.

Outside the door the nurse stopped to adjust her cap before entering the room. As she opened the door and walked in, she felt a sense of pity for this lonely old lady. Crossing over to the bed she leaned over and straightened the blankets. As she did so she saw that she was crying.

"Your side hurt bad?" she asked softly.

She wished she could remember the name. It always sounded better, more interested, if you could call the patient by name.

"Yes, nurse, my side hurts real bad and I was wondering . . . . . could you get me a drink of water, please?"

The nurse took the empty pitcher and turned to go, 326 sounded apologetic, she thought, and she only asked for a drink of water too. The way some patients carried on made this one seem too good to be true.

As she went into the utility room to fill the pitcher, she saw that the day nurse was there arranging some flowers.

"Mornin'," she said, "thought you'd never come on. You'd better take over the desk and leave these roses here. I'll take them down when I leave this water. Where do they go?"

"They're for 326. Thanks, Bess."

The day nurse smiled as she turned to leave. "I'll go the short rounds. You get right to bed when you get back. You look exhausted."

"Yes, I will."

Well, she thought, so 326 does get flowers. I'm glad somebody cares about her. Guess she'll be glad to have these, but who wouldn't? They're gorgeous roses and they don't always come two dozen at a time.

Placing the vase on a tray with the ice water, she carried it down the hall and into the old lady's room. Miss Simmons, that was the name. Now she remembered.

"Here's your water, Miss Simmons, and some lovely roses that just came for you. I'm going off now. Call the day nurse if you want anything and, oh yes, I forgot the card that came with these roses. I'll have the nurse bring it in."

Miss Mary could no longer see her face in the mirror. The roses were in the way. Huge red blooms on extra long stems, they were American Beauty specials. But that wasn't what made Miss Mary's eyes grow misty, or put the radiant look on her face. Somebody cared! Somebody had heard she was sick and had sent flowers. She was wrong about people. They're just as nice as they always were, she thought.

Who could have sent them? Of course the office staff knew she was there, but . . . . . well, they might have! Or maybe the hostess at the tea room. She always smiled at her and maybe she had missed seeing her and heard she was sick. It might have been that nice young man at the drug store—the one who had fixed her cough medicine for her. Last winter. There was no one else. It had to be one of them, but which one?

She pushed the call button again, not timidly this time, but firmly, demandingly and smiled at the roses while she waited.

The day nurse switched off the call light and walked down to 326. When she opened the door she saw an old lady in the bed smiling happily, her eyes fixed on the red roses across the room.

She looked up as the nurse entered.

"Did you see my flowers," she said. "Aren't they beautiful? Please, could you see if you could find the card. The other nurse said you would bring it. I'm terribly anxious to see who sent them to me. It must have been someone who cared a lot, don't you think, to send such beautiful ones? Imagine someone caring about me."

"Certainly I'll get the card. I'll be right back."

Walking briskly back towards the desk, she thought to herself, "Those flowers mean a lot to that old lady. Whoever sent them did more for her than medicine or doctors or. . . . ."

"Oh, how do you do, sir. May I help you?" A tall well-dressed man stood by the desk.

"Yes, nurse, if you will. I'm afraid there's been a mistake. I sent two dozen American Beauty roses to my wife and they have not been delivered. I checked with the florist and they should have arrived this morning." Then laughing a little he added, "She has a roomful already, but today's her birthday and I especially wanted her to have these."

The nurse picked up a florist card that was lying on the desk and tore it into small pieces, dropping them into the waste basket.

"I'll see if I can locate them, sir. If you'll wait here, please." She hurried down to 326, opened the door and said. "I'm sorry, Miss Simmons, but there was no card on your flowers—but I'm sure they are from someone who cares very much."

Back at the desk she faced the man and said, "The roses cannot be located. I'm sorry, sir."

The End

In Memoriam President Roosevelt

ROY THOMPSON

Out of the darkness of depression in the early thirties came a quiet and reassuring voice that told a frightened nation that all it need fear was Fear itself. Franklin Delano Roosevelt spoke, and jobless millions listened as he promised a New Deal for the forgotton man. Under the N.R.A. banner of the blue eagle they followed their champion through four hard years of recovery, and then chose, through a landslide majority, to follow him through four more. They watched silently as the man with a smile fought Congress, Big Business, Big Agriculture, and the Supreme Court for their rights to jobs and a living wage. From coast to coast the nation listened to the intimate fireside chats in which he summarized their progress on the road to recovery.

Then one day the nation knew that it was strong again.

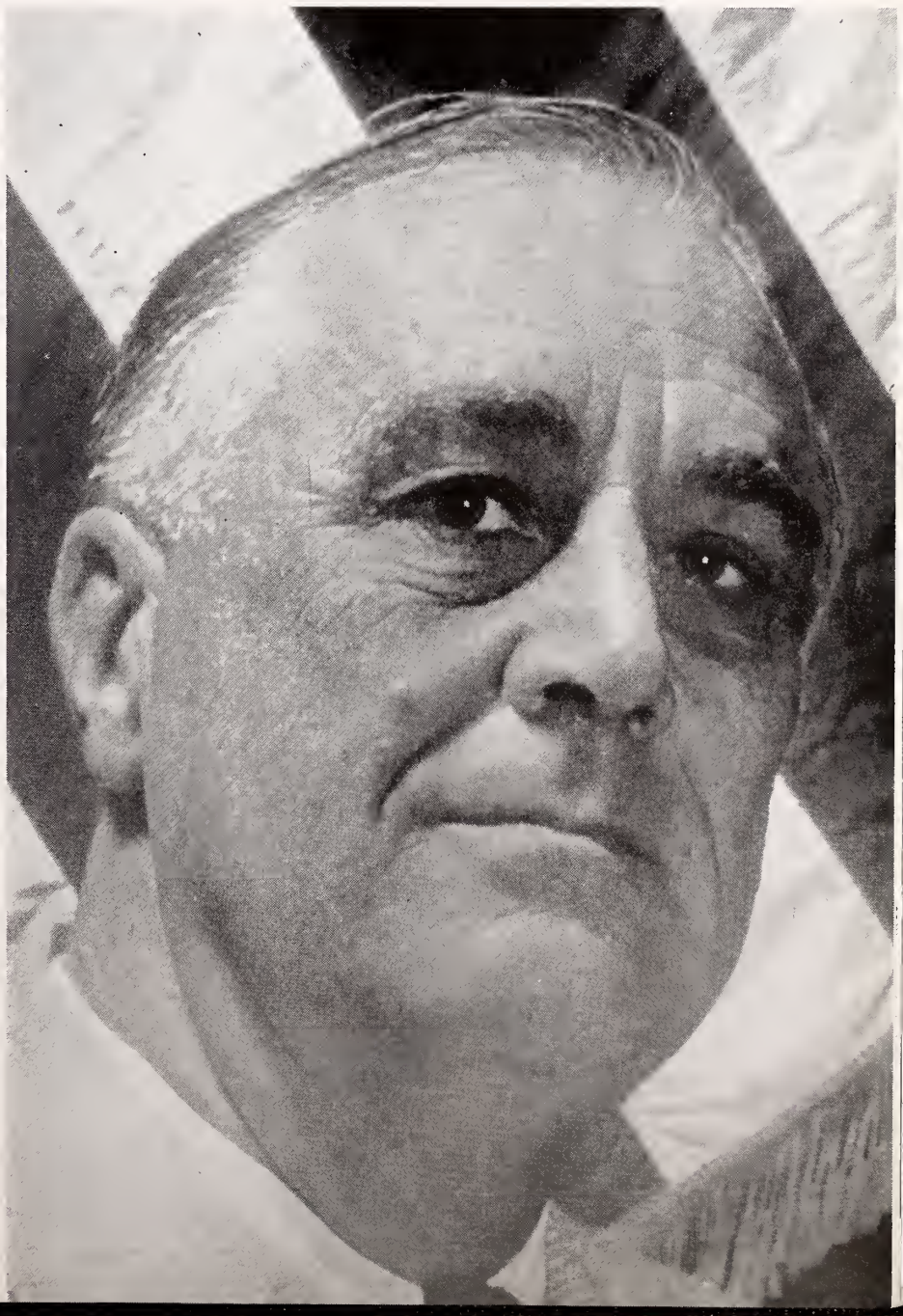
It was time to look around to see how other nations had weathered the world-wide economic storm. To the east was Germany, militantly preparing to avenge what they called the injustices of Versailles; to the west, an aggressive Japan with troops in Manchuria and China and eyes on the Philippines.

Again the nation followed, always slowly and usually protestingly, as the President prepared for the war which he believed to be inevitable. Against determined opposition of isolationist leaders he fought for relaxation of our neutral stand, for the arming of merchant ships, for lend-lease, and for the first peacetime draft in the history of our country. Opposition to the determined leader grew during those bitter days, but the nation's faith was great. Franklin Roosevelt was elected for an unprecedented third term in 1940.

A year later came the disaster of Pearl Harbor, and again from out of the darkness came the quiet voice that promised a waiting nation that the day of infamy would not be forgotten, that the countries responsible for breaking world peace would be punished. Powers unequaled in the history of our nation were placed in the hands of the Commander-in-Chief, and the nation took up arms on the bloody road to victory which led through Tunisia, Guadalcanal, Sicily, Tarawa, Anzio, Iwo Jima, Normandy, and Manila.

Out of the conference in Casablanca in 1943 came two words which inspired the little men of the free world to fight on to an "Unconditional Surrender", and Roosevelt remembered those words when his people called upon him to serve again in 1944. Twelve years of the world's greatest responsibility had taken their toll. He was tired. He wanted rest, but there was no peace for Franklin D. Roosevelt until

(Continued on page 20)



Sailor's Leave

by TOM WICKER

Illustrated by Betty Folsom.

THE Sailor stood before the long mirror, precisely tieing the knot in his neckerchief. "*Over, under,*" he said to himself, "*and high on the neck.*"

"*What a break!*" he thought. "*Seven days' leave!*" He brushed at his unruly hair. "*It's good to be—.*" He checked himself. "Maybe it is and maybe it ain't," he muttered, picking up his hat and leaving the room.

" 'Night, Mom," he called, going out the back way. Somehow he missed the exhortations to be careful and to be in early which she had always called to him when he had been just a high school kid. It was hard to believe that anything so pleasantly familiar had irritated him so much as that once had.

The moon was shining high in the cold, clear night, casting a pale halo over the back yard. The now-bare shrubs and the lawn were as usual in precise order, as his mother always kept them.

"*At least,*" the Sailor mused, "*the back yard is just the way I remember it.*" He backed the car out and drove slowly off down the street.

"*Jesus, it's lonely here,*" his thoughts ran on. "*Everybody I know is gone. Damn, everything I see reminds me of the things we used to do. There's the gym—boy, I wish I could play basketball there again, with the mob yellin' and all the girls in the stands. And Colonel's place—we used to sneak over there during study hall for a coke. And we used to sit around on that stone wall and shoot the breeze when we were waitin' for school to take in.*"

He sighed.

"I," he said aloud, "am lonely as hell!" Somehow that didn't seem to make things any better.

He was down town now. The business section, like the rest of the town was small, but it had that indefinable air of warmth and bustle peculiar to small towns. At least, it used to have it. To the Sailor, now, it merely looked deserted and drab.

He passed the theatre — how many times had he managed to sneak in (and then helped the gang raise cain at the exact moment the hero was kissing the girl). The Pool Room—he had once been a charter member of the Cue and Screw Club. There had been the greatest bunch of guys in the world in that unofficial organization. Everyone of them was in service now. One lay buried in the mud of Germany.

Horace, daytime operator of the "cue hall," whose witty tongue and ingenious ideas made him an all-time legend in the town, was just leaving the place. The Sailor waved at him. "*He must be having a dull time these days with all the old gang gone.*"

Even Cooper's Drug Store was empty looking. "*Guess there's no one to hang out there now-a-days,*" he thought.

It sure was a good thing he had been able to get a date tonight. And a good one too. His mind wandered to the girls of the town. They had not seemed to have changed so much. "*I wish Jane was here,*" he thought. Abruptly, he stopped himself. He had not thought of her in a long time. But tonight, it seemed like he couldn't help it.

This Jane had not been just a girl. She had been *A* girl. He had wondered, since, if he had been too young to be really in love with her. He still didn't know. All he knew was that when he had been near her, he had felt slightly tongue-tied, and when he had danced with her his heart had seemed as if it would just swell up and burst right out of his shirt. When they had had dates (especially if he had got the car and they had parked in the moon-drenched semi-circle in front of the schoolhouse) —well, when they had had dates he was sometimes amazed at the wonder of life and youth and her. That was all he knew about whether he had been in love or not.

"*But,*" he thought, "*when you feel that way at seventeen, you don't need to know. It's 'bout the same.*"

She had been cute and popular. ("*Yeah,*" he thought, *too damn popular!*") Some of the guys had told him she was a flirt, and maybe a bit fickle. "Maybe so," he had admitted grudgingly, "but I don't care. She's for me."

And she had liked him too. He never doubted that. They were seventeen, and liked each other. They went to basketball games together, and all the other school functions. "*Lord, Lord,*" he thought, "*I had my moments then.*"

It ended, like most young love, with a crash. Some college boy had invited her to his fraternity dance and she had broken their date and gone. ("*A small thing,*" he thought, with a little smile, "*but gee, did I raise hell!*)

Ah, he had been prideful in those days. With what outraged dignity had

he confronted her on her return! ("I don't mind if she's fickle," he had once said.) And before he knew it or meant it, unforgivable things had passed his lips. And his moment had slipped away.

He sighed again.

He picked up his date and they went to a servicemen's dance. She was just as much fun as he had planned on and he began to enjoy himself. The dance was good too — of course, none of the old gang was there but the girl was a good companion.

Someone cut in, and he retired to the edge of the floor. He stood for awhile.

"Hello," a girl's voice said at his elbow.

He wheeled. The old tongue-tied feeling enveloped him like a blanket.

"W-wh-why, hello, Jane," he finally managed to blurt out, "when did you get home from college?"

"I'm just here for the week-end," she said. Her voice was cool and impersonal. They talked on for a few minutes in the usual manner of old acquaintances greeting each other. All the while, his throat was constricted and he twisted uncomfortably. Somehow, he managed to get through the conversation until she moved off with her escort, a handsome Marine.

"*Well!*" he thought. "*That was a low blow.*"

He looked after her. Time had not changed her much, except that she was more poised and looked prettier than ever. He shook his head slightly and wandered back on the floor. It came to him that his moment had slipped away again.

The dance was over, he had taken his date home, and the Sailor lay in bed, gazing pensively at the pale moon peeping through the window curtains.

"What a hell of a day," he muttered aloud, "nothing's the same any more."

And suddenly, with startling suddenness, it came to him that nothing ever would be the same again. Time and the years were relentless. His youth was not over, but the carefree days of yesterday were finished. He was growing into manhood now, and it was time to say goodbye to the boy who bitterly wished that nothing had changed. He knew now that he never could go back.

No, he could never be the boy of yesterday again. And with the knowledge, came the realization that he no longer wished to be. It was behind him now—forever. He had his moments to remember and new paths stretched before him.

But still, he wished that—that—oh, hell, he didn't know—

"*Oh, well,*" he thought, rolling over and pulling the covers around his head, "*I guess everyone is lonely these days.*"

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DEATH OF THE LITTLE MORON

The Little Moron was seen standing on a busy street corner the other day, holding a menacing-looking knife in one hand, and a gun in the other. "What?" asked a passerby with some alarm, "are you doing with that armament, bud?"

"I'm trying," replied the L. M. "to make up my mind whether I should cut around the corner or shoot across the street!"

•

If you think it over you'll have to agree that Adam was really the first Engineer.

Didn't he furnish parts for the first loud speaker?

•

Hubbie: How come mustard on this waffle, deary?

Wifie: You beast! This is lemon pie.

•

Mac: Do you make up all of these jokes yourself?

Jack: Yep, out of my head.

Mac: You must be.

•

"How's about a game of golf tomorrow?"

"Sorry. It's the kids day off. I gotta take care of the maid."

•

A BARE LIVING

Joan: "How did you happen to quit teaching school to join the chorus?"

Jean: "Well, I think there's more money in showing figures to the older boys."

•

I'd ask you for this dance, but all the cars are occupied.

•

"Lady," the small boy said, "if you'll give us a nickel my little brother will imitate a hen."

"What will he do," asked the lady, "cackle?"

"Naw," replied the boy in disgust. "He wouldn't do a cheap imitation like that. He'll eat a woim."

The Carolina MAG Presents
The Lady Left In June

by GISLI ASTHORSON

The story of Asa, how she came, why she went away; Gunnar who knew of the women of Barcelona, and Hans who did not . . . Another story by the author of THE PEOPLE OF CLIFF VALLEY . . .

IT WAS in early January that Asa arrived in Klettsvik. She came on the steamer, got her suitcase down on the pier, then scrambled after in over the railing and walked up by the fish-shacks and cod fish nets and over to the old man under the boat house.

"My name is Asa Jonsdotter," she said. "I'm looking for the offices of Olafur Hansson & Co."

The old man pointed up the street.

"To your left," he said. "You'll see a signboard."

She picked up her suitcase and started walking.

"They won't open till nine," the old man called after her.

She walked on. The street was muddy and there were no side-walks and in the darkness of the morning the houses looked old and very ugly. Lights shone from some of the windows and from the top of the hill where the village ended a red light flashed.

A few people were on the street, some coming out from the houses and walking toward the pier and the boats, others standing in shelter in the shop entrances. A well-dressed man with several books under his arms strode past the church in the distance, stopping now and then to shake hands with people and talk.

Asa saw the signboard. It was over the wingdoors of a two-story building and looked very impressive. Olafur Hansson & Co., it read, and the letters were bold and made of bronze.

She put down her suitcase under a shop-window and sat on it. With her elbow she rubbed the moisture off the window and looked in with interest at the articles on display. For a long time a brightly colored scarf held her attention, then a row of perfume bottles, then a poster announcing a dance. She read it several times, finally turned away, and leaning her back against the window, sighed impatiently.

She tucked her hands into the sleeves of her raincoat and shivered. She still had over an hour to wait; and the mist hung over the houses and street and rested lazily on the cliffs in the distance. The ground was wet and cold.

Asa sighed again, then opened her handbag and took out a lipstick and using the shop-window for mirror, painted her lips.

She looked up as a little after nine the doors of the office were opened. A young man came out, picked up a paper on the threshold, then stopped and looked at her silently.

Asa stood up.

"You work here?" she asked.

"Yes." He kept on looking at her.

"Then quit staring and let me in."

She walked past him and into the office and sat down on a chair. The young man followed.

"I'm Asa Jonsdotter," Asa said. "Olafur Hansson hired me last summer to clean fish for him." She smiled. "Here I am," she said.

The other was lighting a cigaret.

"My name is Hans," he said. "Olafur Hansson is my father."

He walked over to a door and opened it.

"Magnus," he called. "Here's a girl for you."

Then he turned to Asa.

"Want to start at once?"

The man called Magnus walked in. He was unshaven and wearing overalls.

"You Asa Jonsdotter?" he asked.

She answered, "Yes."

"You should have been here a week ago," he said. "Why didn't you come?"

"I missed the boat," Asa said. "I got a ride to Alfsvik and tried to catch it there, but I missed it again."

Magnus grunted.

"You want to start today?"

"I'm tired."

"We need workers. Two of the fish houses are full. The fish will spoil if it waits much longer."

"All right, I'll start today," Asa said. Then, "Where do I live?"

"I'll take you there," said Magnus.

2

Asa Jonsdotter was not a particularly handsome woman, nor had her twenty-seven years of life varied greatly from the lifes of other women of her class. Blonde and with clearcut, strong features, her hands and arms and face bore the marks of the hard worker, while her talk was plain and to the point.

She was a funloving person. Her personality was such that a dance and a crowd of people, laughter and music and the sound of glasses was a heaven not to be disregarded. To her work was necessary simply because without work the means to enjoy these things were not available. To her a fourteen-hour day in the fishpiles was the natural fee for a night of dancing; and she felt that the cold and the dirt and discomfort of the work was as inevitably a preface to a party and hours of song and fun as the necessity of donning overalls for the privilege of wearing an evening-dress. And so she was a good worker and a cheerful one, for like a child during school hours, there loomed on her horizon the vision of "the better half of the day."

Her ways were attractive. Even the overalls and jacket she had changed to could not hide that something in her movements that made men look after her as she walked down the street toward the fish houses.

She was tired. The trip on the boat had taken two days and then the sea had been heavy. She wanted to sleep and rest and take time to buy some things, and instead she found herself, three hours off the boat, already on her way to work. "To hell with Olafur Hansson & Co!" she thought as she passed the bronze sign.

She got down to the pier and walked over to a man standing in the door of the nearest fish house.

"Where is the foreman?" she asked.

"In there," he motioned through the door.

She went in.

The house was made up of one large room, high and badly lighted, the ceiling and the walls made of wood and unpainted, the floor concrete. Running the length of the house were several wooden water basins, cold water running into them through rubber hoses and over the brim and down on the floor.

Five or six women were at work at the basins. They wore working clothes and oilskin aprons, yellow and glistening from the water and the blood and the fish scales, and they worked fast, holding the fish with a steady grip, dipping it into the cold water, and washing it with hard-fibered brushes.

Asa walked over to a man shoveling salt in the farthest corner of the house.

"I'm Asa Jonsdotter," she said. "Magnus sent me. I'm to work here."

"Where is your apron?" the man asked.

"Haven't had time to buy one," Asa answered.

"I'll fix you up."

He walked over to the wall and took down an apron. It was old and torn but looked like it could be used.

"My name is Gunnar," he said as he handed it to her. "I'm foreman here. Magnus bosess me, Hans bosses Magnus, and Hans' father, Olafur, bosses us all. When you get mad, curse those that aren't present."

Asa smiled. She had put on the apron and it was a little too big.

"What do you want me to do?" she asked.

Gunnar took her arm and led her over to the other women.

"Work," he said.

3

For some weeks life went on for Asa in much the same way it always had. She worked hard and lived hard. There were days when the fish houses were full and sixteen hours or more were spent at a task that gave more of discomfort than rest. Following these periods, even Asa, eager and willing as she was, didn't find strength enough to visit the dance hall or join the crowds at Finn's Coffee House. But then again there were days and nights of idleness, once as much as five days in a row, when the whole fishing fleet was kept at anchor by the fury of the storms and the sea.

Asa met people and made friends. Gunnar, the foreman, took her out frequently, and one of Asa's working companions, Sirri, proved to be a "know-them-all" who could request a song with her eyes alone and keep waiters on the run for hours, their sole reward being a smile flashed at the right moment and a pat or two on their hands as she paid the bill.

Asa was with Gunnar and Sirri when she met Hans for the first time since the morning at the office. They sat at a table near the entrance to the dance hall and Sirri stopped him as he passed.

"Hallo, Hans," she said.

Hans stopped and shook her hand.

"You know him, don't you?" Sirri pointed at Gunnar. "This is Asa, a friend of mine."

Hans shook their hands. He was well dressed and appeared a little shy.

"I believe I have met Miss Asa," he said. "Wasn't it at my father's office?"

Gunnar stood up. His head and shoulders towered over Hans.

"Have a seat," he said; "I'll get a chair from the waiter."

"I really don't want to break in on you like that."

"Aw, come on, sit down." Sirri pulled the chair closer to hers. "Let's make it a merry night."

The orchestra played up and Hans' protests were drowned by the music. A waiter brought them ginger ale and beer and Gunnar poured them a drink from a bottle of gin he pulled from under the table. He took his in coffee.

"I've never tried it in coffee," Hans said.

An hour passed and the conversation got livelier. They danced several times, Hans excusing himself at first and finally giving in to the entreaties of Sirri. Gunnar told jokes about a blind man and his girlfriend, and Asa showed Hans the scar after the angle that had ripped an ugly two-inch furrow in the palm of her left hand. The scar was red and ran from the root of her index finger toward the wrist.

"It hurt like anything," Asa said.

Hans closed her hand gently. The liquor was taking the paleness from his face and he was no longer shy.

"You are a remarkable person, Miss Asa," he said.

Asa started to speak and he stopped her.

"I mean, well . . . I mean, I have seen you passing the office on your way to work and . . . well."

"You can't expect a girl to wear an evening dress while cutting off codfish heads and wading through the catch on the pier."

"Yes, yes, that's what I mean. First I see you looking like a . . . you know." Hans was blushing in his confusion.

"You mean that I look ugly and awkward in my overalls?"

"Well—so much like a man or something." He blushed. "And tonight, why, you are beautiful,"

The night was still young. The room was crowded and Sirri had disappeared and Gunnar was getting drunk. A second bottle came from under the table and then a third one. Several of his friends came over for a drink, and Hans was introduced to each one in turn, now meeting a bighanded sailor who slapped him on the back and laughed thunderously, the next moment shaking hands with a red-head calling him "big boy" and telling him that he resembled someone in the movies whose name she could not recall.

The time passed. It got twelve, one, two o'clock and Gunnar kept on with his gin and coffee and told his jokes and laughed.

"You ever been in Trinidad?" He was talking to Hans.

"No, no I've never been there."

"Ah, my friend, you haven't lived." Gunnar made a sweeping gesture with his hand. "Almost as good as Barcelona. Almost, but not quite." He lifted his cup and looked over the heads of the dancing couples and a dreamy look came into his eyes. "Some place, some place," he muttered.

Asa stood up.

"Better get going now," she said. "The dance will be over in a few minutes and if we are smart we'll beat this mob to the check room."

Hans stood up and Gunnar after him. The former was silent and half-smiling and looking at Asa, the latter stood erect, his posture too stiff to look natural.

"Let's go," he said.

They made their way to the door and down the stairs and to the check room. Gunnar went first, his heavy form making way for them through the crowd.

In the street they stopped and put on their coats. Hans was still looking at Asa, and the corner of the dance hall he stopped and bid them good-bye. He shook their hands and said he had en-

(Continued on page 23)

The Alpha Gams Colonize

by NANCYE HELM

IN March Epsilon chapter of Alpha Gamma Delta at the University of Kentucky in Lexington was invited by the Pan-Hellenic Council and the Administration of the University of North Carolina to colonize the Gamma Epsilon chapter at Carolina. In a short time the organization, although still minus a house in which to deposit its members next year, has begun to thrive. The chapter here was organized under the direction of Miss Virginia Duke Kelley, international director of rushing, of Lexington, Ky., and Jean Tinley, graduate of the University of Kentucky, who is serving as charter president. Also assisting in the colonization were Jane Cromartie, formerly of Brenau College, Gainesville, Ga.; Lillian Leonhard and Barbara Saunders, who transferred from Florida State Women's College at Tallahassee.

During a week of closed rushing Alpha Gam pledged the following ten girls: Mary Crum, Helena, Ark.; Linda Cobb, Pinetops, N. C.; Martha Faison, Faison, N. C.; Frances Hicks, Fayetteville, N. C.; Nancye Helm, Franklin, Ky.; Nan Stoner, Fayetteville, N. C.; Catherine Sloan, Garland, N. C.; Joyce Fowler, Mullins, S. C.; Angela Hardy, Roanoke Rapids, N. C.; and Jane Fairley, Monroe, N. C. Patronesses of the sorority living in Chapel Hill are: Mrs. Grady Pritchard, Mrs. George Shepard, Mrs. Henry C. House, Jr., Mrs. O. J. Coffin and Mrs. Robert W. Madry.

Installation of the Alpha Gamma Delta chapter and initiation of the present pledges will be held on June 1 and 2. Members of the Grand Council, with headquarters in New York City, and Mss Virginia Duke Kelley, director of colonization of the Gamma Epsilon chapter, will be in Chapel Hill for the week-end ceremonies.

Gamma Epsilon chapter will be the fifty-first chapter of Alpha Gamma Delta. Five of the sorority chapters are in the Dominion of Canada, including one in Halifax, Nova Scotia. There are 100 alumnae clubs throughout the United States and Canada. Alpha Gamma Delta was founded at Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y. on May 30, 1904. The sorority has held to a conservative expansion and has placed chapters in the leading state universities and colleges in the United States and Canada. Alpha Gams have won some of the highest honors and have held important offices on every campus where a chapter has been established.

The altruistic work of the sorority is nationally known. Two summer camps for underprivileged children are owned and operated, one at Jackson, Michigan, and the other at Welland, Ontario. The Jackson camp is on Crispell Lake and there is a spacious lodge on the grounds, as well as a guest house. Members from varous chapters attend both of these camps during the summer months and carry on the work of recreation, dining room, crafts, etc.

Alpha Gamma Delta has been active in all phases of war work. It has several mobile canteens in England, gave an ambulance to the government and operates numerous canteens and reading rooms for service men in this country. Because of the need for blood plasma, the sorority in 1942 undertook to secure blood donations from its members. This is now a national project.

The central office is maintained in New York City with a full-time secretary. This office was opened in 1927 and is located near Columbia University. The secretary is Miss Louise Leonard, who is well known in sorority circles and was chosen one of the ten outstanding sorority women in the United States. On all campuses where it is the custom for women's sorority groups to occupy chapter houses, Alpha Gamma Delta chapters own their own homes. The local chapter is planning to have a house ready for the AGD's to call their own in September.

Alpha Gamma Delta emphasizes good scholarship, participation in activities, civic leadership, and good citizenship. The Rose Bowl, the national award for high scholarship, is presented every two years to the chapter wth the highest scholastic average. An achievement tray is also presented to the chapter with the greatest achievement record. Red, buff, and green are the sorority's colors.

The campus is glad to welcome the AGD's as the fifth sorority at Carolina, and the chapter has pledged itself to the service of the campus and the community individually and as a group.

JEANIE WITH THE LIGHT BLUE EYES

Little red book notes on the girl with the "most beautiful blue eyes I ever saw," who is seen dashing out of Kenan usually headed toward the Sigma Chi house where she eats, are: Jean Tinley, 310 Kenan, 8061; 5' 4" blonde president of Alpha Gamma Delta, born and bred in the Bluegrass state.

Jean transferred to Carolina from the University of Kentucky where she received her B.A. in psychology in March.

Determined not to let the reputation of the Kentucky mountains down, Jean's favorite pastime at Carolina is going barefoot. "The Sigma Chis attribute my idiocyncrasy to the fact that "mountain gals" can't keep their shoes on, but it isn't necessarily so because I saw a girl about five years ago in Pineville with both shoes on at the same time," drawled Jean.

The forever animated sorority president has a phobia concerning rush parties which she says has followed her to Carolina. "At our first formal rush party last year I was draped over the record player posing with my sorority sisters for a picture a la candlelight when my dress went up in flames. Forced to elaborate on the phobia Jean admitted that a few days later at a rush picnic she sat down in a bed of poison ivy with disastrous results.

"My first week of rushing at Carolina resulted in losing my voice and I went around whispering and peddling earphones for a week, so it's easy to see why I'm skeptical about rush parties," said Jean. Rushing days for Jean are not over, however, when she leaves Carolina in June for Amarillo, Texas, where she plans to work at the air base, since her sorority sisters are demanding that she return in September for rush week so that another chapter can be added. In the meantime "Jeanie with the light blue eyes" is keeping her fingers crossed.

Dreams in a spring twilight, memories of all the laughing yesterdays. . . . Dreams and hopes for shining tomorrows.

Why the Present Plans for Peace Will Work

by RALPH GLENN

IN OPPOSITION to the school of thought that claims the peace plans fail, I would like to show how and why the peace will be achieved.

Those cheerful souls who contend that the peace is foredoomed to failure point out many "alarming" trends and outstanding difficulties that preclude peace. Leaving the trends until later, I don't believe that there is anyone who does not realize that there are difficulties standing in the way of international peace. I hope that the difficulties serve to demonstrate the increasing necessity for peace. They also challenge human ingenuity to produce a solution. There are difficulties involved in instituting anything new, *(and if we are going to let them frighten us into inactivity, we might as well commit suicide or fortify the north woods.)*

The defeatists cry that the trend back to the "balance of power" system will sabotage the peace. The defeatist points out that Britain and her Western allies are pitted against Russia, and that the United States is in the middle of these forces holding the balance of power. The analysis of the line-up of the forces is valid, but the conclusion that this is a destructive situation is more difficult to see. I prefer to call it the "balance of peace!" The United States could, by applying her influence in the proper place, *force* a peaceful settlement. The existence of the balance of power gives us no reason, per se, to be pessimistic.

Some people have nightmares about the world domination by the "Big Three." This is no foregone conclusion. World domination *is* a difficult job as the past few years have shown. If the "Big Three" should control the world, it does not necessarily follow that the situation would be bad. Whether such a situation would prove to be good or bad depends on the manner in which it is used. Border squabbles between little countries could cease to be a problem. There certainly appears to be no solution to the question of Central European racial minorities. It is possible that USSR could do something towards solving that problem, she already has a fine record for incorporating racial minorities into her system with excellent results. In fact, the Council of Nationalities is designed for such a purpose, viz., incorporating minorities into her system.

Another thend that to some people predicts the failure of the peace, is the appearance of spheres of influence. Britain's activity in Greece and Russia's in Yugoslavia, as well as that of the United States at Chapultapec, indicate that there are going to be spheres of influence regardless of our desires in the matter. This isn't an artificial trend and should not alarm anyone. One has said "Spheres of influence are natural, inevitable, logical and economic."

Many internationalists were gratified to see the United States make offers of financial assistance to the component parts of her sphere. This might indicate a trend towards *benevolent* spheres of influence. The existence of spheres of influence doesn't mean that there is another barrier to international peace!

Walter Lippman declares that these spheres are the next logical step towards an international organization of nations. Even Ely Culbertson found a place for regional spheres in his highly theoretical world peace plan. Culbertson feels that their natural unity can be used to a good advantage. Let's not get pessimistic because Russia is now getting the same thing the United States has had since 1823.

Another fact construed to exhibit the futility of peace efforts is the natural selfishness of nations. It is hard to believe that this will seriously impede the peace efforts. As a matter of fact, it will serve as a more endurable basis for peace than would idealism.

Peace makes sense in terms of dollars. A conservative estimate of the financial expense of this war to the United States is 300 billions of dollars. That is one-third of the total estimate value of our national wealth. The figure above doesn't include the two million American boys who will die or be crippled. No figure can show how much the war has cost us in moral disintegration and human unhappiness, that means something even to the isolationists, and we, of all the nations in the war, have suffered the least. Doesn't it seem that the self-interests of all nations dictate their unreserved participation in peace efforts?

Getting down more specifically to how peace can be achieved, I should like to restate the generally accepted plan. It is obvious that we must have some sort of political structure with which to start. Dumbarton Oaks seems to be a pretty good beginning. It isn't ingenerously conceived, with this part of the system balancing the other. It is a simple, flexible structure that everyone can accept as a basis for future peace plans. Many people probably have better plans on paper than Dumbarton Oaks, but that isn't the main point. *(The crucial issue as to whether Dumbarton Oaks will work is not a question of structural perfection but of human participation.)*

If the countries that compose the organization will earnestly strive to work out their little common problems, then our whole problem is solved. However, if we stop now and quibble about small, unimportant, structural details, then all hope for peace must be forfeited. After we have some political basis from which to work, we should establish as much economic stability as possible. The economic warfare of the 1930's demonstrates the necessity for a monetary stabilization fund and an international investment channel. Both are well provided for by the Bretton Woods Proposals. Some critics of the "Proposals" claim that United States parti-

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Why the Present Plans for Peace Won't Work

by JIMMY WALLACE

MEN cry for peace. Men on the battlefields, in the homes of devastated Europe, in homes as yet unscarred by the fury of battle but which have given soldiers for the cause of peace. Wise and patient men of the East, the poor and the oppressed all over the world. Those who believe in Confucius, in Christ, in the bountiful mercies of Allah, and those who believe in nothing. Yet there is no peace.

It is a strange situation indeed; certainly worthy of the attention of students everywhere, since it is the youth of the world which is fighting the war —both sides of it. How did all this happen? Why, if everyone shouts for peace, must we continue to have war? People everywhere, while vigorously condemning war, have consistently refused to do the most obvous thing which would make war impossible — destroy the weapons of war. "But Hitler started first . . ." Yes, Mussolini and Hitler started first. Hirohito started. It is an undeniable fact that they all started at one time or another. But the reason that we have a war today is not that the other countries of the world could not have stopped the Facist upsurge. It could have been stopped without firing a single shot, but it wasn't. Many spoke of the economic sanctions for which the League of Nations provided. Many spoke of them, but few seriously considered imposing them.

The blood of the Loyalists drenched the greedy soil of Spain. Only one country, Communistic, "Red," Bolshevistic, atheistic Russia, did anything about it. Abyssinia was raped and gassed into submission by Italy. It was a great sideshow. We gaped, but that was all, and singularly enough, our gaping did the Abyssinians no good. Japan gobbled up a large portion of China, but the majority of the American people was more interested in the Lindbergh kidnapping case. Berlin complained about the harshness of the Versailles treaty. Hitler formed a massive army, fortified the Rhine, "found" a *herrenvolk* and screamed *lebensraum*; so a few nations got together at Munich and gave him Czechoslovakia — 15,000,000 people included—in order to have "peace in our time." Hitler got Czechoslovakia, but he was forbdden to have Poland. He could have one country apparently, but he couldn't have two.

None of this seems logical. Probably the reason is that none of it IS logical. Why did this country and other countries do nothing about all these events? The reasons are two-fold. 1) People are beginning to suspect that economics was tied up with it. Some people even hold that countries have risked having wars for the sake of economic advantages, profitable trade agreements and other such things. Some countries have been known to sell guns and iron to other countries of questionable intentions. It seems reasonable to conclude that the causes of war are inextricably bound up with economics, and the economic security of individual nations. 2) People never truly believed that the "war to end all wars" would do just that. History spoke to the contrary. Preachers shouted the book of Revelations from the pulpits. War has become an accepted institution among mankind. Ho wlong that notion of acceptance persists will determine how long we shall have awr.

Bretton Woods provides the first intelligent approach to the problem of war through economics. But it is not enough. We need more than a stabilization fund, more than an international bank. We need common currency. We need to wipe out tariff barriers. Bretton Woods doesn't do all these things, but no one will deny that it is a step in the right direction, that is, no one except assorted groups of bankers. Dumbarton Oaks will build a political superstructure for peace, an organization founded ultimately on power—the power of an international military arm working under the Security Council. Given another 1000 years, mankind will probably learn that such an international political organization will fail unless it is founded upon a sound economic basis. Bretton Woods is insufficient to provide such a basis.

And then, there is the usual schizophrenic character of the American people with which we have to reckon. One speaks of an international army under the Dumbarton Oaks plan, and in the next breath speaks of the necessity of our having a strong national army. It sets one to thinking about which personality will win, the one which clamors for a strong national army ofunded on an individual national basis, or the one which clamors for an international army founded on a collective basis. We can't have but one. If we choose the national army, it is certain that there will be a repeat performance of this war, since it is obvious that other nations would insist upon having large armies to protect themselves from us (so they would say). If we have an international army, there will remain the probability of war, not the certainty of war. If we have both, we will be faced with war from two causes. We must choose which direction we will follow.

Regardless of which one we choose, however, we will continue to have war until everyone becomes convinced that THERE SHALL BE NO WAR. Bretton Woods, Dumbarton Oaks or any other brand of *flora* notwithstanding. Only when we become subjective and re-examine and reorient ourselves will there be peace, not the peace commonly thought of as the absence of war, but a positive peace founded on good will.

All these thoughts are very fine, and

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Illustrated by Connie Hendren.

The Great Impression

by ANN WEBSTER

THE LITTLE dark haired girl walked slowly along the busy campus path. Students were sauntering up and down in the bright sunlight of the early spring. She looked up from her feet in which she seemed to have been intensely preoccupied and her glance shifted toward the two boys who were ambling toward her.

"(It's your imagination, imagination, imagination . . . no . . . it is Dick Walker.)" The taller of the boys came toward her and grinned.

"Hello, Emmy. You're the last person on earth that I ever expected to see here!"

"(Say something cute. Say something to show him that you've changed. Go on.) . . . How are you, Dick? Isn't this a small world? (How trite! Why don't you say something new?) I'm in school here. I've been here for two years." She squinted in the bright sun.

"No foolin'? I can't believe that you're in college. It's mighty fine to see you. You all certainly have a nice campus here . . . Oh . . . Emmy Cheek, this is Frank Forster." He turned to his companion.

"How are you, Frank? (Why don't you add something to the conversation?) You haven't told me what you all are doing here, Dick." She snapped and unsnapped the fastener on her wallet.

"We're down from Annapolis for the track meet this afternoon. Not to be the ungrateful guest but I sure do hope that we win."

"(He's just trying to be pleasant. You know that he thinks that you're the saddest of the sad . . . Ask him about home . . . But you know all about home.) Our team isn't too good . . . y'all will probably win. . . ." She fidgeted and pulled on her sweater. "I hate to rush but I have to go to town. (Why did you say that? You know that you want to talk to him . . .)" She kicked at the dirt with the toe of her moccasin, back and forth.

"To bad. Sure would like to talk to you. . . . Say, where do you stay, Emmy? Might get around there tonight if you're not busy."

"(Busy, that's a scream!) I'd love to see you, Dick, but I . . . (Make it good) . . . There's a Marine from Cherry Point that I've been expecting this weekend and . . . well! (Go on. You expect Marines every day.)"

"Oh, I see."

"(It's just too much when he gives that knowing look.)"

"Well," he looked reluctant, "that's too bad. We could talk about home."

"I'm sorry, too, Dick. (You certainly art.) Guess I'd better hurry, though. . . . You're looking grand, Dick . . . and I'm real glad to have met you, Frank." She snapped the wallet shut with an air of finality.

As Emmy hurried down the path all that she should have said and the mistake of what she had said came to her. "(Dumb. Dumb. For five years you've been so wild about Dick Walker . . . so wild that you were just silly. Silly. That's it. Silly. And where did you get that story . . . Marine! That's too much. Even Dick will know that no one is coming over two blocks to see you. In 19 years you should have learned something . . . anything would help . . . just any old thing.)"

Her face was hot with embarrassment and the torment of the situation even though she tried to push it to the back of her consciousness.

Fmmy sauntered on down the path, going nowhere in particular. She was like hundreds of other college girls not set off from the general group unless by her intense interest in the ground beneath her feet. She kicked at a pebble in front of her.

"Sometimes you are just too far gone." Her own voice startled her. ("And now you'll have to take your name off the blind date list. What would he think if he saw you out with a cadet?)"

She glanced up. "(Cute Marine . . . You shouldn't have the nerve that it takes to look at a Marine.)"

The Marine had stopped right in the middle of the path.

"Excuse me, but could you show me where the gym is. I've been trying to find it for half an hour and these paths are about to get the best of me."

"It's right down this path. Then you turn right and just keep going straight until . . . well, it's rather complicated . . . I'm going that way. I'll show you." She hardly looked at him.

"That's mighty nice of you. I hate to put you to any trouble. I guess I've been going the wrong way. This place is really a mess . . . paths all around and all of them lead to the same place."

"(This is too much. A Marine. A nice Marine . . . In this one day the world is just too full of nice boys . . .) I hear that there's a track meet down at the gym. Are you going to be in it? (Really, Great Stone Face, can you be saying something?)"

"No. Just thought I'd go down and watch. There were some fellows from Cherry Point . . . that's where I'm stationed . . . on the bus."

"(Cherry Point. Life is just one long coincidence.)"

"I'll bet it's fun here, isn't it? My school wasn't coed and the women around add that certain something!"

They turned the corner at the end of the path. ". . . That's the gym, right over there. The track is out in back."

There was a long pause, an awkward one, then the Marine looked at her and said, ". . . Look, I'm not the kind of fellow who picks up girls, but . . . I don't know anyone here, and well—would you go to dinner with me tonight?"

"Why I guess that that would be all right. (Why not? You know that it would be all right. You know that it would be fine. It would be marvelous.) I mean, I'd love to . . . Oh, my name is Emmy Cheek and I live in Clark Hall at the end of the street. And, well, I don't do this either."

The Marine looked pleased. "Say, this will be swell. It's darned nice of you and it will be all right; really, it will. I'll come by about six . . . okay? Oh, and I'm Wes Markham . . . I'll see you at six."

"(What a day! What a marvelous day. The forsythia is out. Next week will be warm enough for a sunbath . . . and you have a date. A real date!) Emmy almost skipped down the path.

Emmy looked in the mirror as she waited for her date. "(You look pretty good. You don't look bad at all. All that it takes is the right mood and the right moment . . . hmm . . . hmm . . . life can be beautiful . . .)"

"We can go to the tavern and eat fried chicken or do you like fried chicken? Or we could go to the University

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Complete on This Page:

Po' Tess

by J. WES GENTRY

Illustrated by C. Hendren.

ONE LOOKED UP and said, "Cheeze," then they all looked up and said. Some said, "Hol-ee Chee!" Some just said, "Mother o' Mary!" Some just said, "Mary," because they wanted their friend Mary to come and see.

There she was—all afternoon she'd been there—One-two-three-four-four or five times four mebbe—five-six-seven-eight-nine-ten-'leven-twelve-thur-teen—chee! There she was thirteen up. Thirteen stories up was Tess. Not everybody jumps from the thirteen window up so Tess had shown some original taste in her selection. It was just like Tess.

She sat on the ledge dabbling into the air as if she were sitting on the bank of a brook. At every gesture of her extensive limbs the crowd would say, "No!" or "Oh no you don't!" There were a thousand faces turned up. Yea, nigh on to three thousand and seven did behold the almost fallen lass. One old middle aged lady yelled at another: "That's what a soldier'll do to you." Then the other one replied, "Yeah, that's what the last war almost done to me."

Now, Tess was stripping off her blouse. The pandemonium rose up at her but she heard nothing. She gazed right on through the opposite building as she mechanically fashioned a rope from her satin garment. Some of the kids below laughed at what was formerly under the garment, but, of course, they couldn't see anything—they just knew by instinct or intuition. Tess fastened the rope to a window washer's hook, grasped the other end and flung out. But—but in the meantime the police force, the fire department, and the Ladies Aid (they served hot tea and tidbits to the workers) had constructed a net a story or two below. The net was thrown up with amazing rapidity as the fire department had practiced a week for a similar Manhatten Melodrama that Paramount had so courageously filmed at a giddy height. People had been pleading with Tess, but they couldn't get to her—she had locked herself in just like the one in the newsreel. Tess just had to have absolute privacy. On her cluttered desk was a sheet of paper with a scrawled line across the top. A chewed pencil laid beside the paper just like she left it.

The people looked up at the dangling figure. Could they ever know what went on in that squash-shaped head? Had they ever known? Why hell no! All they knew was that Tess was an eccentric child. They called her a "queerfish" or sometimes affectionately a "funny bunny." She was eccentric, and she was odd. And here are her oddities. Following are her oddities:

She surprised the immediate family and well-wisher the night she was born by prematurely announcing that it felt great to be out and around.

At the age of six months she devoured every Red Cross button in the family and cried for more. The family thought that she had a colic.

A little later she cut her teeth on the railings of her crib and proudly walked out through the hole carrying with her her lifelong cognomen: "Termite."

At two she was caught making seductive glances at an eighteen month old lad breaking the former record that was set at three.

Sometimes thereafter she drank a pint of castor oil so that she could have the empty bottle to play with.

At six she was seen riding a hobby horse "barebacked" declaring that she was Lady Godiva's niece.

At nine she won a set of Britannica and a fifty dollar war bond from a radio program. Her winning questions were: "(1) (Get two out of three, please). What is what? (2) Where is where? (3) Who is whom." Some months earlier she had stated that Gertie Stein was her favorite author.

At ten she substituted *Mum* for cream cheese in a cream cheese-olive sandwich. Her actions caused male followings just after that. They called her the girl who didn't have something that other girls had.

Her eleventh year was uneventful—she only peroxided her eye brows that year.

One day in her twelfth she wrote in her diary, "today I've become a woman and publicly booed Frankie.

So there you have her play by play. She is, ain't she?

Now to get back to the present. Tess hangs for a second then a thread breaks and down she plummets till she catches by one hand the window sill. She shades her eyes and looks around and proceeds to regain her perch. As she does she notes a cop coming down just above. She yanks his leg and down he goes down. The photographers get splendid shots and Tess crawls back into her room and runs for her mother. As she runs out the door, her mother runs in. They back up. Her mother is all out done. She has spent a quiet evening at the movie: "Where are Our Children," arriving home just in the middle of the excitement.

Tess seizes her plump mother exclaiming and jumping up, "Meat Balls! (that's what she affectionately called her mother, Mrs. Spaghetti.) Meat Balls! I did it! I did it! O damn! I did it!

"What on earth?"

"Inspiration for my theme! See I had to do a job on "Incidents in a Window Washer's Life" so I go out and have some incidents. Now I can write it—think I'll call it 'Your Breast Gets Tight When Your Strap Breaks.' Chee! I'm gonna be a writer someday."

Extra Added Oddity: At thirteen Tess became a poetess—poor Tess.

Floetta's Triumph

by ANN INGALL

Illustrated by Charlotte Shields.

FLOETTA paused before a shop window and gazed at her reflection with satisfaction. She was the best looking negro on Philadelphia's entire South Street. Nobody had to tell her, although many a young buck had found it pleasing to do so in these four months she'd been here.

Back home in Chatham, Virginia, she'd been the undisputed belle. Now there was plenty of competition. Take that buxom Rozelle with her yellow skin and big cow's eyes. Rozelle might plan to lead the mob and beat her own drum in Philadelphia, but she, Floetta, would see about that. Today was the day to fix Rozelle once and for all. And, hummed Floetta to herself, Rozelle was in for a sure 'nuff fixing.

Floetta tapped a spike heel against the sidewalk and stood before the plate glass a moment longer. Her hair suited her face swept up like this. She was glad she'd copied the picture. No thin, straggling kinks for her. That was for stick-in-the-muds like Dora Lee, Jessie, Lena and all the rest of the girls back home who were so dumb they stayed on in the stinking old south and said "Miss" to all the white women.

Turning from the window, Floetta swayed down the street in her best imitation of the way Lena Horne walked. It was a clear, warm day. She was glad. That meant that a lot of people would be out shopping today, and the more white people, the bigger the fun. Bumper's Day. Floetta capitalized the two words in her mind and giggled aloud at the thought. Whoever dreamed that one up had a brainstorm. Bumper's Day. Today she'd bump every white woman she saw.

"Hey, Floetta, what you looking so all-fired pleased about?" Dolphie Leech planted his tall body directly in front of her. "Just made another man?"

"Go on with you, boy. Today's Bumper's Day. You done forgot?" Floetta was pleased that Dolphie stopped her. He reigned it over the north end, and even if she could do better, it didn't hurt her reputation none to be seen talking to him. He was a dresser, he was. Her eyes took quick note of the way his trousers bloused out from tight cuffs and the way his watch chain gleamed along its entire sixteen inches.

"Bumper's Day," crooned Dolphie. "Guess you gals is going to have yourself one picnic. I seen Rozelle heading to town all dressed up fit to kill."

Floetta interrupted, "How long ago was that? What's she doing going out so early?"

"Early bird catches the worm," chortled Dolphie. "Law, that must've been thirty, forty minutes ago I seen her. Rozelle's one slick chick."

"Well, I gotta be getting along now. See you later, Dolph." Floetta was not too disturbed to leave without lavishing a wide smile on the susceptible Dolphie. She left him dazed and a little baffled.

That Rozelle. How'd she get a head start? Floetta couldn't stand for that if she expected to do any showing up. The muscles in her calves strained as she drove her legs toward the trolley stop.

There was a shaking of the sidewalk, and Floetta stared toward Twenty-seventh Street. Just confound it all. There was her trolley. She began to run, but she was still a block away when the double doors clanged shut and the car began its wallowing way up the street. Today of all days to miss the trolley. Seven minutes she'd have to stand at the corner and twiddle her thumbs.

Floetta changed back to her swaying pace. Mrs. Allred, the biggest gossip in the neighborhood, was walking up ahead. Floetta called to her, "Mrs. Allred, you going up town?"

Mrs. Allred turned and waited for her. "Sure am, child. Going for some big doings." She winked at Floetta knowingly.

"How many women can be bumped in a day?" Floetta wanted to know.

"This your first bumping, ain't it, child? Last time I musta got about two hundred. That was pretty good, I thought, 'till I heard what Rozelle done. She counted near three hundred. And she stuck every one of them with a hat pin." Mrs. Allred doubled up with laughter. "That Rozelle is a humdinger."

Floetta cringed. Rozelle again. Always something Rozelle had done. That no good nigger tried to steal the show in everything. If one more person praised Rozelle to her, she'd just scream.

"Reckon you don't know much about bumping," Mrs. Allred rattled on, "being new from the south and all. We set a heap of store on bumping. Teaches those uppity white women not to go shoving us around."

Floetta hurried to put across the idea that she understood all about bumping. "I got the reputation of being the best bumper in the state of Virginia," she lied. Might as well make this good. Mrs. Allred was a gossip and could help her make a name for herself. Floetta leaned forward confidingly. "I know jiu jitsu."

"Jew jutsoosoo," Mrs. Allred echoed. "What's that?"

"That's what them Japs use to twist up a soldier. It's a trick, and if you do it fast like, nobody kin see you. Goes well with bumping." Floetta felt like patting herself on the back. She sure had put that one over.

Mrs. Allred's eyes popped. "You gonna use that stuff today?"

The spreading middle aged negro and the shapely young girl stood side by side at the car stop. Floetta was confident again. Today would end Rozelle's influence. What if she didn't know jui jitsu? Mrs. Allred would say she did, and she'd let a few more gossips in on it just to be sure the news got around. Then she'd tell all about her deeds when she came home that night. The plan shaped up more definitely in her mind, and she was pleased with herself.

An old colored woman came up and stood near Mrs. Allred and Floetta. Mrs. Allred whispered to the girl, "That's old Aunt Hettie. She preaches sermons all the time. I've seen her get up in the trolley and give a white woman her seat. She always sits toward the back."

Floetta saw clearly her own mother and heard her words. "Floetta, you is no blood of mine. All them high falutin' notions gonna get you in trouble. Can't calkalate what ails you." For a moment Floetta's joy was clouded. Floetta tossed her head and dismissed the vision. Her mother was another stick-in-the-mud. No chance to get anywhere in Virginia. Floetta tossed her head. With her looks she could go to the top. Maybe Hollywood someday.

At last the trolley was in sight. Floetta and Mrs. Allred pushed past Aunt Hettie and stood out by the rails waiting. A milk wagon jogged over the cobblestones. Floetta thought of the wide cement streets back home where milk trucks drove by early in the morning instead of arriving well toward noon drawn by a bony old horse.

Floetta looked inside the car and was disappointed. She couldn't see a single white woman. But then there'd be some in a short while. Pine crossed Twenty-Seventh just two blocks up, and plenty of the whites usually got on at Pine. It wasn't going to be much fun, really, to bump them, but she had to do it if she wanted to establish herself here. That's all there was to it. Floetta wondered vaguely if Mrs. Allred and all the rest hated the white women or had the same neutrality of feeling that she had.

Sure enough there stood some white women at the next stop. Floetta was right at the front of the car. She glanced over her shoulder to be sure Mrs. Allred was looking, then got set to bump the two women. They stepped up and into the car. Floetta doubled in at the waist and then propelled herself backward, gripping the strap overhead to give force to her drive. A loud gasp came from the first woman. She toppled over against a grinning black woman who was sitting across the aisle. The second woman was right behind the first. Floetta pretended to be fighting for her balance and got a good sharp plunge to her left elbow as it came down on the woman's shoulder. The two women glared at Floetta, then moved on back past the half-way mark, paying the man at the side door as they went by him. Mrs. Allred looked at Floetta with approval, and Floetta mentally chalked up two to her count.

Before the trolley had reached Fifteenth and Broad, Floetta had bumped twenty women. Why, it was easy. Nothing to it. As long as she was in the trolley she couldn't use jui jitsu, and Mrs. Allred wouldn't be with her uptown. She'd just bump about three hundred and fifty so that Rozelle couldn't beat her on the number. No one would be the wiser as to how she'd bumped them.

Floetta reached up to pull the bell. Mrs. Allred's hand was up, and Floetta realized with horror that they were getting off at the same place.

Mrs. Allred beamed, "Now isn't it nice we're going the same way? I'm gonna stick around and see some of the jew jitsoosoo you was telling me about."

Floetta's heart did a nip, but she quieted her nervousness. It wouldn't be hard to shake the old buzzard. She

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Floetta tapped a spike heel against the sidewalk.

THE GREAT IMPRESSION

(Continued from page 14)

club; their food is marvelous. (Prattle. Prattle. Why not? He laughs. Maybe he likes prattle.)"

Across Wes' shoulder in the dining room Emmy saw three midshipmen. There was Dick and that Frank boy and another boy in blues.

"(He'll see me . . . Dick will see me with this divine man and he'll think that I was telling the truth. He'll be amazed, just amazed. Why, this is like a story. The ugly duckling, or something.)" Emmy's cheeks brightened at the thought of a measure of success. She busied herself with conversation. "(This is easy. Talking to this boy is like talking to your brother. He's interested, in a way. He's not used to not knowing people . . . In his home town he's probably like Dick is in Osborn . . . The home town fair haired boy . . .)"

Emmy glanced at her reflection in the three sided mirror which walled in their booth. "(Nothing succeeds like success . . . or does that apply?)"

They were at the cashier's desk now, right behind Dick when he turned to speak to Emmy. "(Now he'll see him. Now he'll think that I really have changed. Look in your purse and then you can look surprised when Dick sees you. Comb, kleenex, kleenex, his feet . . . wait a minute, now look up.)"

But Dick wasn't looking at her. He wasn't speaking to her. What was he saying?

"Room-mate! What are you doing in this part of the country? God, boy, it's been four years!"

The rest of the conversation was an awful blackness.

"(No, no, no—. It's a mistake.)" She looked up at their faces and she realized that it wasn't a mistake. "(Dick will know.)" Dick's smile became a leer. "(He's laughing at me.)"

Wes turned to Dick. "Dick, this is . . . now what was wrong with her?"

Dick and Wes turned to watch Emmy as she ran out the door.

The End

•

A man from the North boarded a streetcar in the South.

A Southerner got up to give his seat to a lady.

The Yankee beat the lady to it.

The body will be shipped north for burial.

IN A BAD WAY

A young lady and her aunt, returning home from work on pay day, were relieved of their money by a stick-up man. The young lady rushed over to the nearest policeman and exclaimed: "I've been robbed of my pay and my aunt's pay!"

"Cut out the pig Latin and tell me what happened," the copper ordered.

•

REVEALING HIS LOVE

Virginia: "Are you sure you are in love with me, and not my clothes?"

George: "Test me, darling."

•

Little Miss Muffet decided to
rough it
In a cabin quite old and medieval.
A rounder espied her
And plied her with cider,
And now she's the forest's prime
evil.

•

"H'mm you're an apt lad. Is your sister apt, too?"

"Yes, sir, if she gets the chance."

Major: "What is a maneuver?"

Butch: "Something you put on grass to make it green, sir."

•

A chaplain was attending a banquet marking the end of a basic training. A clumsy KP dropped a plate of hot soup in his lap. Glancing around he said with restraint written on his face, "Will some layman say something appropriate?"

•

Blonde: "I've tried almost everything but I can't make Jim propose."

Roommate: "Why don't you give up?"

Blonde: "Thanks! I should have tried that in the first place."

•

Director: "Wait a minute! I'm going to use you in the next scene."

Pompous Extra: "Ah! So at last you have discovered what I am?"

Director: "Yes, get into the hind legs of that stage horse over there."

Considering what we have to work with, how about a row-boat?

PEACE PLANS

by WALLACE

(Continued from page 13)

upon reading them, one gets the almost comfortable feeling that all that is necessary is to strive towards THINKING peace, and that maybe, after a few more wars, we will have reached our goal. But that is where we are wrong. We are faced with a paradox, a gigantic paradox, one which points the way.

WE CANNOT STAND ANOTHER WAR. Not a one. Why? The philosophers, the politicians, and the businessmen are still batting around thoughts that belong to the nineteenth century. Science, meanwhile, has expanded miraculously, has been so greatly misused by those who would make war that it has become the most potent topic for consideration. The next war will be the last; not because people will not want any more wars, but because there will not be any people left to fight a war. To those who would say, "just another Jeremiah," the answer is to observe the air fleets and their devastating effects, observe the science of rocketry, observe the *kytusha* and the *bazooka*, and read a few Physics texts. Take a look at the continent of Europe and its peoples. Listen to a few V-1 and V-2 bombs, and try to imagine what five years of concerted research along these lines would yield. Then they won't be so sure. They might even be scared, yes, those who doubt might agree that we cannot stand another war.

What can be done about it? Two things. 1) Become convinced that there shall be no war, and 2) stop anyone who heads in that direction—before he gets started. But how can we keep another Hitler from springing up? After all, if one believes in our constitution, is not such a person entitled to free speech? Yes, we believe that there is such a thing as free speech. But we have one doctrine, and only one, which is more important. All mankind believes in that doctrine; our Law recognizes it. Self-preservation.

Let anyone talk, yes; but when he builds the first gun emplacement, strike him down. When he causes the first riot, strike him down.

Human life is precious, but of all of man's endeavors, the one of taking human life is the most highly developed. Fortifying ourselves behind concrete pill-boxes will not bring peace. A great army, national or international, will not bring peace. An international political organization will not bring peace. When we resolve our economic differences, when we accept every man as a neighbor, when we *believe* that peace will come, then there will be no need to cry for peace.

For we shall have peace.

The End

When You Step Into

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. . . the gay world of Old Vienna with the music of Strauss waltzes, quaintly decorated booths and hot Viennese coffee.

And remember, for every occasion the folks back home will enjoy a box of DANZIGER'S delicious homemade candies and cookies.

•

"Quite the contrary," said the man on shipboard when asked if he had dined.

•

"You show me the parts in Ulysses and I'll show those in Anthony Adverse."

PEACE PLANS

by GLENN

(Continued from page 12)

cipation in these organizations will require us to give several billion U. S. dollars. These critics overlook the fact that participation in Bretton Woods is an investment. The authors expect both organizations to pay substantial dividends, particularly the investment bank.

The Chicago Air Agreements offer an excellent opportunity for international trade, communication, and intercourse. The peoples of the world will live better together after they get to know each other. Ignorance is the prime basis for hatred.

These above mentioned fundamentals are the ones that can be worked out on a basis of common interest and give peace a fresh start.

One cannot think about this problem without realizing that the basic question is the attitude in the minds of the people. One of the most unfortunate outlooks is that of the perfectionist, as this "idealist" cannot stoop to support anything unless it is absolutely without fault. This attitude is more destructive than that of the isolationist, because the people have seen the result of the perfectionist's philosophy taken to its logical conclusion. The answer to the perfectionist is the historic fact that the human race makes progress slowly by accepting the best solution to its problems at the time it is offered.

There is another psychological state that is unfortunately worth mentioning. This is the attitude of the defeatist who moans that the peace *won't* work. *This mental leprosy might well cause the next war unaided by any other factor.* Let's not allow adolescent cynicism to keep this "One World" from becoming a glorious reality.

The End

•

DAWNING

With his song the robin startles solemn dawn,

As he floods his heart upon the glowing sky;

With his ecstatic sounds my spirit longs to fly.

To the morning star, where the song is won.

—Arthur Ripley.

FINESSE

Knowing that the minister was very fond of cherry brandy, one of the church elders offered to present him with a bottle on one consideration — that the pastor acknowledge receipt of the gift in the church paper.

"Gladly," responded the good man.

When the church magazine came out a few days later, the elder turned at once to the "appreciation" column. There he read: "The minister extends his thanks to Elder Brown for his gift of fruit and the spirit in which it was given."

•

For making friends with strangers, candy is dandy — but liquor is quicker.—Ogden Nash.

•

Lola: I know a girl who only works when the boss is looking.

Mick: Yeah?

Lola: She's an artist's model.

•

A wooden wedding anniversary makes a man realize what a blockhead he was.

•

Joe: Do you know what they call a man who doesn't believe in birth control?

Moe: No, what?

Joe: Daddy.

•

Mrs.: Have you filled the salt-shaker yet?

Maid: No, it's too hard pushing the salt through these little holes.

•

Starting off like a herd of turtles these are funny jokes.

She: I want this picture of my soldier friend enlarged.

He: Would you like to have it mounted?

She: Oh, yes, he'll look nice riding a horse.

Perhaps Adam didn't have a funnybone, but he sure had a lot of fun with a spare rib.

•

A drizzle is a drip going steady.

•

Pfc.: Shay, officer, where am I?

Officer: You're at the corner of Main and Elm.

Pfc.: You needn't go into detail; just tell me what town.

•

Miss: Why are all men fools?

Mr.: So all you girls wouldn't be old maids.

•

Said one piece of toast to another, this is the hottest I've been since I was bread.

IN MEMORIAM

(Continued from page 5)

there was peace also for the rest of the world. His was a pledge to fight on to an unconditional surrender, and to that pledge he was faithful to the end.

Out of the darkness of a fighting world came a voice which promised the oppressed of every nation that someday men would live at peace again. As that day draws ever nearer, Franklin Delano Roosevelt's voice is stilled forever, but his words live on in the hearts of men of all nations. They will remember that he and countless others gave the last full measure of devotion to the cause of eternal world peace.

AND THEY WILL KEEP THE FAITH.

The End

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Don't mind him, he has men in his belfrey.

BOTH MEMBERS OF BOOZE WHO

The man walked up to the bar and ordered a beer and a whiskey. He drank the beer, then to the bartender's amazement, he unbuttoned his coat and poured the whiskey down his lower left vest pocket. Immediately he ordered another beer and whiskey, disposed of them in the same way. This went on for several more rounds.

Meanwhile the bartender's eyes were in danger of popping right out of his head. Finally he burst out: "Hey, mister, what's the idea of that?"

"What's the idea of what?" muttered the man.

"Of drinking the beer and pouring the whiskey in your vest-pocket?"

"None of your damn business," the man snarled.

"Well, I was just askin' out of curiosity," the bartender soothed.

"Say," snapped the man suddenly, "you're so nosey, I have a good mind of jumping over the bar and giving you a smack on the nose."

At this moment a mouse stuck its head out of the man's vest-pocket.

"Yes," cried the mouse, "and that goes for your damn cat, too."

•

Mary had a little dress,
Dainty, chic and airy;
It didn't show the dirt a bit,
But, gosh — how it showed Mary!

•

Cpl.: In this bottle I have peroxide which makes blondes, and in this bottle I have dye which makes brunettes.

Pvt.: What's in the third bottle?

Cpl.: Gin which makes both.

WOLVERINE SPECIAL

A Hollywood wolf noticed a beautiful girl sitting by herself in a hotel lobby. Infinitely sure of himself, he registered "Mr. So-and-So and wife," and then strolled over to make her acquaintance. Two days later they handed him a bill for six hundred dollars. "What's the idea?" he spluttered. "I've only been here two days!" "That's right," said the clerk smoothly, "but your wife has been here for a month and a half."

•

Mother to Prospective Son-in-Law: "Before you marry my daughter, I must tell you, John, that she has Acute Angina."

John: "You're telling me?"

•

Tom, Jr.: Dad, why don't you join the church?

Tom, Sr.: If I did who would run the business?

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FLOETTA'S TRIUMPH

(Continued from page 17)

smiled at Mrs. Allred when they were down the steps and standing on the curb. "Now this is fine. You're going to get in on some real high class bumping."

The two negroes went down the street together. Floetta was conscious of Mrs. Allred's pigeon-toed gait and held herself straighter with the weight on the outside of her feet, hoping people would see and note the contrast. A tall, slim white girl was walking toward them. Floetta marked the page boy bob she was wearing and wondered how she'd look with one. Then Mrs. Allred's nudge brought bumping back to her consciousness. She stepped away from Mrs. Allred so that the white girl would have to come between them. Timing it to the split second, Floetta then closed in toward Mrs. Allred. This gave the white girl a good bump on both sides. "Nice squeeze play," whispered Mrs. Allred. The white girl muttered, "These damn negroes."

"Let's go to Wanamaker's," suggested Mrs. Allred. "More people there to bump."

Floetta squirmed. How to get out of it? She'd be expected to produce some spectacular bumps there, all right. "I gotta go in at this drug store a minute. You go ahead and I'll meet you there."

"That's all right, child. I'll stop in with you."

If I could only get rid of her, thought Floetta. Pretty soon I'm going to lose this chance to get my reputation fixed if I don't. Floetta stopped suddenly in the middle of the street.

"What is it? Forgotten something?" asked Mrs. Allred.

"No, just thought of something," answered Floetta.

Why not do something similar to jui jitsu, something Mrs. Allred could see. A story always took on more interest if there was a good eye witness to it. She'd trip some woman and maybe knock her part of the way over. Mrs. Allred would think it was jui jitsu.

"I don't have to go in that drug store now. Let's go on to Wanamaker's."

The store was crowded. Floetta looked around for some suggestion as to how she was to perform her super brand of bumping. Walking down the aisle, she made her plans. She'd hit a woman behind the knees with a package and see if the woman didn't buckle part of the way to the floor from the blow. A package. She'd need a sturdy package. Something long and narrow. Nothing over there on the perfume counter that would do.

Mrs. Allred tagged along behind as they approached the umbrella stands. Floetta picked a red silk one, but found the clerk would not put it in a box for her. The umbrella would do without being wrapped, she decided. So armed with her weapon she started looking for a likely person to use as a guinea pig.

Was that—? Yes, it was. There was Rozelle. Let Rozelle see her triumph. "Mrs. Allred, look over there. That's Rozelle, ain't it?"

"Lands sakes, if it ain't. I'm gonna grab her by the arm and we'se gwinna watch you. That gal's eyes is a'gonna turn plumb green with envy when she sees you beating her at dis game."

Floetta looked around desperately. It was now or never. She'd show that Rozelle a thing or two. But s'possing her idea didn't work. Her shoulders squared. It had to work.

A frail grey-haired woman was standing near the post office division of the store. Her arms were full of packages. That's the one, Floetta thought. She looked so puny that the blow would be bound to knock her partly over. Now all Floetta had to do was work it to look like an accident.

Floetta circled the woman warily. Not enough people around her. Better wait for a crowd.

Rozelle was twisting impatiently beside Mrs. Allred. If she didn't hurry Rozelle would be gone on about her business. Floetta wiped the sweating palm of her hand down the side of her black crepe dress, took a fiirm grip on the umbrella and drew closer to her intended target. A throng of people were milling in through the door. Good. The woman was well surrounded.

Back came the umbrella. She'd better keep it low so's nobody would see her swing. There was an impact along Floetta's arm. Just like when she'd knock a baseball for the boys in the lot back home. Bumper's Day and baseball. Funny to get the two of them all mixed up in her mind.

The next scene was to be engraved forever on Floetta's mind. The whole thing happened in slow motion. The little woman floated to the floor. Her legs turned up under her like the legs of a rag doll, and packages scattered around to make a border for her reclining form. Well, she went down all right. Floetta searched over heads for Mrs. Allred and Rozelle. Her eyes found them at last. Rozelle's face was a picture of surprise and envy. Mrs. Allred had a gloating look in her eyes. Floetta felt a little sick.

What were all those people doing leaning down toward the floor? Floetta heard one man's voice cry, "Get back, everybody. Give her air." A groan rose from the center of the circle. There was the man's voice again. "Don't move her. My God! She's broken her leg. Somebody call an ambulance."

Broken her leg? Floetta stood there unbelievingly. A gentle fall like that. The old woman couldn't have broken her leg.

Rozelle and Mrs. Allred were now on either side of Floetta. Rozelle hissed, "Come on. Better get out of here before somebody starts wondering what caused the old gal to fall."

Floetta moved to the door with them, not even knowing that her feet were in motion. She felt perfectly numb. She ought to go back and apologize to the white woman lying there on the floor in pain. Heavenly days. She hadn't meant to hurt her.

Mrs. Allred croaked, "Say, child, that was some bumping. Wait'll they hear about this. You'll be the toast of South Philly."

"Don't know how you had the nerve to break her leg. Bet it was a accident." Rozelle gave Floetta little credit.

"It was that jew jitsoosoo," exulted Mrs. Allred. "Floetta sure is a humdinger."

Floetta looked back. The crowd had separated to make room for two men who were lifting the limp woman on an improvised stretcher. The woman's face was almost blue. Floetta could not tear her eyes away from the woman's face. What if her mother knew about this? It would kill her mother. Floetta's brow uncreased. Who cared what her mother thought? Besides, she'd never know. Old stick-in-the-mud.

Admiration and awe were in Mrs. Allred's eyes. Soon every negro in Philadelphia would be pointing out Floetta and whispering how she'd broken a white woman's leg on Bumper's Day. The men would see how much better looking she was than that snaky old Rozelle. Her place was assured. After today she'd be the most popular negro that ever hit old Philly.

The End

•

An old man at the movie theatre was groping for something on the floor, and a woman in the next seat solicitously asked what he had lost.

"A caramel," he told her.

•

"Look at that little midget across the street!"

"Yes. His father was a Scotchman."

THE LADY LEFT IN JUNE

(Continued from page 9)

joyed himself, then he walked rapidly away.

"Strange guy," Asa said.

Gunnar didn't answer. They walked up the sloping road toward the church building and past Finn's Coffee House and stopped in front of a timber building in the outskirts of the village. As they entered, the sound of a ship's siren cut through the stillness of the night and echoed in the cliffs and faded away.

"There they go again," Gunnar said. "Out to fish, fish, fish. Why don't they go to Barcelona?"

4

A week after the dance, Hans asked Asa to go out with him. He had been coming down to the fish houses quite frequently, his pretext usually being some business with Gunnar or the other foremen; but always he would find an excuse to enter the place where Asa was working, and if he never addressed her as he passed by, there was still that dogged smile on his face and half-hidden glances in her direction.

"What do you say about going to a show," he asked her the night he came for her at the house.

"No movies for me on a Saturday night." Asa was dressed in a colorful silk blouse and a black skirt and there was a smile on her face as she answered him. "And you can leave out that 'Miss' stuff," she added.

Hans smiled. The collar of his coat was turned up and he carried a box under his right arm.

"Finn's Coffee House, Miss . . . eh, Asa?" he asked.

"Suits me fine." She put on her coat, painted her lips hurriedly and took his arm.

"What you got in that box?" She locked her door and put the key in her pocket and together they walked down the street.

"What you got in that box?" Asa repeated the question.

"I'll tell you later."

The street was crowded and there was a good deal of shouting and the coffee house was full of peaple.

Finnur came over to them at the door. He was a middle-aged, dark man, dressed in a blue serge suit, and he limped when he walked.

"Hans Olafsson; Asa," he greeted them.

"We're looking for a place to sit."

"There is one over in that corner." Finnur led the way to a table near the orchestra.

He pulled out the chairs and they sat down.

"What'll it be?" he asked.

Hans looked at Asa. He had put down the box in front of him.

"Anything."

"May I suggest coffee and blueberry pie?" Finnur said. Then, "Don't let that man in," he shouted as a white-coated waiter hurried toward a man in the doorway.

"Coffee and . . ." Hans began.

"Throw that man out!"

"Coffee . . ."

"Be with you in a moment." Finnur hurried toward the door.

Asa laughed. Her laughter was pleasant, and when she laughed her eyes would laugh and her hands have fun and others would laugh with her.

"Looks like it is going to be a good evening," she said.

A waiter came over and took their order and when it was brought they sat and ate and drank and talked.

Hans seemed content just to look at her. He was still shy and quiet; but he was well dressed and his voice was soft and his talk was polite and reserved.

He appealed to Asa. She liked the way he poured out her coffee and said "excuse me" when he reached for the sugar bowl at her elbow. She liked the way he spoke and moved, she admired the white skin of his hands and the ease with which he translated for her the English on the match cover she showed him.

But some of the things he did puzzled her. Why did he stand when the Danish shipowner stopped at the table to talk to him, but remain seated when a deckhand from the "Mafurinn" came over to ask him a question? To stand up when talking to someone was strange, to remain seated was understandable.—But he was a nice guy, she decided.

They danced and talked and danced. He told her about his studies at Danish and German Universities and how different life was on the Continent. And then he asked her innumerable questions. Her father? What did he do? She? Had she always worked like this and why didn't she try to get an easier job and one that was a little more womanly?

And all the while they danced and talked and danced.

"What is in the box?" Asa asked.

Hans laughed.

"It's a present for you."

"A present!" Asa's eyes shone and her hands went up to her hair and she leant eagerly forward. "Show me, please!"

"Easy now." Hans opened the box and took out a package and unwrapped it.

"The perfume!" Two men at a nearby table turned and looked at her and smiled. "But how did you know? I mean, who told you?"

"I saw you the morning you waited outside our office. I could not help but notice how long you looked at that row of perfume bottles."

"But then . . ."

"Yes, I'm afraid I *did* make you wait unnecessarily long. I was in that office quite some time watching you." Hans stopped and blushed. "I'm sorry," he said.

They danced.

5

Came the spring and the fish began to leave and the working hours became shorter and Asa and Hans were engaged. They planned to keep it a secret for the time being. Hans had explained it to her. There were obligations, he said, that either had to be lived up to or in some way overcome. He had certain duties to his family and they might find it hard to understand his action. There were obstacles that had to be eliminated and till then they had better keep their engagement a secret.

Not that it had been easy to get Asa to see eye to eye with him. At first she had stormed and made scenes and told him she never wanted to see him again. "I don't like your family!" she had screamed. "Your father is fat and your mother looks like a hen the way she keeps her head in the air." But later she had agreed and told him she was sorry and that she didn't care whether they ever announced their engagement or not.

Gunnar knew about it. They told him and he gave them a party up in his room and made a speech to them. And then he got gloriously drunk and in his stupor cursed Hans and all women and Asa in particular.

"You're a sneaking little shrimp," he told Hans. "Don't you know I love her, damn it?"

April passed and May and Asa's time of work was almost up. The sun was shining warmer in the sky and most of the boats had laid off men or quit altogether. The village was getting quieter and life was taking on an everyday aspect; and the sea was calmer and the storms less frequent and the air was no longer cold and penetrating. Summer was winning over spring.

Gunnar mentioned the fact as he entered the fish house and pulled Asa down from the window sill where she sat.

"Summer has come, my queen," he

(Continued on next page)

THE LADY LEFT IN JUNE

(Continued from preceding page)

said as he swung her around him. "Summer hath come, my queen, or, as Hans would be able to tell you, having been to all the Universities of Europe, since this is June the sixth, it's bound to be summer."

Asa freed herself. Her face was warm and flushed and she was laughing as she stroked the hair back from her eyes.

"Envy, my lad," she laughed. "Envy, nothing else. You can't take it, never having as much as been to grammar school yourself."

"With all due respect, my queen." Gunnar bowed. "But is my sovereign forgetting Barcelona?"

"I happen to know you went as second class seaman."

"And Trinidad."

"Cook on a tramp steamer."

"And Halifax."

"Jailed and sent home by the immigration officers."

"And Wilhelmshafen."

"Aw, shut up!"

They laughed together and walked to the door. Asa took out a cigaret and lit it and looked out over the harbor. Gunnar watched her.

"Leaving all fun out for the moment," he said, "You're wanted at the office."

"Who wants me?"

"Don't know."

Asa started walking up the pier and toward the street.

"If you need me," Gunnar called after her, "I'll be here."

"What do you mean?" She turned around.

"Don't know."

She reached the street and walked up it and stopped under the bronze sign.

"Olafur Hansson & Company," she murmured. "Little does he know it, but some of these days he'll really *have* company."

Then she smiled and entered the office.

6

The desks in the outer office were empty and the window blinds were shut and it was half-dark in there. The door to Olafur's private office stood open.

"Come in here, please." The voice came from Olafur's office.

Asa walked over to the door and entered.

"Sit down." Olafur motioned to a chair.

She sat down. Olafur was sitting at his desk facing her, his heavy frame sinking deep in the chair, his hands folded on his stomach and his eyes resting on Asa.

"You are Miss Asa Jonsdotter, I believe."

She answered, "Yes."

He picked up a paper and glanced at it.

"Twenty-seven years old?"

"Yes."

"Born in Hellisnes?"

"Yes."

"And at present in my employment." He put the paper back on the desk and cleared his throat. Asa took a cigaret from her pocket and he stood up hurriedly and lighted it for her, then walked over to the window and stood there, his back turned toward her.

"I have a friend on the west coast," he said, "in Grunnivogur, who will be needing some workers this summer. There is a good job waiting there for you if you want it."

Asa put out her cigaret in the ash tray and stood up.

"Thank you, sir," she said, "It was kind of you to think of me; but I have other plans."

"Such as?" Olafur turned toward her.

"Your son and I are engaged to be married."

Olafur nodded his head. There was a tired expression in his eyes, but his face was not unfriendly. He walked toward her and stopped at the desk.

"I am afraid I can't let that happen," he said.

"We love each other."

"I think you are wrong."

"Hans is man enough to make his own decisions."

"There I *know* you are wrong." Olafur walked around the desk and sat down in his chair. Asa stood facing him. She did not move and her body was slightly bent and her hands were closed.

"We're engaged to be married, and I don't care what you say or anybody else." Asa's voice was high and angry.

"Please listen to me for a moment."

"No!"

"Please." Olafur leant forward in the chair and rested his elbows on the desk. "Why do you love him?"

"He's kind."

"Yes."

"And he's polite and friendly and thoughtful."

"Yes."

"And he's got good manners . . . I guess. And . . . Oh, what is the use of trying to make you understand?"

Olafur looked up at her. There were tears in her eyes and her hands, unclenched now, trembled and fumbled in a searching sort of way.

"You had not finished," Olafur broke the silence.

Asa straightened up and looked him in the eyes.

"Well . . ."

"Yes."

"Well, he's different."

Olafur stood up and walked over to her and took her arm and led her over to a large mirror facing the desk. He stopped in front of it, still holding her arm.

"Different from you?"

It was a full-length mirror; and the sun shone through the window and lighted up the room and fell on Asa. And her tears ran down her cheeks and chin and fell on the front of her jacket; and the white salt-stains on her overalls seemed to grow in the brilliance of the sunlight that made the coarseness of her hands coarser and cast the shadow of her strong and yet pleasant features on the wall.

"Yes; different from me," she whispered.

7

Asa buttoned up her raincoat. The sun had gone down and the wind from the sea swept over the deck of the steamer. She walked over to the railing and leant on it and looked up at the fish houses and the village and the red light on the top of the hill.

"Get those boxes aboard," someone shouted. "We're leaving in ten minutes."

She watched the men at work on the pier. There was Jon who had trouble with his wife, and there was Helgi who preached in the hospital every Sunday, and there, farther up, stood Hulda, his daughter.

"Take down the gang plank," called the captain.

She looked toward the village again and tried to make out the two flagpoles on Finn's Coffee House. The silhouette of the dance hall stood against the sky and the lights from the houses looked like stars against the cliffs in the distance.

"Cast loose aft," shouted the captain.

She looked over the harbor and at the boats and into the water, then raised her head as a shouting figure raced down the pier, a suitcase in one hand and a sea-bag on his shoulder.

"Hold it, hold it," he bellowed. "By the women of Barcelona, this boat won't leave without me."

The End

"I'm sorry," said the girl at the ticket booth, "that two dollar bill is counterfeit."

"My God," the woman uttered, "I've been seduced."

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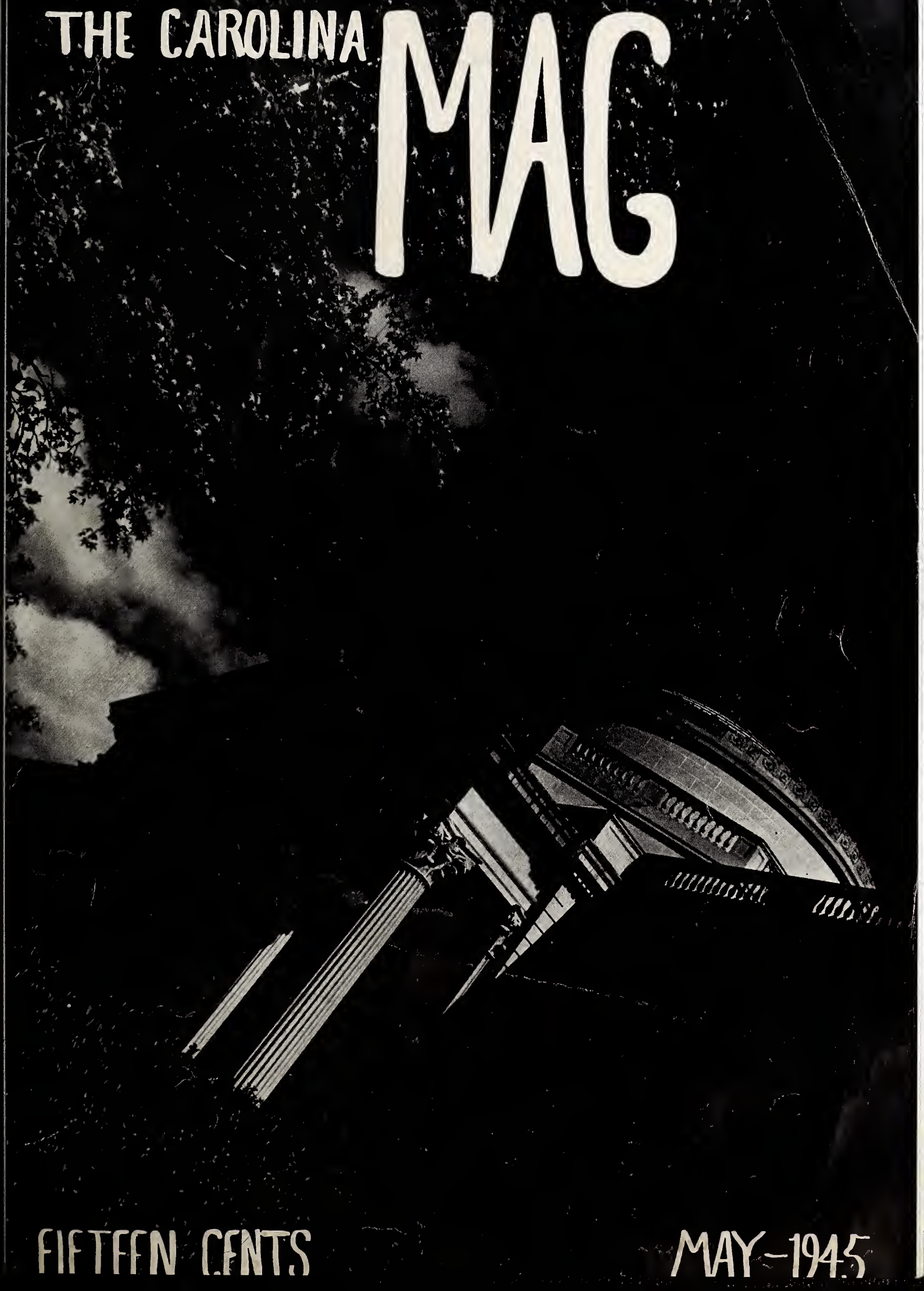

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THE CAROLINA
May, 1945
GRADUATION ISSUE

MAG

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Item #1

for summer fun . . .

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● Yes, sir—Jantzen trunks are right up there at the top of your list for summer fun. Jantzen-tailored to give you the action freedom you want, with trim, athletic fit and comfort for active swimming and playing in the sun. Step in and see the new styles and colors.

$3.50 to $5

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Writers and Workers

By way of throwing a bouquet we would like to call attention to the tremendous amount of concentrated effort put into this year's Yack by Editor Gene Johnston and staff. The little office on the landing is always scintillating with activity, there is obviously more work than glory to putting out a yearbook. Gene was in a difficult position from the start, but is making an admirable success of a hard job. The excellent layout and new literary style in the Yack this year are all his doing as well as many new ideas in pictures and features. A good yearbook can mean a lot after college, and we have Gene to thank for the fact that the 1945 Yackety Yack is a well written, accurate souvenir of days at Carolina.

The girl who has one of the hardest jobs is Marion Kerr, Kerk, to you, who has worked like a dog in the capacity of business manager for the MAG since last year. Kerk wades through the various lists of advertisers, the mazes of double-entry bookkeeping, and the records for years past, and is not confused, which is more than anyone else in the office can say. She puts in a tremendous amount of work on the job, which is one guaranteed to keep any less competent individual running around in circles, and somehow manages to give the impression that she is taking her own sweet time. Kerk is majoring in commerce which may or may not make a business manager's life worth living, and her New Yorkish (my deah) accent can be accounted for by the fact that she calls Montclair, N. J., home.

This is the time of year when the seniors feel very important and the juniors feel like seniors, and the sophomores start telling people that they are juniors. The freshmen have been telling everyone that they are sophomores for so long now that any incoming freshman going as such will be a novelty . . . .

It is at this time of the year and this year especially that all Tar Heels understand what it is that makes a school great, and what makes up the spirit of our University. There is more to Carolina's tradition than old buildings and a glorious history. Every student who has ever walked down the shady paths, heard the bells ringing in the afternoon, loved his school, has left something of that spirit, and it is this intangible feeling that is characteristic of Carolina. It is as though we can hear the voice of every student through the years singing with us when we sing *HARK THE SOUND.*

Today, at the age of sixty-seven, Archibald Henderson is still living a dual life of mathematician by day and writer by night. Aside from three trips abroad and travel in many parts of the United States, he has achieved a world-wide reputation in the village of Chapel Hill. Like William Allen White, he has become an Olympus by remaining on Main Street. His three primary interests — mathematics, history, and literature—have formed a complete circle enclosing the "multilateral" Henderson. Although he has been a teacher for upwards of half a century, he has never lost the personal outlook and inquiring disposition of the student.

OFFICE MAIL

Carolina Magazine
University of North Carolina
Dear Sirs:

I would like to know the name of the cover girl for your March issue of Carolina MAG.

Very truly yours,
Gay Wise
Library,
The Baltimore Sun.

Fame, fortune, a contract. Your name in Lites!

Carolina MAG Staff
Graham Memorial.
Dear Sirs and Mesdames:

I have been subscribing to the Magazine for years and years. I have kept every single copy and I have lots and lots. I mean really I just have stacks and stacks. I like the MAG loads and loads. More and more luck.

Brien O'Brien.

Dear Editor:

To be perfectly blunt about the whole thing, why can't the MAG be like the Buccaneer used to be? I love the MAG very dearly, in fact I even send it home to my underprivileged family, that's not what I want, however. I want a Magazine I don't WANT to send home, I want a MAG that I won't be able to part with even for a second. Oh you know what I want, now do something about it.

Anxious.

Who, I ????? Ed.

Ye Magazine of the recently founded University of the Carolina Territories.

M'Lords,

I take pen in hand on this the eighteenth day of the fifth month the moon being at the zenith to ask ye most honored Editorial staff to extend towards myself the courtesy of attention. I was a contributor to ye MAG at an earlier date, the year of my graduation, 1799. At that time I did hande into the office of ye Editore an treatise the Manuscript of wich was valuable to me, entitled *The CAROLINA CO-ED: When in Hell will she get here, I can't take graduate work forever.* I have written to this address every year hence and receive no reply. Perhaps the post is slow. Wouldst return my Manuscript please?

Yr mst hmble srvnt,
Wm. Chrls. James.

"He didn't even mention his etchings. Just bragged about his stock of Sir Walter Raleigh."

Smokes as sweet as it smells

"... the quality pipe tobacco of America"

UNION MADE

FREE! *24-page illustrated booklet tells how to select and break in a new pipe; rules for pipe cleaning, etc. Write today Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville 1, Kentucky.*

Buy War Bonds regularly.

Hold on to those you have.

•

The Bank of Chapel Hill

Member of F. D. I. C.

Browse

Borrow

or

Buy

BULL'S HEAD BOOKSHOP

First Floor U.N.C. Library

The designers of the Playmakers Theatre substituted corn and wheat for the conventional acanthus leaves in the capitals of the columns.

Carolina: A Tradition

By LINDA NOBLES

Photo by Joe Denker

IT WAS mid-afternoon. The air was heavy with dust and heat. In the sweltering stillness I stared at the grime-besmeared bus station. A lone straggler loitered in the doorway while flies crawled over the scarred benches. So this was Chapel Hill, the South's most liberal monument to learning. This was the school I had traveled nine hundred miles to attend. Cross and wrinkled, I was unable to check my bitter disappointment. But you, whether you're a male civilian in saddle shoes, a bell-bottom sailor, or a Carolina coed in blue jeans, well know that my first impression was utterly false . . . our university is far more than a shabby bus station that needs a coat of paint. Carolina is a way of life! It is our heritage! And only if we know of the bygone past, of the struggles, the heartaches, and the joys that have made our university a mighty force in the lives of many thousands, can we absorb the full richness of its atmosphere. Only then can we hand our heritage unmarred and undefiled to our fellow-students in the world of tomorrow. Carolina's history is glorious; its facts are vividly colorful. We can best read that history in its expansion through the years, in its increasing number of memorable landmarks.

Our school, a natural child of the American Revolution, is as old as our country. It was provided for in North Carolina's constitution of 1776, and some thirteen years later General William Davie actually introduced a bill in the legislature to charter this university. Tradition has it that this same General Davie, as he sat eating his lunch in the cool shade of a poplar tree, was so enthralled by the natural beauty of the spot that he chose the Hill of New Hope Chapel in the brilliant woods of Orange as the site for this school. Today that tree is our own Davie Poplar, the oldest landmark on the North-South axis of the campus.

It was autumn, 1793, when the cornerstone of Old East, the first building, was laid. On January 15, 1795, the date set for formal opening exercises, a cold, dismal rain was falling. Not one student arrived. But despite muddy roads and swollen streams Hinton James reached Chapel Hill a month later on February 12th. Thus, one hundred and fifty years ago, classes began at Carolina.

On the North-South axis of the campus stands a monument to our first president, Reverend Joseph Caldwell, who supervised the work of the university for thirty-one years. The early students whom he disciplined were men impatient of restraint. Their morals and conduct were infected with the wild and fashionable spirit of the French Revolution. In those times duelling was prohibited, yet swords and fire arms were hidden away in abundance. The students thrived on prayers thirteen times a day as well as seconds of "wheat bread and butter and coffee for breakfast, midling and collards and cornbread and milk for dinner." Dr. Caldwell, in pumps and knee breeches, danced at their commencement balls in Gerrard Hall. (In his days this hall was the chief amusement center. Once there was a moment of imminent danger when a prankster yelled during one of the programs presented in the auditorium, "The gallery is falling." An offer of $100 reward on the spot failed to detect the culprit who gave the false alarm. Fortunately the trick was discovered before any frightened damsels were tramped to death on the narrow stairways.) And so life in Dr. Caldwell's time moved on at a nineteenth century pace in Chapel Hill.

The center of activity on campus then is the focal point on the campus axis now, the Old Well. Although it was designed as a copy of France's famous Temple of Love about the turn of the century by President Alderman, it was once authentic in its representation of the ditty, "The Old Oaken Bucket." It was the campus billboard, the milling place of friends, and with its single dipper it furnished all the water used on the campus.

Zebulon Vance often poked fun at the new temperance society founded while he was a student at the university. He is reported to have told the story of a student being hotly pursued by President Swain. The boy, afraid to be caught with whiskey, threw his half-emptied jug in the college well as he ran past, and the temperance boys, according to Vance, almost drank the well dry.

Across the street from the symbolic Old Well is South Building, today the home of the administration, originally a dormitory. In 1798 the cornerstone was laid after much of the money for its construction was raised by lotteries. The building, not completed for sixteen years, remained roofless a great part of the time. Its opponents denounced it as "the palace-like erection, which is much too large for usefulness and might be aptly termed the 'Temple of Folly,' planned by the Demi-God Davie."

The years rolled by. As we have read in the blood-soaked pages of history, 1861 heard the rumblings of war. Of the fifteen members of the class of 1865, fourteen enlisted. One was declared physically unfit. But even after the Confederacy had fallen and the University's buildings were serving as barracks and stables for 4,000 Michigan cavalry, the bell in South Building was rung daily. A handful of students were attending classes.

"The University survived the War; Reconstruction closed its doors." The causes may be assigned to poverty and partisan politics. In 1870 a student wrote on the wall of one of the recitation rooms, "This old University has busted and gone to Hell today!"

In 1875 the news was telegraphed from Raleigh to Cornelia Phillips Spencer that the bill for reopening the school had passed. She mounted the steps to the belfry. It was no funeral peal which waked the echoes when for half an hour she told the hills and trees and the few living souls left within the joyful sound that the days of silence and defeat were over.

On the northernmost point of the axis is a statue that nobly stands as a memorial to those black years of War and Reconstruction in the history of the South. It is a memorial to the men "whose lives taught the lesson of their great commander that duty is the sublimest word in the English language."

The north-south axis is only the hub around which the University revolves. From it stem many prominent landmarks in the architectural lay-out of the school. Smith Hall, now the Carolina Playmakers' Theatre, is representative of the University's finer feelings. It is an inspiring example of Roman variations on the Greek Temple. The majestic columns do not have capitals of the usual acanthus leaves, but the architects of Smith portrayed those highly valued crops of our land, corn and wheat. It is believed that this is the only local adaptation of the Corinthian column in our times.

During the golden decade of the twenties Chapel Hill's library arose at the southern end of the campus axis. Its formal entrance displays a classical portico of Corinthian columns. Six million dollars were invested in this magnificent structure that houses 400,000 volumes in stacks nine stories high.

(Continued on page 21)

THE PROFESSOR TAKES AN EXAM

By SAM HOOD

Photo by Sam Hood

SITTING on Dr. Henderson's verandah at "Fordell," one can feel the change that has come over the campus. Although sight is barred by those Hudsonian "green mansions" on a spacious lawn which would be a good location for a Tarzan movie or adequate spot for "freshmen soldiers" maneuvers, one can hear music in the distance. The frenzied blare of the college bands playing at the half has been replaced by the martial strains of colored military bands playing the regimental marches for war-time drilling.

When Dr. Henderson entered Chapel Hill half a century ago, the University of North Carolina, as he described it, was "like a Greek community, with an ideal of unity and common aim, encysted in a tiny village of fixed *mores* and complacent chauvinism." Chapel Hill still retains this air of remoteness, antiquity and seclusion. Dr. Henderson is largely responsible for bringing cosmopolitan alloy into the University's provincial life. By starting the University Lecture Committee, Henderson brought a transfusion of new and invigorating ideas that made it possible for all shades of scholastic, political and religious beliefs to share a rostrum. Today the University has become as departmentalized as the New Deal with most of its sections connected with the war program. While Dr. Henderson's energies are chiefly geared to the speed-up teaching, the full exploitation of the fleeting moment in order to equip our fighting men for a world at war, his thoughts have persistently projected forward into a post-war era when returning disillusioned youthful veterans run the risk of further disorganization by shot-in-the-arm, emergency educational methods. "We cannot continue, after the war," he forcefully declared, with long minatory forefinger upraised, "to produce automata of technic, mechanical executants of process. We must ruthlessly return to the cultivation of the mind, the fertilization of the spirit. A full stop must be put to filling human skulls with what O. Henry called 'pre-digested spoop-ju.' It is the fusion of ideas, not their isolation, which counts in the long run. The peace will bring emotional lesions from the over-exposure to violent action and the over-cramming of super-charged learning. Upon the universities primarily rests the responsibility for supplying the correct prescription, potent remedy and complete cure."

Capitalizing on Dr. Henderson's mood to discuss and compare education from the present and post-war vantage points, the interviewer, a former University of North Carolina student, made Dr. Henderson do a turnabout and step down from a platform of forty-seven years' teaching experience to answer a few questions himself.

QUESTION: With such a cosmopolitan outlook, why have you remained in this small village, Chapel Hill?

HENDERSON: People still wonder why I chose Chapel Hill instead of a metropolis. I could have gone very easily. I have often wondered what might have happened to me if I had accepted the offer once made me of the editorship of a famous weekly magazine. The trouble is that the city sublimates too much energy. It boils off more steam than it harnesses. People are more interested in watching the steam than in calculating the energies which produce it. That's the real reason why I didn't go to London or New York and settle down. There could have been no "settling down" for me there. I preferred to live in a village, a "garden close" for the spirit. I have lived a tumultuous intellectual life in Chapel Hill and made the University the fulcrum of all my activities. I have never regretted it.

QUESTION: How does being a mathematics professor fit into your intellectual life, since you are more widely known for your writings on literary and esthetic subjects and personalities than for your contributions to the lifeless subject of mathematics?

HENDERSON: This is always the case with split personalities who are equally at home in art and science. The reading public for literature is enormously larger than that for mathematics, wherein the number of understanding readers is so sharply restricted. The truth of the matter is that I am a renegade scientist. Most people, indeed most mathematicians and scientists, regard mathematics only as a science. I accept it also as an art. The whole contemporary trend is in my direction. A philosophic basis for the esthetic qualities of mathematics has been formulated by such writers as John Dewey in "Art and Experience," Jay Hambridge in "Dynamic Symmetry," George Birkhoff in "Aesthetic Measure," and Scott Buchanan in "Poetry and Mathematics." The theories of Relativity and Wave Mechanics appear to me to be as grandiose constructs in the field of science as are the cathedrals of Mont Saint Michel or Chartres in the field of architecture. The supreme works of the greatest mathematicians—Euclid, Descartes, Gauss, Klein, Poincaré, Cayley, Einstein—are conspicuous for beauty and elegance, for an exceptional sense of balance and proportion, for symmetry of form and richness of content. Nietzsche was right when he said that the scientific man is the finest development of the artistic man. Ponder Michelangelo and Leonardo! Surely Goethe was right in his perceptive comment: "The mathematician is complete only in so far as he feels within himself the Beauty of the True." The conflict between art and science is as clearly a manufactured antithesis as is the alleged conflict between science and religion. It is a superficial rationalization of a limitation.

QUESTION: Can a liberal arts program fit into a post-war curriculum that will cater to practical courses?

HENDERSON: Isn't it high time to stop prating about "practical" courses

Mr. Hood is a member of the class of 1938, U. N. C., and a native of Raleigh, N. C. At present he is serving as a reporter on The Pittsburgh Press.

as if they were to be distinguished in some way from "impractical" courses? Poetry helps a man to fight as much as mathematics. One need only disengage the values of the issue. The spiritual and the technical go hand in hand, are mutually co-operative. When American Marines landed at Tarawa, the ships brought them there, the landing barges swept them inshore and landed them and their equipment; but it was the voices of the immortal dead, the classic phrases of literature and history, the humanistic challenge of blood and race and tradition which sent them hurtling across the beaches to storm the jungle. Dante and Milton, Shakespeare and Goethe, Tolstoy and Stephen Crane, Keats and Shelley, Whitman and Poe were there no whit less than Henry Ford and Donald Nelson, Kaiser and Sperry, Wilbur and Orville Wright. If by "practical" courses you mean manual training, applied science, technology, a whole new and imperfectly grasped universe of technics, I affirm that a liberal arts program can and must fit into this dimly prevised post-war era. However complicated our machines, however refined our technics, beauty, art, poetry, philosophy, religion with their messages of inspiration and benison are always waiting for our summons, as guides, philosophers, counsellors, advisers, mentors, friends. No technical excellence, no expertness in mechanics, no streamlined program of scientific education will ever enable the race to dispense with the Shakespeares and the Bunyans, the Kants and the Comtes, the Emersons and the Ruskins, the Cardinal Newmans and the Bishop Brooks. The blind man needs the "seeing-eye" to guide him through traffic. Contemporary man and woman, immersed in the cold, bloodless pre-occupations of science and invention, need the seeing-eye of the ideal and the spiritual to guide them through the death-rattling traffic of mechanistic technologies.

QUESTION: Is there an equation between the class-room casualties of the war speed-up program and the students of peace-time methods who lost interest because of a more diluted educational process?

HENDERSON: Careful studies at many institutions and over a considerable period of time would have to be made in order to determine whether there exists a specific functional relationship of the sort you mention which could be expressed in the form of a mathematical equation. But that such a relationship exists, whether it can be scientifically charted or not, is scarcely open to doubt. The problem is always there like the problem of the economically indi-

gent. It is the problem of the poor in spirit, the feeble in ambition, the indigent in ideas, the moronic camels born with no thirst for knowledge, content to plod interminably across the Saharas of mental aridity and the deserts of ignorance. What shall avail a post-Hitlerian, anti-Hirohitoan, Mussolini-contemning world if our would-be educational leaders and thinkers succeed no better in the future than they have in the past at tackling, disclosing, and solving the riddle of the modern sphinx: educational aphasia and intellectual apathy? Whether we uphold the sciences or the humanities, the Gospel according to Saint Thomas (Edison) or the Gospel according to Saint John's (Annapolis), the technologies or the idealisms, matters not if we leave unsolved this recurrent and knotty problem: the cosmic law and pejorative trait of human laziness and mental indifferentism.

QUESTION: Can Socialism, by equalizing means and opportunities, solve the educational problem of creating individuality and stimulating desire for learning? What was Shaw's answer?

HENDERSON: Shaw is an artist-philosopher and lives for the intellectual moment. Inconsistent, and therefore irresponsible, he defies all attempts to reconcile his many conflicting points of view. He rebelled against the iron bands of pattern and insisted upon absolute freedom to make the most of himself at a given time, place, and circumstance, in the face of all inconsistencies. A Fabian Socialist who advocates equal distribution to everyone from birth of the wealth of the State, Shaw is thus striking a mortal blow at individualism and ambition. His primary aim was to be a great teacher; but his own Revolutionist, in the Famous Handbook, can do no better than could Disraeli in defining the critic: "He who can, does; he who cannot, teaches." In aswer to my challenge that his Socialism would sound the death-knell of ambition and destroy the incentive to work, higher aims, or even thought, Shaw coolly replied that, in the event, Socialism would have to break its word; and that the uplifted world—*pace* the U.S.S.R., Lenin, and Stalin—would have to choose a captain of the ship, directors for the company, since all could not be merely passengers and stock-holders. Under Socialism the incentive would be, not money, but subtler, finer, and more intangible things. What price Socialism? What price education? The cross-word puzzle of contemporary education is to find the x-lettered words for these subtler, finer, more intangible things which will arouse ambition for knowledge and create the incentive to learning.

QUESTION: Is it a sound idea to re-

(Continued on page 18)

1-A

By BROOKSIE POPKINS

To others he was pathetically amusing. To himself he was the receiver of all the world's misfortune.

ADAMS, L., eyes 20-20, blood pressure 130, heart . . . hmm, 1-A all right," and the army recording clerk looked up to face the anemic, slightly stooped man in front of him. "You *are* Adams, L., aren't you?" The clerk took another look at the medical record.

"Yes, sir. I'm Adams, L. Are you sure I'm 1-A? There couldn't be a mistake?" Leonard twisted his hands. Agony tore at his face. What little self-aggression he possessed froze behind his teeth.

"The army doesn't make mistakes. Just a minute while I copy this report. Then I'll give you your classification card."

"But I . . . when I climb steps . . . I mean my heart is definitely weak." From the look on the clerk's face Leonard knew he didn't understand him. No one ever did.

"Listen, aren't you proud to be 1-A? Man, here's your opportunity to help free the world." The army clerk thought "free the world" sounded good. As he handed Adams his card, the clerk thought Adams didn't look very strong. No, sick was better. No doubt the after-effects of a bad cold.

Leonard hesitated to leave. Something must have been overlooked somewhere.

The clerk noticed his hesitation. "Buck up, old man. The army is just the thing you need. Put you right back on your feet. Up early in the morning, plenty of drill, bayonet practice, sham battles, living out in the open, sunshine. Yes, sir. Right back on your feet. Next?" And the army clerk swelled his chest with pride, thinking he was a typical example of what the army can do for a man.

Leonard meekly left the room and shut the door behind him.

Right back on his feet. Hell! Leonard looked at the card again. 1-A in heavy, black ink—a one-way ticket to the grave. The army would be too much for him. His heart, his ankles, his nerves. He just couldn't last longer than a month. Surely all his past and present ailments must have weakened his body at some point. If he just hadn't slept twelve hours before he came to Fort B— for his physical! Leonard believed in getting a lot of sleep before taking a bus trip; bus trips are liable to overtax one's heart.

He walked listlessly over to the bus depot to catch a bus for Chapel Hill. A dreary ride home! And what was waiting for him when he got there? Nothing but a dark shell of a room. No family, no friends, not even his job as tomorrow was Sunday.

His job! The only thing he had to care for in life, keeping the books for Pender's Grocery Store. Such a joy at the end of a hard day's work to balance the books and settle to the penny. Then to walk along the streets and watch the gay college crowd, often pretending he was laughing with them. Now he would have to give up his job and leave Chapel Hill. Perspiration came to Leonard's forehead. He, Leonard Adams, would have to say goodbye to life and march out to die ingloriously—a death from mistreatment in an army camp.

The bus station was packed with hard-pressed bodies eager to be on the way to their destination. Leonard wiggled through the crowd to the ticket window and back again to the platform. The struggling, the shoving, the straining . . . Leonard's heart! The high, shrill voices, the red, angry faces, the low, foggy loud speaker . . . Leonard's nerves! If the army was worse than this, Leonard doubted whether he could last even a month. The slow torture of thinking about it!

The bus was late. Standing, shifting, back and forth . . . Leonard's ankles! Pain. All his life, pain, both mental and physical. How tragic the past twenty-five years had been. How much more tragic the next few months would be. Tragedy! Leonard thought no one in

(Continued on page 19)

★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★

On thinking of a title for this month's pin-up picture we asked several interested (and we're not just saying that) bystanders to make suggestions. A few were inarticulate, some made low howling animal noises, quite a few whistled and the rest were too explicit to be quoted in a magazine of this calibre. After all, they did it to Esquire, they could do it to the MAG. One bookish little character suggested "Nordhoff and Hall were right." After a quick trip to the library stacks to see what he was talking about, we feel you will agree.

★ ★ ★

If the Government is thinking of promoting Post-War settlement of the South Pacific, we would like to offer this shot to help the decision for any who might be hesitating. The gal in question is Fran Cheshire. When asked where she was from she gave St. Louis, Mo., as her present home but explained that she had never lived in one place for long. "I never want to have to stay in any one place for longer than two years," she said. "I love to travel." Oh, yes, Fran lives at the ADPi house and is a graduating senior.

★ ★ ★

What does MAGNA CUM LAUDE mean?

•

Girls who eat spinach have legs like this !!

Girls who ride horseback have legs like this ( )

Girls who get drunk have legs like this) (

And girls who use good judgment have legs like this X

•

•

Just because a girl is well oiled is no guarantee she won't squeal. —The Log.

If you don't get this one, write to the editor and it will be explained in a subsequent issue:

A lady from Atlanta, Ga.
Became quite a notable fa.
But she faded from view
With a quaint I.O.U.
That she signed Mrs. Lucrezia Ba.

•

There was a young maiden — a Sioux
As tempting as any home Brioux,
She displayed her cute knees
As she strolled past tepees
And the Braves all hollered, "Wioux, wioux!"

•

I can't recall the name, said the sultan, but the fez is familiar.

King Arthur: "I hear you have been misbehaving."

Knight of the Roundtable: "In what manor, sir?"

•

Then there was the cross-eyed proff who couldn't control his pupils.

•

Definitions . . .

Wolf: A guy who takes out a sweater girl and then tries to pull the wool over her eyes.

Professor: A man whose job it is to tell students how to solve the problems of life which he himself has tried to avoid by becoming a professor.

GALS

They're jealous, mean
And never lenient,
They love you only when convenient.
You can work for weeks to wangle a date
And when you call they're a half hour late.
They'll tease, and torture, and get you in Dutch,
Bless the wimmen . . . but not too much.

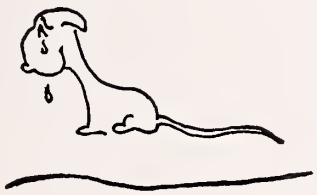
—A. Wolfe.

•

"H'mm you're an apt lad. Is your sister apt, too?"

"Yes, sir, if she gets the chance."

•



•

"Where did you get that black eye?"

"I went to a dance, and was struck by the beauty of the place."

•

"Darn it, leftovers again," said the cannibal as he gnawed on the two old maids.

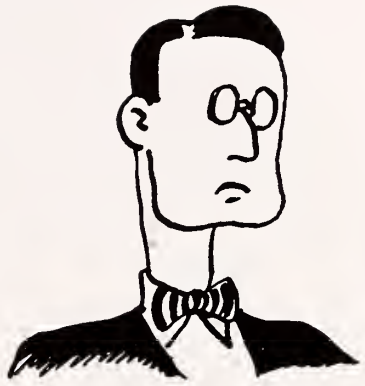
•

Humphrey: "My, but you're stupid."

Horace: "You ought to see my brother. He walks all humped over."

•

A burlesque show is where all the actors pretend everybody in the audience is from Missouri.—SkyScrapers.



As he sees himself.

As his students see him.

As his wife sees him.

As he really is!!

They're Off Today!
in the
DELINGTON HANDICAP!
ALAN LADD's got 50 G's riding on a longshot and if he doesn't win...
—he'll get knocked off
See all this in Paramount's exciting race track picture...
"SALTY O'ROURKE"

CAROLINA THEATRE
June 22-23

These pages
the good tim
are leaving
they were h
press intang
but these pages may b
names and places, a hin
jivey music, coke and b
that made up so many
ionship, and good spiri

ages are dedicated to all
times that the seniors who
ng the campus had while
e here. It is hard to ex-
tangibles in photograph,
y bring back memories of
hint of the hearty laughs,
d beer, all the little things
ny hours of fun, compan-
pirit.

YE "Y" COURT
AS SEEN BY SHIELDS
THIS IS STRICTLY Q.T., NATCH!
BET THEY ALL THINK WE'RE PLAYMAKERS
YEAH, BUT YOU SHOULD SEE HER FACE
I NEVER SMOKED TILL THEY GOT SO SCARCE
ON GENERAL PRINCIPLES, I'D SAY NO
THEY HAVE KOOLS
I'VE QUIT AGAIN
IT MUST'VE BEEN THE BEER
I SUPPOSE THAT NOW HE'LL GO TO BAINBRIDGE
ARE THEY PINNED?
GULP
Dirty Two-Timer
SHE'S NOT THAT DAM' CUTE
CENSORED

HIGH DUTY ON IMPORTS

By CONNIE HENDREN

Pine Hall Academy
Evans, Va.

Dear Bob,

I want to thank you so much for a lovely weekend last weekend. I had a lovely time at the dance and I thought your friends were just lovely. Especially Gloria. Thank you again for a lovely time.

Truly,

Mary Lou

Steele Dormitory
University of N. C.
Chapel Hill, N. C.
April 19, 1945

Dearest Mary,

I'm so glad you had a good time down here, I wondered if maybe there were a few things that seemed a little strange to you but it is just the way it is down here, things are different I guess. I'm glad you liked Gloria, too. She really is one swell girl. You understand about how I never dated her or any thing, I told you I never would date other girls since we were in love I never dated Gloria, she is in my class and I have been on lots of parties with her, she really is a swell girl, I'm glad you liked her, I hope you can come down again real soon. I love you, honey,

Bob

Pine Hall Academy
Evans, Va.
April 21, 1945

Dear Bob,

You are a complete fool if you thought I really like that common Gloria. I don't see how you can see anything at all in her. I'm afraid you are just being deceived by her cheap good looks. She was very rude to me when I was down there, I don't believe she even knows we are in love, you must not talk about me very much, that's all I can say. I thought it was disgraceful the way she dragged you off to play baseball with all those other girls who played baseball with their dates. And always joking about things I didn't know about because I don't go to school there. And I really don't think it was very nice the way you kept asking me if I wanted beer, you KNOW I don't drink and I always thought you were nice too. I'm just awfully disappointed in you, Bob Martin, that's all I can say.

Very truly,
Mary Lou

Steele Dorm
U. N. C.
April 23, 1945

Dear Mary Lou,

Gosh Mary Lou, I thought you really liked Gloria, I thought she was a swell girl. I can see how maybe it looked funny to you, but I swear I never dated her. That time you heard her talking about, was one time I took her out for my roommate (You remember Dick, the real tall guy. A real swell fellow, one of the best.) He had to go to the infirmary, it wasn't really a date, you know how it is. And all the girls play softball on the beer parties down here, it's not like back home, I already told you that. And I'm sorry about the beer, I guess maybe I shouldn't have had as much as I did or I wouldn't have forgotten that you don't like it. Maybe you can come down again before school is out, Love

Bob

P.S. I hope you didn't write too much home, your Mom and mine might not understand some things. Bob.

Pine Hall Academy
Evans, Va.
April 26, 1945

Dear Bob,

I'm so glad you said that Gloria doesn't mean a thing to you, I just KNEW that kind of a girl could never be the one you liked. And we are still in love, chickie. I wear that pretty pin all the time even on my gym suit. I don't see how you would think I could ever forget your roommate, Dick, don't you remember when he came over right to where we were sitting on that blanket and tried to kiss me? Honestly, I wasn't going to say anything about it but I thought you should have hit him or said something to him or done something. I was awfully shocked and surprised, to think he thought I was that kind of girl. Like Gloria maybe, or one of those other girls. They seemed to run around enough with all the men. Goodness knows, you left me alone for a long enough time, I hate to think how you would act if we weren't in love. And it's not that I don't like beer, though I do think it tastes just sour and awful, I just don't think it's nice. I do hope you will arrange for me to come up real soon, we have just such sweet good times together, just me and you, chickie.

Wots of wove,
Mary Lou

Steele Dorm
U. N. C.
May 1, 1945

Dear Mary Lou,

I'm real sorry I didn't write sooner, you know how it is I have been studying real hard, and time sort of slips by. I saw Gloria the other day and she said to say Hey to you, she really thought you were swell, I know you would like her a lot if you got to know her. She says you left a pair of long gloves in her room, I will get them and send them to you. I hope you didn't write too much home, I had a letter from Mom asking me if I was starting to drink. I wish there was some way you could come down before school

(Continued on page 20)

WRITTEN IN THE RECORDS -- By GISLI ASTHORRSON

IT WAS early morning when Asa Thorvaldsdottir walked into the storehouse of Jon Gunnarsson & Co, scrambled over a pile of flour sacks in the doorway, and stopped beside her father sitting in the farthest end of the room.

"Well, father, I've done it," she said.

Thorvaldur took a bite of the bread he held in his hand and looked up at her. He was a small man and even the hip-boots he wore didn't hide the fact that his left foot was crippled.

"Done what, daughter?" he asked.

"Made the arrangements to sign up on the Happasaell."

Thorvaldur took another bite from his bread, then shook his head and reached out for the cup at his elbow and gulped down the coffee.

"You won't go, daughter." He didn't look at her when he spoke. "You won't go this summer, or the next, or the next. You won't go ever."

Asa sat down beside him. In the near-darkness of the storehouse and among the flour sacks and the fish barrels Asa was not a particularly handsome woman. Of average height, her arms were sturdy and thick, while her half-closed hands suggested work and heavy burdens. Her face was pleasant and her hair, yellow and combed back and made up in a fulsome knot over the nape of her neck, was good to look at. She stroked it impatiently as she answered.

"It's nothing new," she said, and her voice was low and determined. "Women have done it, and women are still doing it. Why can't a woman cook in a boat's cabin as well as in a kitchen?"

Thorvaldur was wiping his hands on his overalls. He still didn't look at her.

"My daughter won't," he said. "Not as long as I am alive and there is work enough here for the both of us. Not even to the sea that feeds us will I trust the care of you."

He paused and laid his hand on her shoulder. She looked at him, then rose and buttoned up her raincoat and faced him.

"I'm sorry, father," she said. "We're poor. We can use the money. I'm going to sign up on Happasaell; that's all there is to it. We'll be leaving in a week or so."

She walked to the door and out it and up the pier. When she reached the street she started to run.

Asa and her father weren't poor. Nobody was poor in Klettsvik. Oh, it is true that in thousands of towns and scores of countries, Asa and Asa's father and the other people of the village would have been poor. But in Klettsvik, where the men fished and sailed the sea and the women prepared the fish, one man's wealth did not make a pauper of another. So while some might be rich, the rest were not poor, but just less rich than the others.

Thorvaldur was thinking about this as he stood over the stove that evening and watched the steam rise in the air and disappear out the crack in the wall near the ceiling. He was tired. The work in the storehouse had been pressing and strenuous, and the memory of Asa's visit had dwelt with him and made his work as heavy as his thoughts.

One thing was certain: Asa musn't sign up on Happasaell. Never. He must find a way to dissuade her, some means to discourage her and make her follow his advice.

He pondered on the problem as he lifted a piece of fish from the boiling water, put it on his plate and limped over to the kitchen table.

He could not buy her. That he knew: No dress, not even the red, imported coat she had wanted so long, could make her change her mind. Besides, where would he get the money to buy it with? But he had to find some way, he told himself.

He peeled a potato, shifted it in his hand as it burnt his fingers, and placed it on his plate with the fish. The alarm clock on the window sill showed half past nine. Outside it was raining and the windows were already mudsplattered by the passing trucks. The sign on Knut's shop across the street flapped in the wind. It made shrieking, cutting sounds.

Thorvaldur stood up from the table and took off his coat and hung it over the stove. The door in the hallway had been opened and closed and he knew by the footsteps coming closer that Asa had come in. He finished his coffee and dried his hands on his overalls, then turned to Asa in the doorway.

"Glad you have come in, daughter," Thorvaldur said. "The weather is getting worse. Something must have kept you."

Asa walked over to the table, picked up a towel and dried her hands and face. She didn't take off her coat.

"I'm signing on tonight, father," she said. "I met Egill today—he's taking over Happasaell for the summer—and he wants the crew to sign on tonight. I came home to get the papers I need."

Thorvaldur turned toward the window. He didn't move as he spoke, but his eyes darted up and down and then rested on the shadow behind the closet.

"I have never refused you anything, daughter," he said; "Not if it has been within my power to satisfy you."

"I'm sorry, father."

"Hasn't it occurred to you that I might have a reason for trying to dissuade you from taking this step?" Thorvaldur looked up at her.

"I know, father. You think the work will be hard and the hours long and all that." Asa stopped for a moment, then she continued. "But you know it won't. It won't be more tiring than standing sixteen hours in the cod piles. It won't be colder than cleaning fish; and it won't be as monotonous as work-

(Continued on page 23)

One Man Art Show

"In painting I aim for a pleasing effect," says Archie Daniels. "I want my work to be pleasant to look at and I will not paint unless I can achieve this end."

Owner and creator of the Daniels Art Gallery in Chapel Hill, Mr. Daniels has been painting for nearly twenty-five years. He first began at the age of 16 in his home town of Lynchburg, Va. A lady portrait artist in that city developed an interest in his work and gave him private lessons. When he later moved to Hurdle Mills, N. C., he received instruction in the use of art media. Since that time he has studied books on art, and has watched the methods of artists teaching in the art department here at the University, where he takes care of the studio and supplies.

Mr. Daniels prefers to think of himself as a "Primitive" or self taught, artist. He claims that he has not been influenced by any other artists, because he was once advised that his style is individual and his technique rare, and that he should not change it.

Architectural landscapes, still lifes, and flowers are his most frequent subjects. Oil paints are his favorite medium because of their good textural qualities and the fact that it is easy to change or correct mistakes with them.

Once, while he was painting a picture of a house for a gentleman in Chapel Hill, he accidentally placed a tree on the wrong side of the picture. His customer noticed the error, and wanted it corrected. "This was easy to do," explained Archie, "because I was using oils; however, this could not have been done with water colors or pastels."

He has painted many pictures of homes here in Chapel Hill, and has at one time or another painted pictures of every large home in Hurdle Mills. His collection consists of approximately seventy completed pictures, ranging from colorful landscapes and flowers to river scenes and mountain views.

At present he is working on a portrait of a baby, which he says is the most difficult painting he has ever attempted.

His Gallery was begun at the suggestion of a friend when his paintings became too numerous to keep in the studio at Person Hall. He was told that his pictures might be of interest to others, and he agreed to having an exhibit at his home. Visitors kept coming, however, and Archie decided to leave the exhibit there indefinitely, which was the start of the Daniels Gallery. Archie has kept a guest book, and says, "There have been about five hundred visitors so far."

Mr. Daniels has lived in Chapel Hill for about six years, and has devoted a great deal of his time to painting. Having attended every art exhibit and Gallery talk at Person Hall, Archie says, "Rembrandt, Gainsborough, Rafael and Renoir are my favorite artists. I study their work at every opportunity.

Chapel Hill appeals to Archie Daniels and he intends to live here indefinitely. He has made many friends, and with the exception of a few visits to Hurdle Mills, he has not left Chapel Hill since he first came.

The End.

•

Naturally you also probably heard about the two rabbits who stood outside a tank assembly plant and watched thousands of tanks pour out without pause. "Don't think I'm jealous, darling," Mama Rabbit said to Papa Rabbit, "but I'm sure they must have started with more than two!"

•

Little Lucy had just returned from the children's party and had been called into the living room to be exhibited before the tea guests.

"Tell the ladies what mother's little darling did at the party," urged the proud mother.

"I frowed up," said little Lucy.

THE PROF

(Continued from page 7)

vamp the post-war university into a practical laboratory and leave the liberal arts program up to the students' own initiative?

Henderson: The idea of a practical laboratory has much to recommend it. All subjects nowadays bear the imprint of scientific methods and technical processes. The tutorial system with laboratory extension is in the trend of contemporary educational evolution. Students everywhere are fed to the teeth with academic automata, masquerading as human beings, who spout canned ideas from a "standard" textbook. Why not throw off all pretense and have class-room lectures delivered from robots, garbed in a tin cap and gown, with phonograph attachments, radio connections, and electrical accessories? Shades of Aristotle and Plato, Aquinas and Ruskin, Hopkins and Shorey, Eliot and Harper!

The fatal defect of the standard lecture method of alleged instruction is the omission of the subsequent "laboratory test." As a step in the right direction, let us have all full-time classes in the post-war university cover a two-hour period. The first hour might then be devoted to a lecture of focal concentration upon the matter or theory under discussion, the second hour devoted to pragmatic tests in the laboratory. In many cases, the laboratory, as a place specially equipped with gadgets, might well be dispensed with; and the pragmatic tests could be conducted in the same class-room. This holds for the study of literature as well as of mathematics, of languages as well as of sciences, of athletics as well as of mental disciplines of all sorts. During the war-time period, some programs, whether in Army or Navy, have succeeded magnificently; others have failed lamentably. It will be found, it is confidently predicted, that those which succeeded conspicuously owed that success, in chief measure, to excellently conducted supervised study under the direction of experts, who assisted the trainees in carrying out the work of putting into practice the theories, the principles of which had been earlier expounded in lectures. It is a costly method; but it invariably pays high dividends.

Question: Can the bureaucratic aspect of the modern university sterilize the institution to the point where youth will discard the degree fetish and turn to the commercial world for first-hand experience?

Henderson: It does now, in an appreciable number of instances. The elaborate system of credits, grades, ratings, brackets, schedules, honors, comprehensive examinations, registrars, deans of admission, retention, rejection, and dismission, *et je ne sais quoi du tout*, have turned the modern American university into a horrible, amorphous, mechanistic plant of fact-finding. Bureaucracy, like some great insidious, creeping growth, has fixed its tentacles upon our educational system no less than upon our branches and departments of government. Thus, there has grown up a frightful symbiotic paralysis, a duplex decadence, each living organism feeding upon the other and dependent upon the other, each giving the other the kiss of death. This depressing spectacle of parasitism and degeneration is one of the most conspicuous of the stigmata of the moribund character of higher education. It cannot be cured by palliative measures, or shots-in-the-arm, however numerous or widely distributed. Drastic methods are needed to cut out this jungle growth of rank underbrush. What is needed is regeneration, a new dispensation, a reorientation of our attitude toward learning and the attainment of wisdom (which is by no means to be confused with the obtaining of facts or even the acquisition of knowledge). A transvaluation of pathological values and symptoms across the whole educational organism is indicated. The body of present knowledge in any line is now extensive enough to keep every scholar and student busy for a lifetime. A moratorium on academic research, until the educational organism receive adequate diagnosis and prognosis, would probably prove beneficial. Until the organism is restored to health, we shall not succeed in the spiritual task which lies ahead. The soul of learning must be discovered and liberated, or we shall perish miserably. The world, the race, cries aloud for a new Pygmalion and a new Galatea.

Question: If youth of undergraduate age can in a short time be taught the responsibilities connected with modern warfare, why should peace-time training be stretched out over a four-year period?

Henderson: It need not be stretched out unduly. It all depends upon what you want: what the student wants to get and what the college wants to give. The obvious weakness of the intensive system of forcible cramming is education for performance only: the effective and rapid and unerring performance of specifically prescribed tasks. All sorts of time-saving, thought-omitting, devices are provided: charts, tables, diagrams, control boards, cut-and-dried rules, lists of formulas, and the like. The trainee need know only HOW to use the tools, not WHY. The principles behind the prescribed procedures and described processes are merely sketched, not explained. In peace-time, education throws the chief emphasis upon precisely the opposite values: the meaning of it all, the why and wherefore, the principles underlying the practices, the philosophies behind the technics. The trainee cares little about the fundamental brain-work; he sorely wants to learn the procedure and the process.

Surely true education, if it means anything, should give you both the art and the science of thinking, whereas the trainee may dispense with all but a modicum of thought, a minimum of principle. He must, however, have a maximum of knowledge of procedure.

The extended period required for peace-time education is a hygienic requirement, to enable the student to digest the gobbets of new information flung at him too fast for healthy consumption. The heads of the educational hierarchy determine, whether rightly or wrongly, precisely how much material it takes—as who should say, so many yards, feet, and inches—to make the suit labeled "Liberal Education Up-to-date Brand." After that, the time factor automatically settles itself.

Question: Can a university guarantee an education?

Henderson: Now I ask you . . . .? But never mind. The answer is: certainly not. It's like the Declaration of Independence, with the most revolutionary guarantee of modern times. Life, liberty, and—happiness? Not on your life, or your liberty, either. Not happiness, but—only the pursuit of happiness. The university offers you, not education, but only the pursuit of education—forever—and ever.

The End.

●

"I like mathematics when it isn't over my head."

"That's the way I feel about pigeons."

•

There are no more funny jokes in this country. They are all being sent overseas. Sorry.—C. P. H.

The Meaning Of Chi Delta Phi
A Mag Feature

THE MAJORITY of people on the North Carolina campus have little or no idea as to what the Greek letters Chi Delta Phi are and why they are.

Chi Delta Phi is a national honorary literary sorority which was founded at the University of Tennessee, Knoxville, on October thirty-first, 1919, at which time its first national constitution was adopted and its first National Officers were elected. Its purpose is to form a body of representative women who, "by their influence and literary interest, will uphold the highest ideals of a liberal education."

The object of the sorority is to provide a means whereby congenial groups of women of a literary inclination may meet for the purpose of informal study and entertainment, and to raise the standards of productive literary work among women students in colleges and universities.

Tau Chapter of Chi Delta Phi on the Carolina campus was organized in the spring of 1941 by a group of ambitious coeds who were eager to foster creative efforts at this university. Since then it has flourished and grown, pledging approximately ten members each year, whose eligibility is based primarily on literary interest and achievements, with due regard to the girl's quality of congeniality; invitation to membership is extended without regard to other sorority affiliations.

Local authors and professors are often invited to speak at the weekly meetings of Tau Chapter, while the rest of the time is devoted to critical discussion of the member's work. Once a year a joint meeting with the Duke chapter is held.

TERRY KING, *Secretary,*
Chi Delta Phi, '45.

The End.

•

He: "Do you believe kissing is unhealthy?"

She: "I don't know, I've never—"

He: "You've never been kissed?"

She: "No, I've never been sick."

—The Log.

DANZIGER'S

Congratulations

and

Good Luck

DANZIGER'S has enjoyed serving you and will greet you again—as full-fledged alumni!

SHIPS

Ships from far and distant lands
Sailed by men from distant sands
Ships of darkness that move by night
Ships of steel, ships of might

Ships full laden and running deep
Men ever watchful for those who sleep
Ships ever sailing to rendezvous
Carrying much for many from so few

Ships that leave and never return
Ships blown up and ships that burn
Ships that get through to sail again
Ships that will bring the inevitable end

ALLAN PANNIL.

1-A

(Continued from page 8)

the world knew the meaning of that word better than he.

The evening breeze brought a sigh of relief from the weary travellers crowded against each other. But to Leonard it brought germs for him to breathe and dust to make his eyes water. Leonard took a mirror—part of his first aid kit—from his pocket and searched for the cinder in his left eye, the weak one. He stared at his face. A 4-F countenance. It was actually light green with olive drab circles under the eyes, greener than the dress of the grossly fat woman next to him, breathing heavily on his neck. Suddenly Leonard was repulsed by the milling people around him. Nausea hit the pit of his stomach. To get away from society which was responsible for sending him to his untimely death in the army.

Leonard tried to run through the crowd. Finally he broke free from the binding arms and obstructing forms. Free at last from the oppressive odor of busses and people!

Leonard walked without thinking for a long time. As night slipped over the grey sky, he sat down on the grass near the river. Poets would write lyrics and musicians would compose melodies about that night. But Leonard sat regarding the night just as a dark cloak which wrapped itself around his hopeless life with mournful sighs. Leonard sneezed. A cold. Even nature was cruel to him.

Leonard kept sitting for a short while, idly picking grass. His thoughts were his own. No one would ever know what sad memories and reflections passed through his mind that night. But then he knew no one ever cared what he thought about. So it didn't make any difference.

At midnight Leonard rose and walked to the river bank, closed his eyes against the past which flooded before him and against the future which grotesquely threatened him. He felt only the rush of the damp wind that rose to meet him as he fell toward the water below.

The army clerk put a sheet of paper in his typewriter to write a letter:

Dear Mr. Adams, Leonard,

The army regrets to inform you that it has made a mistake in regard to your 1-A classification. Unfortunately you were confused with a Mr. Adams, Lynn.

Your rating is now 4-F due to heart flutter, high blood pressure, weak ankles, fallen arches, and a minor neurosis. Enclosed you will find your 4-F card, and you are authorized by the Army United States to discard your 1-A classification card. Yours truly,

Major John M. Anderson, AUS
By Sgt. T. N. Duval, Army Clerk

Here's a tip to the gents,
Who will come next September.
Don't be too backward,
And always remember
That the key to success,
Is not found in physics or French,
But in some mentally negligent
Yet beautiful wench.
So pick out a good one,
Or preferably more
For the wolves are hungry
And haunt every door.
Find her yourself,
Don't depend on a friend,
Or you'll regret it, Mac,
In the long bitter end.
For some blinds are pretty,
And some even hot,
But take it from me—
They're usually not.

COLLINS BROWN, *NROTC.*

SENIORS
BEST OF LUCK

It has been a real privilege to serve you. When visiting the Hill please drop in and remember if it's Rexall it's right.

Carolina Pharmacy

MEN

They treat you mean,
They treat you nice,
They think it's funny you're scared of mice.
They buy you beers, that's quite all right
But they're mad as Hell if you end up tight.
They're mean and nasty, I wouldn't tout 'em
But . . . .
God bless men . . . I can't do without 'em!!

—S. Kirt.

•

Woman Driver: "I had to run into the fence to avoid hitting a cow."

Judge: "Was it a Jersey cow?"

W. D.: "I didn't see its license plates."

•

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Lilly's are pink—I saw them on the line.

IMPORTS

(Continued from page 15)

ends, but the schedule is real tough, and exams are coming up, honest, I study all the time.

We will see each other in the summer a lot, I guess,

Always,
Bob

Pine Hall Academy
Evans, Va.
May 3, 1945

Dearest Bob,

I hope you don't think I would tell your Mother anything, I just told Mom how every one where you go to college drinks beer and they do, I was only telling her what I saw. I would love to have my gloves back, I suppose that is a real good excuse for you to see Gloria again. But anyway I have to have them. And what do you mean, Bob Martin, that you GUESS we will see each other a lot this summer. We go steady, or don't you remember that? I would love to come down and see you some weekend soon I hope your studying don't keep you TOO busy. Don't study too hard, chickie, and remember we are still in love.

Love and kisses,
Mary Lou

Steele Dorm
U. N. C.
May 25, 1945

Dear Mary Lou,

I am real sorry I didn't answer your last letter I have been studying all the time and just don't have time to write a lot of letters. Listen, I know this sounds funny, but I just found out that we aren't really meant to give those fraternity pins to girls at all, I will get in trouble with the brothers if I don't have it back soon and I'll tell you what, Mary Lou, I can get you a real pretty sweetheart pin soon, maybe when I come back to school in the fall, and you will like that just as well. Please send it back to me, I don't want to be caught without it. It's too bad they have that rule about it. Gloria says she sent you the gloves, she wrapped them and all, I hope they got there safe. See you in the summer, Mary Lou. Gloria may come down to visit at home for awhile next summer, she has never been that far south and Mom said it would be nice to have her visit. I hope you will get to find out what a really wonderful girl she is when she is down there. Please send me the pin as soon as you can.

Truly,
Bob

(The End)

CAROLINA: A TRADITION

(Continued from page 5)

The spire that rises above the dome of the library is the Morehead-Patterson Memorial bell tower at the southernmost tip of the often-mentioned campus axis. The bells, melodiously ringing out across campus at sunset, are ever swelling with the intangible spirit of Carolina.

To the far right of the Old Well is the University's Memorial Hall. The old Hall was a notable example of atrocious Victorian architecture at its very worst. "It was large and . . . ever resembled some bleak, gigantic tomb . . . a grim memorial for the dead to whom it had been erected . . . Inside, like a dismal casket, the desolate emptiness of the vast cavern was overwhelming; the dusty muslin drapes, hung from the roof in an attempt to improve the acoustics, fluttered like silent ghosts, and every spoken word echoed and re-echoed among the intricate network of massive overwhelming rafters." In 1931 our new Memorial Hall was ready for occupancy, but there were no seats, for sufficient funds were not available.

The center of student life since that same year, 1931, has shifted from the Old Well of yesterday to the Graham Memorial structure. Its main lounge, paneled in polished oak, has been called the most beautiful room South of Washington. On third floor Graham Memorial throbs the very pulse of campus opinion. In its lounges, its Student Government rooms, and its publication offices pen and verbal battles are waged. Decisions are reached that vitally affect Carolina's destiny. Yet Carolina can march progressively forward, Carolina can only successfully counter-balance that ill first impression left by the wretched bus station, if we, who now guide her footsteps, love and revere the splendor of our heritage.

Only by understanding the past can we read into the future. We, not just her bygone history and landmarks, make the atmosphere of Carolina. Her spirit depends on us!

The End.

•

Overheard at Harry's: "All we have left are burlesque sandwiches . . . that's tomato without dressing."

THE MAN IN THE STREET: A MAG short story complete in this column.

By Walter Little

THERE WERE other people there. The street was choked full with the surging Saturday afternoon crowd. Yet as we were idling along, I saw only one man; only one man in that whole throng caught my attention.

He was a half block away but coming nearer. From the moment I first saw him I knew something was wrong, something was dreadfully wrong. As he came closer some delicate mechanism far back in my brain was tripped, and the intricate human system producing fear went into action. Lungs slowly began to pump faster; heart suddenly quickened its pace; muscles quivered, then tightened. Fear had set in, unearthly fear, for he was an unearthly man.

His face was thin and taut, with high cheek bones fighting to burst through the thin layer of horrifying red skin that covered his entire face and produced an almost mask-like effect. His dress was ridiculous, from the tan cloth spats to the battered black top hat. His walk was a slow and painful one, as if he had to put his entire feeble brain to the task of taking those short, hesitating steps. His eyes were those of a madman. Who could tell what was hidden in them—fear, hatred, unquenchable love? I imagined that those small, dark eyes alone kept one from peering on through to his fiery mind and finding out his torturing secret. All the compassion of *Tobacco Road* and *Grapes of Wrath* rose up in my heart, almost overpowering my fear. Why was there such a man as he? God has made wise men and fools, handsome men and ugly men, strong men and weak men, but why was there such a man as he? He was alone, apart from all of the rest of mankind, and yet even he at sometime must have been someone's own.

We were about to meet then, and I stepped far to the side to be well clear of him when we passed. I looked away from him, out into the street. I knew I musn't look at him again; I knew there was only so much any man's mind could take before leaping that vague boundary we call sanity. But I had to look at him again. We were well past him now, and I turned my head slowly until my eyes once again rested on his pitiful figure. My breath shortened; my blood raced faster through my veins; but my muscles loosened, completely. My whole body felt limp and lifeless. My eyes scurried across the neatly blocked letters printed on his back.

"Don't miss Boris Karloff's double, the exact replica of the terrifying monster of Frankenstein. On our stage . . ."

At Carolina There Are . . .

(OVER)

We smiled at exam time, but when the grades came we simply busted out laughing.

•

A lad looking through the telescope muttered, "GAWD!"

"Aw, g'wan," answered his pal, "it ain't THAT powerful."

•

Answer all these questions fairly and send results to your congressman.

1. Do you think these jokes are funny?
2. Do you think these jokes are dirty?
3. Does your laundry ever come back on time?
4. What are you going to make on this exam if you read the MAG in class?

•

"Stand behind your lover," said the Scotchman to his unfaithful wife, "I'm going to shoot you both."

•

The kings of Peru were the Incas
They were widely known as big drincas
They worshipped the sun
And had lots of fun
But the natives all thought they were Stincas.

—*Cornell Widow.*

•

Drunk (phoning his wife): "Thash you dear? Tell the maid I won't be home tonight."

•

Then there was the plumber who left the party and found he had forgotten his wench.

•

Is that Carmen Lombardo, or do we need a new needle?

★

NORTH CAROLINA CAFETERIA

Breakfast
7:00-9:00

Lunch	Dinner
11:30-2:00	5:15-7:30

Men students . . . . .

"Yes, madam, what can I do for you today?"

"I'm going to get married next Tuesday and I would like to get some silk pajamas. What color is appropriate for a bride?"

"White is the preferred color if it is your first marriage and lavender if you have been married before."

"Well, you'd better give me some white ones with just a wee touch of lavender in them."

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WRITTEN IN THE RECORDS

(Continued from page 16)

ing in the freezing plant during the summer months."

She opened a drawer in the table and took out a wooden box. From it she removed a folded piece of paper.

"Here is the health certificate," she said, as she turned to Thorvaldur again. "You told me once that you had my birth certificate; that's the only other thing I'll need."

Thorvaldur walked toward her and put his hands on her shoulders. He was slightly bent as he stood before her, and his left leg, now that he had taken off his boots, was shorter than the other.

"Please."

"I wish you wouldn't look at me like that, father."

"Please don't go, Asa. Money is not that important. I will work hard this summer, and I am sure that I can get you a good job, and together we will make twice as much as you will on Happasaell."

Asa was crying now. She sat down at the table and looked at her feet and with her hands she evened out the wrinkles in her raincoat. Then she stood up abruptly and walked to the door and stopped.

"I'm sorry, father," she said.

Thorvaldur took a pocket-book from his hip pocket. He did it slowly, grudgingly, laid it open on the table in front of him, and sat down.

"You are going to be hurt, child." He took out an envelope and opened it. "I would rather have both feet crippled than do this." He took out a wrinkled and worn paper, slowly unfolded it, and handed it to her.

"Thank you." Asa took it over to the light. "I'm sorry, father, but . . ."

She stopped suddenly. Her eyes, bewildered and unbelieving, looked over at the hunched form of Thorvaldur, her hand, holding the paper, trembled.

She ran over to him.

"But father," she sobbed as he pulled out his chair and stood up and took her head between his hands, "This isn't mother's name and . . ." She put her head on his shoulder and sobbed. "I think . . ."

"I am sorry, daughter," Thorvaldur stopped her. "You are an adopted child." He bent down and picked up the certificate from the floor.

In the light from the stove the words were clearly visible: Name of Child—Asa; Name of Mother—Gudrun Hardardottir; Name of Father—Unknown.

Women students . . . . .

"Did you miss your train, Sir?"

"No, I didn't like its looks, so I chased it out of the station."

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SEA-SIDE RUINS

The towers and the spires that sought the sun,
And raised their alabaster fingers high
In supplication to the sunset sky
Have faced the years—and toppled, one by one.
The silver and the golden filigree
On vases placed within the tombs of kings
Has drossed, and through the silence rings
The pounding of the seeking, ancient sea.

In night, the silent mist-forms move and writhe
Through fallen masonry and shattered stones;
They rise and fall and drift—forever strive
To raise again the towers, and the bones
Of dead who wait the coming of the sea,
The coming of the patient mother sea.

—Banks Mebane.

•

PRAYER—1944

Teach me, O God, to only stand and wait—
To let the current slip in silence
Down the great deep river of the days and years,
To the ocean of Death.

Teach me not to weep, O God, a flower's
Close, a broken leaf, a lotus bloom that drifts
In sweet forgetfulness of days and nights
To the ocean of Death.

Teach me, O God, to stand alone and quiet,
While the dark, deep waters pass in silent lapping
Round the chaste and fevered burningness
To the gray ocean of Death.

—Wm. C. Phoenix.

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SHAKE A LEG

A fussy old lady, traveling cross-country via bus and the great open spaces, finally became irked to the extent of firing frequent remarks at the driver because of the many stops. "Such transportation!" she boomed. "Why do you stop at every telegraph pole?"

"Sorry, lady," said the driver, "but this bus is a greyhound."

Editorial

This is it for this year. The next MAG will appear on the stands some time next October or earlier. We hope as many people will offer help and be as willing to work next year as have done the dirty work on these two issues. If anyone should get a brainstorm for a feature, story, cartoon, or joke during the summer months send it to the editor at Box 717, Chapel Hill, we can use copy for the back-to-school MAG.

Were you surprised to find Fran Cheshire, the pin-up in this issue? Well, it all just goes to show, you never know atoll who you will meet in the MAG.

•

Cover Credit—

The picture of the Library used on this month's cover seems to reflect the spirit of Carolina. The blend of the old and the new. The modern trends and the deep rooted traditions. A good job of photography done by Joe Al Denker, Carolina's photographer extrodinaire. While the typewriter is warm, credit may as well be given for the pin-up picture in this issue. Here again bouquets and thanks to Joe for good lens work.